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most entertaining Subjects; extracted from
the best ENGLISH and FRENCH Authors.

To which is added,

A COLLECTION of POEMS:

Several of which were never before published.

I; fuge; sed poteras tutior esse domi.—

*Quisquis es, ô faveas, nostrisque laboribus adsis!
His quoque des veniam.* OVID.

DUBLIN:

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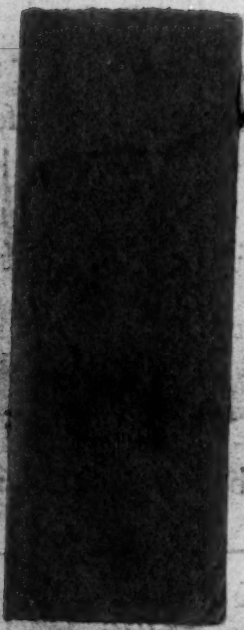
MANUSCRIPT

JOHN R. CHRISTIAN



Manuscript

Being



A list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting of the Committee of the British Museum, held on the 17th of September 1863, for the purpose of considering the proposed acquisition of the manuscript of John R. Christian.

Given under the seal of the British Museum, this 17th day of September 1863.

JOHN R. CHRISTIAN

Manuscript of the British Museum

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
J A M E S,
Earl of *KILDARE*,
Viscount *Leinster* of *Taplow*,
Baron of *OFFALEY*,
And one of his MAJESTY'S
most Honourable Privy
Council, &c.

MY LORD,
THE Editor of this Vo-
lume presumes to offer
it to your Lordship: it is a
A 2 Weak

iv DEDICATION.

Weak Performance, indeed ; but, it is Innocent, and Entertaining ; and, as it is the peculiar Characteristic of your noble Family, to defend the Innocent, and support the Weak ; so, he is the more confident that you will shelter it under your Patronage and Protection. Besides, MY LORD, you have a natural Right to it, as it is the Production of a fair County, where you have large *Domains* ; and, from whence you derive your Titles ; Titles so ancient, and *Domains* so extensive, that few Subjects, if any, can shew the like.

Here,

DEDICATION. v

Here, when the Service of your King and Country do not summons you away, you reside in Splendour; rule and govern with Justice and Lenity; and, entertain with Hospitality, and Magnificence.

EPISTLES of this Kind are commonly filled with Panegyrics; and though I have a fair Field, and, were sufficient for so great, and so amiable a Subject as the Worth and Dignity of Your LORDSHIP, and your renowned Ancestors, (worthy indeed of the highest Encomiums) yet, it

A 3 were

vi DEDICATION.

were needless and impertinent, since their Grandeur and Glory are enrolled in the most ancient Records of Fame; and, your own personal Virtues are as conspicuous as the Sun, and as well known to all as the *Motto* you bear.

BUT, as this is a Topic which I must cast in Shades, lest I offend your Modesty; so I shall desist; nor, take off your Attention longer from more weighty Affairs; not doubting your Condescension in accepting this *Mite*; nor your Goodness in pardoning

DEDICATION. vii

doing the Boldness of the Person who makes the Offering.

BEFORE I conclude, I shall only beg Leave to congratulate YOUR LORDSHIP, on two late happy Events in your Family; Events, which gave Joy to all your Friends here;--- Joy to all the Good, and the Great.

THAT your Offspring may continue to encrease, and be as numerous as the manifold Beauties and Perfections of your excellent Lady; and, that they may endure for as many

viii DEDICATION.

Ages to come, as they have
for Ages past, in an uninter-
rupted Succession in your il-
lustrious House, Is, the fer-
vent Prayer of this County
in general, and, in particular,
of,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most Obedient, and

Most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The Editor.

THE
PREFACE.

A *Bad State of Health compelling the Editor to live in the Country for some Years, in one of the finest Seats, and most delightful Parts of this Kingdom ; --- Reading was, during his Retirement there, his only and favourite Amusement ; and, having free Access to a Library of well-chosen Books, he occasionally made Extracts from them for his own Use and Entertainment ; which, by Chance, were seen and perused by a Person of Distinction and Learning, who earnestly importuned him to publish them ; which is now done in the following Volume ; and though but a small Part of a very large Collection ; it is hoped, will afford both Pleasure and Instruction,*
the

X P R E F A C E.

the two principal Ends for which it is designed.

It is presumed, that there is no great Occasion to prepossess the Reader with a favourable Opinion of this Work; since most of the Authors from whom it hath been taken have secured to themselves such a Fame as Time may extend, but cannot impair.

Books of this Nature have been generally well received; not only as they contain much Variety, and lead the Mind from one agreeable Subject to another; but, especially because, the Examples and Precepts we find in them open to us an enchanting Way to the flowery Plains of Virtue and Honour; at once alluring and instructing the Minds of Youth, for whom they are chiefly intended.

The miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections, it must be owned, are somewhat rudely digested and thrown together;

P R E F A C E. xi

ther ; but an Alphabetical Table annexed thereto may in some Measure supply that Defect.

The Poems may be found Fault with and criticized upon : all that can be said in Defence of them, is, that they may improve, must divert, and cannot offend.

The only Apology the Editor can make for those Pieces of his own, is, that as he lays no Claim to the Title or Merit of an Author, so he hath no Reputation to lose on that Account : but, if these Versus inopes rerum, Nugæque canoræ ; shallow Verse, and chiming Trifles, can help a Friend to pass an idle Hour, or dispel a melancholy Thought, his Design is fully answered.

Since innocently, thus to please he
aims,

Some Merit, surely, the Intention
claims.

As

xii P R E F A C E.

As there are fifty Pages added more than were at first proposed ; so, the Editor flatters himself with the Hopes of it's being more acceptable to the Public in general ; and particularly to those Ladies and Gentlemen who have been pleased, not only to be Subscribers themselves, but Promoters of it by their Interest in their Friends.

With the most grateful Sense of their Favour and Encouragement in this Undertaking, he begs Leave to return them his sincere Acknowledgments.

*Dublin, May
11th, 1749.*

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of Divine Vengeance against
Birth and Families, the Folly of being too

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I N C I D E N T S

A N D

R E M A R K A B L E A D V E N T U R E S.

ACCIDENT, strange, of one of the King's
of Egypt Page 25

Astrologer, a Story of Page 27

Action truly charitable and generous Page 39

Adultery, how punished in a Negro in Vir-
ginia 135

Antwerp, an Instance of the Wealth and Mag-
nificence of the Citizens 139

A

Adven-

T A B L E

	Page
Adventure, a remarkable one	149
Advice good, the Effects of, &c.	150
Apparition, a strange Account of one	157
Adventure gallant	179

B.

<i>British</i> Genius, a noble Instance of	3
Boatswain, the disinterested Arguments of a,	11
Blasphemers and Swearers, a terrible Instance of Divine Vengeance against	104
Birth and Families, the Folly of being too proud of	105
Baud and Courtesan, a Story of a,	119

C.

Courage and Generosity, an Instance of	69
Covetousness excessive, an Instance of	21
Charity, the good Effects of	24
<i>Charles</i> I. a remarkable Prediction concerning him	29
Continence, a rare Instance of	30
Coquet Widow, a diverting Story of a,	42
Contentment in all States recommended	62
Country Fellow, a Story of, who went to see <i>Bedlam</i>	64
Consideration, the Benefit of	70
Complaisance, the Advantage of	71
<i>Charles</i> V. Emperor and King of <i>Spain</i> , two pleasant Adventures of	79
Counsel good, a lucky Instance of	86
Courage female, an Example of	87
Courage truly Christian, an Instance of	134
Cruelty and Dissimulation, an Instance of	13

Drunken

T A B L E

D.

	Page
Drunken Frolick, a comical one	6
Disorders strange ones bred in the Minds of Men, when not regulated by Virtue, &c.	8
Disappointment, a lucky one	68
Dream, a very extraordinary one	131
Death, a Foreknowledge of	155

E.

Equivocation, a pleasant one	55
Envy discontented, an Instance of	59
<i>Eudocius</i> and <i>Selinda</i> , an Adventure	159
Emperor, splenetic, odly cured	169

F.

Fraternal Affection, a generous Example of	2
Free-thinker, the unsteadiness of one	20
Fits passionate, cure of in a Lady	48
Filial Duty and Affection, a remarkable Instance of	58
Female insensible punished at last	73
Friendship true, a singular Instance of	88
Friendship and Affection between two Brothers, a most extraordinary Instance of	99
Fear and Grief, the Effects of	124

G.

Generosity, an Instance of	1
Gaming, the ill Effects of it amongst the <i>Chinese</i>	42
Gallantry of a Lover at the Playhouse	46
<i>Guise</i> , Duke of, a generous Example of	79
Gratitude, an noble Instance of in <i>Lewis IVth</i> ,	128

A 2

Hermit,

T A B L E

H.

	Page
Hermit, a pleasant Adventure of	118
I.	
Jealousy, the fatal Effects of	22
Jealousy, a barbarous Revenge occasioned by it	86
Intrepidity and greatness of Soul, an Instance of	12
Joy and Sorrow, the Effects of	19
Incest, a tragical Instance of	94
Ingratitude, a comparative Instance of	60
Judge corrupt, a Story of one	63
Impostor, a comical Story of	113
Jealousy, a shocking Instance of	123
Incident particular	130
Innocence wronged, or the jealous mistake	147
Innocence mistaken, or Virtue betrayed	156
L.	
Lewis IVth. the goodness of	19
Loyalty and Fidelity, an Instance of	26
Love necessary in some Part of our Lives, an Instance of	23
Luxury in a Prince handsomely censured	76
Love the Force and powerful Effects of	82
Love, unlawful, the evil Consequences of	137
Love, heroick, the Fatality of	168
Lover constant, a tragical Story of one	85
Lucretia and Lorenzo, an Adventure	170

Marriage

T H A I B I L A E T

Page

Marriage Life, the Caprices attending it	7
Murder, an odd Discovery of one	33
Mazarine Cardinal, a generous rebuke of	35
Minister resolves to turn Physician, a Story of him	62
Mahomet the second Emperor of the <i>Turks</i> , a remarkable Story of him	65
Mantua Duke of, a comical Adventure of him	112
Mohocks, an Adventure of the	154

N.

Nobleman <i>English</i> , his extraordinary Proceed-ings to obtain a generous Lady	110
--	-----

O.

Orleans Duke of, his providential Deliverance	28
Orleans, Duke of, his matchless and heroick Virtue	32
Oppression censured	63
Obstinacy, a very remarkable Example of	129
Ormond, Marquis of, his Mistake in a visit to a <i>French</i> Nobleman	132

P.

Providence, the Justice of	25
----- a remarkable Instance of	3
Presence of Mind, an Instance of, and its Use	9

Persian

T E A B L E

	Page
<i>Persian</i> Politicks in respect to their Marriages, an Instance of	10
Passage, a ridiculous one	146
Prank, a comical merry one	165
<i>Pandolpho</i> Signior, the History of	173
Parrot, a comical Story of one	30
Passage comical between the King of <i>Spain</i> and a <i>French</i> Ambassador	35
Plot, a fortunate prevention of a,	41
Painter <i>Italian</i> , his Cruelty and Skill	44
Planter merciless	141

R.

Reprimand, a humourous one	5
Revenge, an extraordinary Instance of	31
Reply, a pretty one to a <i>Persian</i> Emperor	59
Reformation of a noble Youth by an odd Stra- tagem	93
Revenge, an Example of	95
Revenge most cruel, an Example of	99

S.

Stratagem lucky, an Instance of	15
Sorrow and Affliction, a melancholy Instance of	37
Son prodigal, how reclaimed by his Father	51
Scandal luckily applied	67
Sinner reclaimed, an Instance of a	78
<i>Saxony</i> , Prince of, an Adventure of	143

Treachery

T A B L E.

T.

	Page
Treachery and Perjury, an Instance of,	34
Thought ready, the Advantage of	56
Temper unforgiving, the ill Consequences of	127

Vow-breaker, his deserved Fate	55
--------------------------------	----

Woman, the Advantage of taking her down in her Wedding Shoes	16
---	----

Witchcraft, a strange Instance of	53
-----------------------------------	----



T. A. D. L. E.
T.
Page 34
On Account of the Author's Absence
from the Press, it is hop'd the Rea-
der will excuse the following Er-
rors.

PAGE 26, line 3, for measures, *read* measure.
p. 100, l. 1, for Marines *read* Mariners. p.
122, l. 32, for Coutezan *read* Courtezan. p. 131,
l. 12, for suporific *read* soporific. p. 162, l. 30,
leave out, on her Part. p. 173, l. 29, for Clothes
read Cloaths. p. 187, l. 27, for our *read* your
p. 199, l. 13, for or *read* and. p. 208, l. 34, for
little nice *read* a little nice. p. 212, l. 14, for Go-
verments *read* Governments. p. 216, l. 2, for
Authors *read* Author. p. 218, l. 1, for he *read*
that. p. 228, l. 3, blot out, the. p. 229, l. 31,
for Sprit *read* Spirit. p. 254, l. 7, for uneeceffary
read unnecessary. p. 257, l. 2, for Semire ducta
read Semireducta, p. 261, l. 7, for Treaties *read*
Treatises. p. 277, l. 2, for Filder *read* Fidler. p.
323, l. 2, for Frigues *read* Fugues. p. 330, l. 32,
for lingue *read* linque. p. 368, l. 7, for Skes *read*
Skies. p. 380, l. 28, for Hue *read* Eugh. p.
382, l. 8, for tare *read* tear.



MISCELLANEA CURIOSA.

A Series of Remarkable INCIDENTS,
Entertaining ADVENTURES, &c.

An Instance of Generosity.

NOUSCHIRVAN, a Persian King, removed, at the very beginning of his Reign, such Officers of his Court, as, by their Conduct in his Father's Life-time, had rendered themselves disagreeable to his People. Among these there was one particular Person, whom he forbid ever to come into his Presence, and who, by this sudden and total Disgrace, fell into extreme Poverty. On the Birth-day, however, of the King, when all the Persian Nobility came to make Presents, and to pay their Duty to their Sovereign, this Officer appeared among the rest; and after having dined at the Royal Table, put one of the golden Plates into his Bosom, unperceived by any but Nouschirvan. When the Plate was missed, and the Servants began to make some Stir, the King bade

B

them

2 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

them be at quiet ; “ For (said he) the Man who “ took it, will not bring it again ; and he who “ saw him take it, will not discover him.” On the next Birth-day, the Officer came to Court again, clad in a new Robe, upon which the King, calling him, whispered in his Ear, “ Did my Plate go to “ buy that fine Robe ? ” The Man readily answered, “ Yes : ” (and then, drawing it aside, shewed him a pair of ragged Breeches) “ But you see, “ Sir (said he), that it would go no farther.” The King was so charmed with the Frankness of the Man, that he restored him to his Place as well as Favour ; and the *Persians* were so delighted with the Generosity and Good-humour of their Prince, that in all their Histories this Story is preserved, as a Monument of his Beneficence and Clemency.

A generous Example of Fraternal Affection.

THE famous Serjeant *Glanville* (though but the second Son of a Man of Fortune, provoked by the Disobedience and Debaucheries of an elder Brother) was left in Possession of a plentiful Estate. The Loss of his Hopes so mortified the Brother, who never imagined that his Father's Severity would have gone so far, that he wanted Spirit to pursue his former Courses ; and, in a little Time, grew so reserved and reformed, that he became the Wonder of all his Friends and Acquaintance. The younger, observing this, took Occasion to invite him, and some Relations to Dinner, where, to their great Surprise, in the last Course was served up a covered Dish, and placed exactly before him ; his Wonder did not cease, when the Lawyer ordered it to be uncovered, and it appeared full of Deeds, Charters, and other Writings, which he thus explained : “ These, Sir, are the Papers relating

The Curious Miscellany. 3

“ lating to my Father’s Fortune, which he disposed
“ of from you, on account of your Behaviour :
“ The present Change of it, had he been still alive,
“ would have altered his Mind ; and I think my-
“ self obliged to act as he would. They are yours,
“ Sir, and all they relate to.”

A remarkable Instance of Providence.

A Certain Gentleman (who has not been long dead) was so entirely resigned to, and dependent on, the Will of Providence, that, whatever Accident happened to him, he not only said, but thought it was all for the better. He was coming from *Ireland* to *England*, and going into the Pacquet-boat, the entering Rope broke, he fell into the Pinnace, and shattered his Leg : “ Well ! (said the honest Gentleman) “ It is all for the better ; ” (which was his constant Expression). His Friends asked him, how he could think breaking his Leg, and the Loss of his Voyage, which might be followed by that of a Suit in Chancery he was going to attend, could be for the better ? “ Providence (replied he) knows best : I am still of “ Opinion, it is for the better.” He was carried back ; the Pacquet-boat failed, foundered in her Passage, and but one Man was saved.

An Instance of the noble British Genius.

AT the Siege of *Namur* by the Allies, there were in the Ranks of the Company commanded by *Pincent*, in Colonel *Hamilton*’s Regiment, one *Unnion*, a Corporal, and one *Valentine*, a private Centinel : There happened between these two Men a Dispute about a Matter of Love, which

upon some Aggravations grew to an irreconcilable Hatred. *Unnion*, being Officer of *Valentine*, took all Opportunities even to strike his Rival, and profess the Spite and Revenge which moved him to it. The Centinel bore it without Resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that Tyrant. They had spent whole Months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this Rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the Attack of the Castle, where the Corporal received a Shot in the Thigh, and fell; the *French* pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to Death, called out to his Enemy, "Ah, *Valentine!* can you leave me here?" *Valentine* immediately ran back, and, in the midst of a thick Fire of the *French*, took the Corporal upon his Back, and brought him through all that Danger as far as the Abbey of *Salsine*, where a Cannon-ball took off his Head; and his Body fell under his Enemy, whom he was carrying off. *Unnion* immediately forgot his Wound, rose up, tearing his Hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding Carcase, crying, "Ah, *Valentine*, was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." — He was not by any means to be forced from the Body, but was removed with it bleeding in his Arms, and attended with Tears by all their Comrades, who knew their Enmity. — When he was brought to a Tent, his Wounds were dressed by great Force and Difficulty; but the next Day, still calling upon *Valentine*, and lamenting his Cruelties to him, he died in the Pangs of Remorse and Despair.

A humorous

A humourous Reprimand.

A Gentleman, who had lost his way, and was benighted on the *Derbyshire* Moors, rode up to a little Hut, and asked the Owner, if he could put him in the Road to any Village, where he might take up for that Night. The Fellow told him, there was none near, or easy to be found; but, if he pleased, he would shew him to a Gentleman's House, about half a Mile off, where he would be hospitably received: "But (continued the Fellow) "he beats all his Guests after treating them." The Gentleman, who preferred the Risque of a Beating to lying under the Canopy of Heaven, desired the Man to guide him. He found an humane Reception, and was treated by the Gentleman with great Civility and Openness. After Supper, his kind hospitable Landlord asked him if he would take a Bottle of Beer, or of Port? The Stranger chose the latter. — This being drank, he was asked if he would have the other Bottle, or go to bed? On his chusing to withdraw, the Gentleman of the House waited on him to his Chamber, and there desiring he would think himself at home, took his leave. Next Morning, when he was stirring, a Servant told him, his Master staid Breakfast till he came down. In the Hall, his Host asked him, if he would have Coffee, Tea, or cold Venison Pasty with a Bottle of *March* Beer? He chose the Pasty and Beer. Breakfast being over, the Stranger returned Thanks for his hospitable Reception, and begged leave to pursue his Journey. His Horses and Servant were immediately called for, and the two Strangers parted very civilly. When he was out of the Gate, and thought himself no longer in Danger of a Beating, he turned back, and told the Gentleman the Character the Countryman had given him,

6 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

him, and, if it was true, desired to know by what good Fortune he had escaped. “ Sir (says his Host) the Fellow in the main speaks Truth ; “ I beat only those unmannerly Fellows who deserve “ Correction ; who, not content with my treating “ them in the best Manner I can, will put me to “ the Trouble of divining their Taste. If I ask “ one of these Puppies, Will you drink Red or “ White Wine ? Will you rather have Beer ? Shall “ I help you to Beef, Mutton, or Fowl ? They “ will answer, Which you please. Shall we take “ the other Bottle or go to Bed ? Just as you “ please. Which Impertinence, I own, puts me “ out of all Patience ; but, as I found you a rea- “ sonable and well-bred Man, it is no wonder we “ part in as friendly a manner as we at first met.”

A comical drunken Frolick.

THERE was a certain Colonel, whose constant Flight it was, when he had drank a Glass or two too much, to fall to firing off his Pistols: All his old Servants knew this, and were sure to scour out of the Way, whenever they saw their Master in this Cue. It happened at *Chester*, that he hired an *Irish* Footman, and without any other Servant travelled towards *London*. One Night, the Colonel, having drank too freely at the Inn, ordered the Fellow to fetch him his Pistols. *Teague* obeyed: — And as soon as he came in, the Colonel locked the Door ; and, having loaded each Pistol, commanded his Servant to hold one of the Candles at Arm's length, till he snuffed it with a Ball : In vain were all his Prayers and Entreaties ; the Colonel swore, if he did not immediately comply, he would shoot him through the Head. The Fellow at last, seeing no Remedy, did as he was bid ;
and

The Curious Miscellany. 7

and though Fear made him hold it a little unsteady ; yet the Colonel, who had often tried this Experiment, performed the Operation at the first Attempt ; and then his Humour being satisfied, he laid down both the Pistols on the Table, and was going to unlock the Door : *Teague* in the mean time catching up that which was loaded : “ Arra Maishter ! ” (says he) but now you must take up the other “ Candle, and let me have my Shoot too : ” The Colonel called him Rogue and Rascal to no Purpose. *Teague* was now vested with Power, and would be obeyed ; accordingly his Master extended the Candle ; but this being the first time of *Teague*’s performing, he not only missed, but shot off a Button from the Breast of the Colonel’s Coat. So narrow an Escape has had a very good Effect ; the Gentleman was thereby quite freed from this Humour, and goes to Bed now, when he has taken his Bottle, like other Folks, without ever attempting to turn Marksman again in his Drink.

An Instance of the Caprices attending a Marriage-Life.

SOME Years ago, a Pacquet-boat, that had several Passengers on board, was cast away upon a Rock, and in so great Danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves, as well as they could, though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the Passengers there were two Women of Fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate Condition, begged of their Husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his Wife, than to forsake her : The other, though he was moved with the utmost Compassion for his Wife, told her, that for the Good of their Children it was better one of them should live, than both perish.

8 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

By a great Piece of good Luck, next to a Miracle, when one of our good Men had taken the last and long Farewel, in order to save himself, and the other held in his Arms the Person that was dearer to him than Life, the Ship was preserved. It is with a secret Sorrow and Vexation of Mind, that we must tell the Sequel of the Story, and let our Readers know, that this faithful Pair, who were ready to have died in each other's Arms, about three Years after their Escape, upon some trifling Disgust, grew to a Coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a Degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple lived together in an uninterrupted Friendship and Felicity ; and, what was remarkable, the Husband, whom the Shipwreck had like to have separated from his Wife, died a few Months after her, not being able to survive the Loss of her.

An Instance of the strange Disorders that are bred in the Minds of those Men, whose Passions are not regulated by Virtue, and disciplined by Reason.

A Certain *English* Gentleman had among his Negroe Slaves at *St. Christopher's*, one of our *British* Leeward Islands, a Woman who was looked upon as a most extraordinary Beauty, by those of her own Complexion ; he had at the same time two young Fellows, who were likewise Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for the Comeliness of their Persons, and for the Friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female Negroe above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they would agree between themselves which should

be the Man: But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival, and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Consent. The Torments of these two Lovers were the Discourse of the Family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange Complication of Passions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, that often dropped Expressions of the Uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy. After a long Struggle between Love and Friendship, Truth and Jealousy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Mistress along with them; where, after abundance of Lamentations, they stabbed her to the Heart, of which she immediately died. A Slave, who was at his Work, not far from the Place where this astonishing Piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Person, ran to see what was the Occasion of them: He there discovered the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each Side of her, kissing the dead Corpse, weeping over it, and beating their Breasts, in the utmost Agonies of Grief and Despair. He immediately ran to the *English* Family, with the News of what he had seen; who, upon coming to the Place, saw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themselves.

An Instance of Presence of Mind, and the Use of it.

THERE is an Account of an Adventure (than which one will scarce find any thing more surprising) in a Journal belonging to the *Dutch East-India*

India Company, certified by the whole Ship's Crew, before the Judges of the Admiralty at *Amsterdam*. This Ship having cast Anchor in the River *Ganges*, sent out a Boat, with eight Mariners, to catch Fish; as they were casting their Nets, one of the Men got out of the Boat, and climbed up the Bank, either led by a Desire to view the Country, or some other Design; but he had not gone on it above twenty Paces, when he perceived a Crocodile very near him: Terrified at this bitter Enemy of Mankind, whom he saw getting up the Bank towards him, he thought to save himself by getting down on the other Side; but at that very Instant he saw a Tyger rush out of an adjacent Forest, and run with his utmost Swiftness towards him. Either his Fear, or his Prudence, put it into his Head to throw himself flat on the Ground, and the Tyger, having taken his Race with too precipitate a Force, flew directly over him, and fell into the River, where the Crocodile, flying on this new Adversary, dragged him with him into the Middle of the Stream: The Mariner, delivered by so strange a Chance, rejoined his Comrades, who with Fear and Wonder had beheld all that had passed.

An Instance of the Persian Politicks, in respect to their Marriages.

THE General of the *Tartars*, after having laid Siege to a strong Town in *China*, and taken it by Storm, would set to Sale all the Women that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a Sack, and, after having thoroughly considered the Value of the Woman who was inclosed, marked the Price that was demanded for her upon the Sack. There was a great confluence of Chapmen, that resorted from every Part,

The Curious Miscellany.

II

Part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do unlight, unseen. A Merchant in particular, who, observing one of the Sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his House. As he was resting with it upon a half-way Bridge, he was resolved to take a Survey of his Purchase: Upon opening the Sack, a little old Woman popped her Head out of it; at which the Adventurer was in so great a Rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the River. The old Lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her Story, by which he learned that she was a Sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his Brother-in-Law, as soon as he should know to whose Lot she fell. Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his Sack, and carried her to his House, where she proved an excellent Wife, and procured him all the Riches from her Brother that she had promised him.

The disinterested Arguments of a Boatswain.

IN the wild Searches, that *Dampier* was making, they happened to be out at Sea, far distant from any Shore, in want of all the Necessaries of Life; infomuch, that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The Boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh Fellow, and attracted the Eyes of the whole Crew. In such an extream Necessity, all Forms of Superiority were laid aside: The Captain and Lieutenant were safe only by being Carrion; and the unhappy Boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the Company were unanimous, and the Boatswain must be cut up. He saw their Intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

“ Gentlemen

12 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

“ Gentlemen Sailors, Far be it, that I should speak
 “ it for any private Interest of my own ; but I
 “ take it, that I should not die with a good Con-
 “ science, if I did not confess to you that I am
 “ not sound. I say, Gentlemen, Justice, and the
 “ Testimony of a good Conscience, as well as the
 “ Love of my Country, to which I hope you will
 “ return, oblige me to own, that black *Kate* at
 “ *Deptford* has made me very unsafe to eat ; and
 “ (I speak it with Shame) I am afraid, Gentlemen,
 “ I should poison you.” This Speech had a good
 Effect in the Boatswain’s Favour ; but the Surgeon
 of the Ship protesting, he had cured him very well,
 and offering to eat the first Stake of him himself,
 the Boatswain replied, (like an Orator, with a
 true notion of the People, and in hopes to gain
 Time) that he was heartily glad, if he could be
 for their Service, and thanked the Surgeon for his
 Information : “ However (said he) I must inform
 “ you, for your own good, that I have ever since
 “ my Cure been very thirsty and dropfical ; there-
 “ fore, I presume, it would be much better to tapp
 “ me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and
 “ have no Man in the Ship fit to be drank.” As
 he was going on with his Harangue, a fresh Gale
 arose, and gave the Crew hopes of a better Repast
 at the nearest Shore, to which they arrived next
 Morning.

An Instance of Intrepidity and Greatness of Soul.

W H E N Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, had
 invaded the Territories of *Muli Moluc*, Em-
 peror of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and
 set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Mo-
 luc* was wearing away with a Distemper which he
 himself knew was incurable. However, he prepa-
 red

red for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive battle was given ; but knowing the fatal Consequences that would happen to his Children, and People, in Case he should die before he put an End to that War, he commanded his principal Officers, that, if he died during the Engagement, they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they should ride up to the Litter in which his Corpse was carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him as usual. Before the Battle began, he was carried through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their Religion and Country ; finding afterwards the Battle to go against him, though he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge ; which afterwards ended in a compleat Victory on the Side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where, laying his Finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture.

An Instance of Cruelty and Dissimulation.

I N the Reign of *Lewis* the Eleventh, King of *France*, the Custom of travelling to the *Holy Land* was very prevalent. The Prior of *St. Cosme*, near *Plaisir de la Tours*, a Man of exemplary Piety, out of the excess of his Devotion, determined to go thither. He asked Leave of the Court, obtained it, and setting forth, arrived safe at *Jerusalem* ; but in his return was taken by the *Bulgarians*,
and

and made a Slave. He continued twelve Years in that unhappy Situation. The Length of his Absence persuaded every Body he was dead, and one of the King's Chaplains, believing the Priory vacant, begged it of him, who gave it without Scruple. Accordingly he took Possession of it. Some Years after, the old Prior, having regained his Liberty, returned to *France*, oppressed with Age and Misfortunes: His first Care was to repair to his Priory: But finding it was filled, went to the Court, which was then at *Plaisir de la Tours*; his venerable Air, rendered still more venerable by a long Beard, the Recital of the Woes he had endured, and the unhappy Condition he was in, inspired all, who saw or heard him, with Compassion. The King, to whom he presented himself, promised to restore him, to his Benefice, or, in exchange, to give him some other as good. But that Prince, not making any Haste in the Performance of what he promised, the unhappy Prior incessantly importuned him: The King, thinking he grew troublesome, and being not very inclinable to grant his Request, one Night called for *Tristant* the Hermit, his Grand Prevôt, and ordered him to rid him of the Prior of *St. Cosme*. *Tristant*, accustomed to such Executions, thought of nothing but shewing his Obedience; and taking a Confessor with him, went to the Priory the next Day; where finding the present Prior at table with some of his Friends, he invited the Grand Prevôt to sit down with them: But he, whose Orders were pressing, declared them in a pathetic Manner. His Friends and he at first thought that *Tristant* was inclined only to divert himself; but he soon related the Command he had received in such a manner, as left no room for doubting the Truth of what he said. The poor Prior, finding there was no Remedy, settled his Affairs, and prepared himself for another World, as much

as the short Time allowed him would give leave. After which, *Tristant* ordered him to be put into a Sack, with a great Weight at the Bottom of it, and thrown into the *Loyre*. The next Day he attended the King, with an Assurance, that he had performed his Duty, as to what he had commanded him concerning the Prior. The King seemed satisfied : But a few Hours after, walking in the Palace Garden, he perceived the venerable old Prior of St. *Cosme* coming towards him ; on which, turning towards *Tristant*, “ Wretch, said he, have “ you imposed on me ? Your Life shall answer the “ Arrogance.” *Tristant*, very much alarmed, threw himself at his Feet, affirming, that he had punctually obeyed his Commands. “ But, (said “ the King) do you not see him before your “ Eyes ?” (pointing to the Prior) “ Sir, (said he,) “ the Mistake has only been occasioned by your “ Majesty ; you commanded me to rid you of the “ Prior of St. *Cosme* ; I went to the Priory, and “ took him that was in Possession and drowned “ him : But it is easy to repair the Fault ; I will “ make away with this also.” “ No, (said the “ King) it is very well : ” Then turning to the “ Prior ; “ Go, — good Man ! (said he to “ him) and take Possession of your Benefice, it is “ now Vacant.”

A lucky Stratagem.

KING *Edgar*, that great Monarch, who is so famous in *British* Story, fell in Love, as he made his Progress through his Kingdom, with a certain Duke's Daughter who lived near *Winchester*, and was the most celebrated Beauty of the Age. His Importunities and the violence of his Passion were so great, that the Mother of the young Lady promised

promised him to bring her Daughter to his Bed the next Night, though in her Heart she abhorred the infamous Office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his Room a young Maid of no disagreeable Figure, who was one of her Attendants, and did not want Address to improve the Opportunity, for the advancement of her Fortune. She made so good use of her time, that when she offered to rise a little before Day, the King could by no Means think of parting with her. So that finding herself under a necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a Manner, that his Majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his Protection; insomuch, that our Chronicles tell us, he carried her along with him, and made her his first Minister of State, and continued true to her alone, till his Marriage with the beauteous *Elfrida*.

The Advantage of taking a Woman down in her Wedding Shoes.

A CERTAIN Gentleman in *Lincolnshire* had four Daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her Sisters, either in Person or Accomplishments, had from her Infancy discovered so imperious a Temper, (usually called a high Spirit) that it continually made great uneasiness in the Family, became her known Character in the Neighbourhood, and deterred all her Lovers from declaring themselves. However, in Process of Time, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, and long Acquaintance, having observed that quickness of Spirit to be her only Fault, made his Addresses, and obtained her consent in due Form. The Lawyers finished the Writings, (in which, by the Way,

Way, there was no Pin-money) and they were married. After a decent Time spent in the Father's House, the Bridegroom went to prepare a Seat for her Reception. During the whole Course of his Courtship, though a Man of the most equal Temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate Creature breathing. By this one Intimation, he at once made her understand warmth of Temper, to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that Constitution in himself. She at the same time, thought herself highly obliged by the composed Behaviour which he maintained in her Presence. Thus far, he with great Success soothed her from being guilty of Violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible Apprehension of his fiery Spirit, that she should never dream of giving Way to her own. He returned on the Day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a Coach and six Horses, together with the gay Equipage suitable to the Occasion, he appeared without a Servant, mounted on the Skelton of a Horse, (which his Huntsman had the Day before brought in to feast his Dogs, on the arrival of his new Mistress,) with a Pillion fixed behind, and a Case of Pistols before him, attended only by a favourite Hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but somewhat positive) manner, desired his Lady to seat herself on the Cushion; which done, away they crawled. The Road being obstructed with a Gate, the Dog was commanded to open it: The poor Curr looked up and wagged his Tail; but the Master, to shew the impatience of his Temper, drew a Pistol, and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand Apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his Excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after the Steed
C stumbled,

stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered : however, the Bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his Wife so again, he would run him through : and, alas ! the poor Animal being now almost tired, made a second Trip ; immediately on which the careful Husband alights, and with great Ceremony, first takes off his Lady, then the Accoutrements, draws his Sword, and saves the Huntsman's Trouble of killing him. Then says to his Wife, Child, prithee take up the Saddle ; which she readily did, and tugged it home ; where they found all things in the greatest Order suitable to their Fortune and the present Occasion. Some time after, the Father of the Lady gave an Entertainment to all his Daughters and their Husbands ; where, when the Wives were retired, and the Gentlemen passing a Toast about, our last married Man took occasion to observe to the rest of his Brethren, how much, to his great Satisfaction, he found the World mistaken as to the Temper of his Lady, for that she was the most meek and humble Woman breathing. The Applause was received with a loud Laugh ; but as a Trial which of them would appear the most Master at home, he proposed they should all by Turns send for their Wives down to them. A Servant was dispatched, and Answer was made by one, “ Tell him I will come “ by and by ; and another, that she would come “ when the Cards were out of her Hand, and so “ on ;——But no sooner was her Husband's Desire whispered in the Ear of our last married Lady, but the Cards were clapped on the Table, “ and down she comes with, my Dear, would you “ speak with me ?” He receives her in his Arms, and after repeated Caresses, tells her the Experiment, confesses his good Nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her Temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

The Effects of Joy and Sorrow.

A RICH old Man in *London* some Years ago, falling Sick, and lying on his Death Bed, sent to his only Son, living at *Paris*, where he spent his Time in Pleasure, to come over, that he might with his Estate, give him his Blessing. Think what News this was to a young Man, to whom the Life of a Father was troublesome, as being an Obstacle to his Liberty; and who waited his Death, to take his Swing of all the Pleasures, which his corrupt Nature makes him respect as his sovereign Good. This young Man intending to get on horseback to run where he was called, found himself embarked for a Voyage which he did not design to make; he fell dead on the Place, though very healthful. The Messenger from *England*, already mentioned, finding at his return, the old Man, whom he had left dying, still alive; he gave him such a strange Stroke, by telling to him the Death of his Son, that Grief having vanquished the Assault of Death, restored to this unhappy old Man, that Strength he had lost in his Sickness; so that coming himself some Days after to *Paris*, bewailed the Loss of his only Son.

The Goodness of Lewis the XIVth.

I N the Reign of *Lewis* the fourteenth, King of *France*, there came a Man full of Years, and overwhelmed with Despair, who desired to be listed in that Prince's Service. To obtain what he desired, he told the King, that he was the Father of twelve Children, seven of which were Daughters, who were marriageable; that he could no longer live, not being able to maintain such a great Family;

ly ; and that being ignorant as yet how to die, he would learn it in the King's Service. The Prince having appointed him a Day to wait upon him privately in his Closet, thus speak to him : Thy Despair, makes thee desirous to be listed among my Soldiers ; and Charity obliges me to retain thee among the Citizens. Those that are Fools when they enter into Troops, commonly come out wiser ; because they learn several Things of which they were before ignorant : But as to thy part, what Time hast thou to learn, who art ready to fall dead at the same Moment thou enterest into the School ? Yet, I receive thee ; take this Sword, go and combat thy Folly ; and be cured ; and take this Purse to succour thy Family ; but if thou art wise, say not from whom thou hast received thy Cure.

The Unsteadiness of a Free-thinker.

SOME Years ago there happened to be on Ship-board, among a great many Passengers a notorious Free-thinker, when there arose a brisk Gale, which could frighten no body but himself. Upon the rowling of the Ship, he fell upon his Knees, and confessed to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheist, and had denied a supreme Being, ever since he came to his Estate. The good Man was astonished, and a Report immediately ran through the Ship, that there was an Atheist upon the upper Deck. Several of the common Seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange Fish ; but they were more surprized when they saw it was a Man, and heard out of his own Mouth, that he never believed, till that Day, that there was a God. As he lay in the Agonies of Confession, one of the honest Tarrs whispered to the Boatswain, that it would be a good deed to

to

to heave him over Board ; but they were now within sight of Port, when of a sudden the Wind fell, and the Penitent relapsed, begging all of them that were present as they were Gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed. He had not been ashore above two Days, when one of the Company began to rally him upon his Devotion on Ship-board, which the other denied in so high Terms, that it produced the Lie on both Sides, and ended in a Duel. The Atheist was run through the Body, and, after some Loss of Blood became as good a Christian as he was at Sea, till he found that his Wound was not mortal.

An Instance of excessive Covetousness.

CERTAIN considerable Merchants some years ago coming to *Paris*, and lodging at an Inn, the House being at that time full of Guests, they were forced to be content with an upper Room ; where entertaining one another with pleasant Discourse, to pass away the time till Supper, on a sudden the Kitchen was all in a Flame, unfortunately encreased with combustible Matter lying near the Chimney. Some say there was a great Quantity of Oil and Gunpowder, (an odd Store-House to lay such Commodities in :) However, the Fire appeared so suddenly and violently, that in a moment all the Floor under them was seized with it. These Gentlemen, who were two Stories high, in a Chamber towards the Street, as soon as they heard the cry of Fire, began to make towards their Trunks and Portmanteaus, which were locked up in a large Coffe, the Key of which hung at their Hostess's Side ; they were for going down to fetch it, but the Fire had in a manner consumed all beneath them. Whilst they were busied in trying to break

22 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

open the Coffer, and to take out every Man his own, their Chamber became instantly so full of Smoke, as was like to choak them. They could neither save themselves by going up or down, the House being all over in a Flame. Moreover, their Neighbours seeing their own Houses in danger, were so concerned for themselves, that they had no time to pity others. So that few People attempted to succour these poor Gentlemen, who on their side endeavoured with great Pieces of Wood, to force a Passage; but the Walls and Windows were too strong to give way to their Efforts, being secured with thick Iron Bars, fastened to the Stones. In this lamentable Condition, having this inexorable Flame before their Eyes, which had already seized on the Chamber, tearing the Hair of their Heads, and stamping on the Ground, they sent forth such dreadful Shrieks, as moved all that heard them with extreme Compassion. They threw their Gold and Silver into the Streets, in vain crying for Help; the Fire being so encreased, that before the People could bring Ladders and other Instruments to break a way into the Chamber, these poor Gentlemen miserably perished in the Flames.

The Fatal Effects of Jealousy.

A *Spanish* Cavalier, had a very virtuous and beautiful Wife, which are indeed two rare Companions; he kept a *Moor* in his House, whom the Lady had one time caused to be severely beaten, the *Moor* secretly vowed Revenge, he had an Intrigue with one of the Lady's Women, to whom he imparted his Mind, they conspired together to accuse the Lady of Lightness and Infidelity to her Husband's Bed. The Cavalier their Master was naturally

naturally jealous, as the *Spaniards* generally are; these two possessed him with a Belief, that the Gardiner had frequent Access to his Lady's Chamber, and undertook to make him an Eye Witness of it. Whereupon, one of them goes privately to the Gardener, and tells him that the Lady would speak with him, whilst the other runs to the Lord and bids him make haste, for that the Gardener was at that Instant with his Lady. The impatient Cavalier hastens up Stairs, and meeting the Gardener coming out of the Door of his Chamber, stabs him to the Heart, without any farther Expostulation; and, rushing furiously into the Chamber, serves his Wife in the same Manner. But, coming down again, the Maid struck with remorse at so black an Event, fell down at his Feet, confessing her Crime, and declaring that her Lady was innocent. The *Spaniard*, raging mad, at a Conjunction of so many Misfortunes, stabs the Maid and the Negroe, and last of all to compleat the Tragedy, kills himself.

An Instance that the Passion of Love is in some Part of our Lives necessary.

A Certain Countryman having lost his Ass, came to the Muezin, or Cryer, desiring him to give Notice at the Door of one of their Mosques; which he did for three several Festivals, but no News being heard of the Animal, the Owner urged the Muezin to continue his former Proclamations, with a Reward of a fat Pig to the Finder. The Muezin being an arch Wag, and tired with the Fellows Importunity, one Day, when the Ceremonies of their Superstitious Worship was ended, and People flocked amain out of the Mosque, he made this following Proclamation: If there be any

24 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

Man here amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly profess, he never was in love, he shall have a fat Pig. An ungainly loobily Fellow, who was leaning listening on his Staff, bawled out, That he could safely take his Oath, he was the Person who had never been in love. Whereupon the Muezin taking him by the Sleeve, presents him to the Countryman, saying, here Friend, I have found your Ass, the Pig is mine.

A Particular Instance of the good Effects of Charity.

THERE was some Years ago a poor Man living in *France*, remarkable for being charitable even to Excess ; for he gave away all that he had to relieve the Necessities of others, chusing rather to throw himself naked upon Providence, than to deny an Alms to any one that asked him, so long as he had any thing to bestow. Being at length, by his constant Liberalities, reduced to a very indigent Condition, he was forced to betake himself to digging for his Livelihood : Yet, notwithstanding he gained his own Bread with hard Labour, he ceased not to shew his wonted Kindnesses to the Poor, giving them whatsoever he could possibly spare from his own Necessities. One Day as he was digging in a Field belonging to the Duke of *Montmorency*, he found several Earthen Pots full of Gold, supposed to be buried there in the time of the Civil Wars. The good Man carried this huge Treasure by degrees home to his House, with all imaginable Privacy, and having distributed the greatest Part of it in Works of Charity, he was going with his last reserve to the House of a decayed Gentleman, to whom he gave a sufficient Sum to repair his shattered Fortunes, being all that he

he had left ; When as he returned homewards, he found a Jewel in the Highway, which being sold yielded him ten thousand Crowns.— “ A Noble Bank for new Liberalities, and a convincing Argument, that there was something more than Chance, which thus strangely recruited his Purse, that it might never cease to be opened in Lar- gesses to the Poor.

Of the Justice of Providence.

THERE was a Soldier in the Duke of *Anguin's* Army, who maliciously and wrongfully accused his Comrade to the General of raising a Mutiny ; the incensed General took a Fusée, and discharged it at the innocent Person, thinking to have killed him on the Spot ; but it proved otherwise, the Bullet passing through some part of his Body, and through half a dozen Ten's, smote the Slanderer in the Pan of the Knee, which put him into so violent a Fever, that he died in two Days ; while the other (whom before his Death he confessed to be innocent) lived many Years a Witness of this remarkable Stroke of Divine Vengeance.

A strange Accident that happened to one of the Kings of Egypt.

AS one of the antient Kings of *Egypt* was walking in the Royal Garden at *Memphis*, he spied an Eagle flying towards the Place where he was ; at which Sight he stood still, gazing on the King of Birds ; till at length the Eagle arriving to that part of the Air which was over his Head, lets fall a Woman's Shoe at his Feet ; the King, surprized
at

26 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

at this Accident, takes up the Shoe, and surveying its exquisite Symmetry and Form, thence took his Measures of the Lady that had worn it, and suddenly grew enamoured of the unknown Fair, proclaiming through all *Egypt* great Rewards to any that could discover the Owner of that Shoe. At length a certain beautiful Courtezan of *Naucratis*, named *Rhodope*, was proved to be the Mistress of it, who being brought into the King's Presence, he took her to his Bed, making her the Partner of his Empire. After she had enjoyed her Honour many Years, at last died peaceably in her Bed, and was entombed in one of the Pyramids of *Egypt*.

An uncommon Instance of Loyalty and Fidelity.

IT happened that the Grand Mogul was riding on one of his Elephants, in the Province of *Cashemire*, when suddenly the Beast grew raging mad, (it seems it is the Nature of these Animals, when they are stung with Lust, at certain Times of the Year, to fall into a kind of Frenzy, which if not timely obviated, will last forty Days.) He whose Office it was to manage the Elephant, perceiving that the King's Life was in apparent Danger, through the furious humour of the Beast, had not time to say any more to the King, but only these Words, there is but this only Way to save your Life, that I sacrifice mine to the Elephant, which I freely do, as an unfeigned Testimony of my Loyalty. With that he cast himself at the Elephant's Feet, which immediately took him up with his Trunk, and killed him, and so became pacified. The King astonished at so surprizing an accident, and to testify his gratitude for so unparalleled a Fidelity, sent for this Man's Sons, and having

having asked them, whether they could have Resolution enough to follow their Father's Example in such a Case, to which they all answering that his Majesty might see it immediately, if he pleased to give but the Word; the King caused rich Vests to be bestowed on every one of them, with other Presents, and made them the Chief Masters of his Elephants, throughout the Empire, and in token of Thankfulness to Heaven for so signal a Preservation the Emperor gave royal and munificent Alms to all the Poor in that Province, vowing never to ride again on an Elephant, since it had cost him the Life of one of his most faithful Servants.

A Story of an Astrologer.

THERE was a certain Astrologer, a bold Fellow, who pretended great Familiarity with the Stars; he came one Day to one of the Kings of *France*, and told him he had exactly calculated his Nativity, and by his Observations from thence, according to the Rules of Art had discovered, that he should not live out that Year; the King replied, I will prove, that my Skill is greater than thine, for I know the very Hour of thy Death, which is now precisely, and which all thy Knowledge in Astrology, could never foresee, nor be able to prevent. So he commanded his Head to be immediately cut off.

A Pro-

A Providential Deliverance of the Duke of Orleans.

IN the Reign of *Lewis* the Thirteenth, King of *France*, the Princes of the Blood were invited to a Feast by the Queen's Order, with divers of the Prime Nobility. The Place where it was kept is called the *New Castle* ; the Entertainment was very magnificent, and all things were performed with great Cost and Majesty ; they banqueted with Wine to Excess ; inſomuch, as the Duke of *Orleans* about Midnight, walking through a Gallery was ſo inebriated with the Juice of the Grape, that he fell aſleep on a Couch, which ſtood about the middle of the Walk ; he was wrapt in his Cloak, a Garment well known in the Court, by the large Diamond that buttoned it before ; but no body came by that Way till two Hours afterwards, a certain *French* Lord paſſing to his Lodging, took notice of a Man aſleep on the Couch, and drawing nearer knew it to be the Duke, wondering what ſhould be the meaning of it, he enquired of the Duke's Page that ſtood not far off, who told him his Maſter was overcome with Wine. The Lord not thinking it convenient to leave a Prince of the Blood in ſuch a Place, at that time of the Night, cauſed his Servants to take him up and carry him to his own Lodgings, who for the greater Conveniency left his Cloak behind upon the Couch. As ſoon as they were gone the Duke's Page puts on the Cloak, and being alſo tired with watching laid himſelf down to Sleep. The Duke not long after awakes and called for his Page, not knowing where he was, the Servants of the *French* Lord immediately ran to the Page, but found him dead upon the Couch, being ſtabbed through the Heart.

A Re-

*A Remarkable Prediction concerning King
Charles the First.*

IN former Ages there were a Sort of Philosophers
or Prophets in *England*, whom they called
Druids and Bards ; these instructed the People in
the Belief of a God, the Immortality of the Soul,
and other Principles of Natural Religion. They
foretold Things to come ; and had acquired so
great a Reputation, that the Kings of that Coun-
try would undertake no Affair of Moment, till
they had first consulted these Oracles. It is said there
are yet living some of that Prophetick Race in the
Mountains of *Scotland* ; one of which, a Man
of great Sanctity and Wisdom, being an hundred
and twenty Years old, came to visit King *Charles*
the First's Father, at which Time he saw this
King being then an Infant in his Nurse's Arms,
whilst his Elder Brother and Heir of the Crown
stood by : The Old Man after his Compliments
to the Father, takes the Infant Prince in his Arms,
and bestows his Benediction on it in these Terms,
“ Hail, Royal Babe, Heir of two Crowns, thou
“ shalt reign a long Time happily, but in the
“ End a Flower De Luce shall be thy Bane.” The
Nobles that were present, thinking that the Extremi-
ty of Age had bereaved him of his Reason, were
ready to thrust him away, offering to take the
Child from him, and telling him, that he mistook,
for this was not the Heir of the Crown, but his
Brother who stood by ; but he with a composed
Look, and an assured Carriage, made Answer,
“ That what he spoke was Truth, adding withal,
“ that the Elder Brother should die before his Fa-
“ ther, and that this should live to inherit the
“ Kingdoms of *Scotland* and *England*.” The
Prophecy proved true, for his Elder Brother died
at

at twelve Years of Age, and for the rest History confirms it.

A comical Story of a Parrot.

A Certain *Roman* Cobler taught a Parrot, to salute the Emperor as he went along the Street with these Words, "Hail Cæsar," which the Emperor hearing gave him a Royal Price for his Parrot. The Poor Man overjoyed at his good luck got another Parrot, and attempted to teach her in the same manner ; but having taken much ineffectual Pains, he used to fret and say, I have lost my Labour. Yet at length by daily repeating these Words, the Parrot had learned both Sentences, and the next time the Emperor came by, it said, "Hail Cæsar ;" to which the Emperor replied, "I have enough such Flatterers at home ;" the Parrot having her Lesson perfect, rejoined, "I have lost my Labour," which the Emperor hearing, and pleased with the Novelty, bought this also, and settled a generous Pension on the Man during his Life.

A rare Instance of Continence.

AN *Italian* Marquis fell in love with a Dutchess of singular Beauty, but knew not how to make her sensible of it. At length Fortune favoured him with an Opportunity beyond his Expectation. One Evening as he returned from Hawking, he passed through the Fields of that Dutchess bordering on the Palace ; the Duke her Husband and she were walking together as the young Lord came by ; the Duke seeing his Train, and

and what Game they had been at, asked him some Questions concerning their Sport, and being of an hospitable Disposition, invited him into his Palace, to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the young Lover. He accepted the offer and here commenced an Acquaintance, which made way in time for an Affignation between the Dutches and him. He was let into the Gardens one Night, and so conducted privately to her Chamber, where she lay in Bed to receive him. After some Compliments, the Dutches said, My Lord, you are obliged to my Husband for this Favour; who, as soon as you were gone from our House, the first time we saw you, gave you such Commendation, as made me conceive an immediate Passion for you. Is it true, Madam, (replied the young Lover already half undressed,) then far be it from me, to be so ungrateful to my Friend, with that he put on his Garments again and took his leave.

An extraordinary Instance of Revenge.

A Certain Captain was so extravagant in his Revenge, who being informed that his General had debauched his Wife, took an Opportunity to single him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapped a Pistol to his Breast, threatening to kill him forthwith if he moved Hand or Foot; then he upbraided him with what he had done, in such Language as convinced the General his Life was in extreme Danger. Wherefore he humbled himself, and confessed his Crime; begging of the Captain to spare his Life, and he would prefer him forthwith to the best Office in the Army next his own; but the furious *Italian* Captain would
not

32 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

not sell his Honour so cheap; he forced him to deny God, and utter many Blasphemies, in hopes of saving his Life: And when he had thus done, the Captain said, now my Revenge is compleat, since I shall send thee Body and Soul to the Devil, with that he shot him.

*An Instance of the heroick and matchless Virtue
of the Duke of Orleans.*

THERE was an Assassin hired to murder the Duke of Orleans, and for that purpose was suffered to pass into the Duke's Bed-Chamber one Morning early, pretending Business of great Moment from the Queen. As soon as the Duke cast his Eyes on him, he spoke thus; "I know thy Business Friend, thou art sent to take away my Life, what Hurt have I done thee? It is now in my Power to have thee cut in Pieces before my Face with a Word, but I pardon thee, go thy Way, and see my Face no more." The Gentleman stung with his own Guilt, and astonished at the excellent Nature of this Prince, fell on his Knees, confessed his Design, and who employed him, and having promised eternal Gratitude for this Royal Favour, departed without any other Notice taken of him; and fearing to tarry in France, entered himself into the Service of the Spanish King. It was his Fortune afterwards to encounter the Duke of Orleans, in a Battle in Flanders, the Duke at that Instant was oppressed with a Crowd of Germans, who surrounded him, and in the Conflict he lost his Sword, which this Gentleman perceiving, nimbly stepped to him and delivered one into the Duke's Hands; saying withal, "Now reap the Fruit of thy former Clemency, thou gavest me my Life, now I put thee into a Capacity

“Capacity of defending thy own.” The Prince by this Means, escaped the Danger he was in; and that Day the Fortune of War was on his Side. The *French* had a considerable Victory.

An odd Discovery of a Murder.

THERE was hardly a Night passed some Years ago, but some Murder was committed in the Streets of *Paris*. One Night a Man was found dead on the Ground, whereupon a Tumult was gathered about the bleeding Carcass; amongst the rest, a Fellow came crowding in, inquisitive what should be the Matter. Those who stood by beholding his Cloaths bloody, which he was not sensible of himself, seized on him as his Murderer; his wild Looks encreased their Jealousy, and the incoherent Words with which he endeavoured to excuse himself, rendered him guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a Magistrate, by whom he was strictly examined; he stoutly denied the Fact, and no Proof could be brought against him but his stained Cloaths. It is the Custom in *France*, to put to the Torture Persons suspected of capital Crimes, in order to draw a Confession of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch, and in the extremity of his Pains, he acknowledged he had killed his Wife that Evening, but was altogether innocent of this poor Man's Death, who was murdered in the Streets. All the Torments they inflicted could force no other Confession from him save that which his real Guilt prompted him to make, for which he was condemned to Death according to the Laws.

An Instance of Treachery and Perjury.

ONE *Hatto* a *German* Bishop, remarkable and recorded for his Perjury, had a Cousin who was accused of Treason against the Emperor ; on which account he was closely besieged by the Imperial Forces in a Castle, seated on the top of an impregnable Rock, so that the Emperor despairing of taking him by Force had withdrawn his Army, when this Prelate came to him, and for a Sum of Money promised to betray his Kinsman into the Emperor's Hands. The Bargain being concluded, the Bishop went to visit his Cousin at the Castle, persuading him to go and humble himself at the Emperor's Feet, and he would engage to procure his Pardon ; binding himself with a solemn Oath, that if he would rely on him as he carried him safe out of the Castle, so he would bring him back alive and safe again. His Kinsman deluded with these fair Pretences, and secured by the Sanction of an Oath, trusts himself to the Conduct and Fidelity of the Prelate. When they had rode about half a League from the Castle, the Bishop pretending he had forgot some Papers of moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they returned back to the Castle ; and when they had found the Papers, they set forward again towards the Emperor's Camp. Being arrived there the impious Wretch delivered his Kinsman to the Emperor who condemned him to die, he sending for the Bishop, reproached him with the Violation of his Oath, but the perfidious Bishop sought to acquit himself by saying, he had performed his Promise in carrying him back safe to the Castle, when he returned to seek his Papers. Thus was his Kinsman betrayed by a Quibble, and lost his Head ; the Bishop acquiring by that impious Deed the

the odious Title of *Hatto* the Traytor, and the *Germans* report that he was afterwards carried away by Devils, and thrown alive into the hollow of Mount *Ætna*, a Voice being heard at the same Instant in the Air, saying, this is the Reward of Perjury.

*A comical Passage between the King of Spain,
and a French Ambassador.*

IN the Reign of *Lewis* the Thirteenth of *France*, there was an Ambassador sent by him to the Court of *Spain*; the *Spaniards* are of a haughty Temper, expecting more than ordinary Submissions from those who approach the King's Presence. This Ambassador on the same Ground, was required to do some Homage, which would not consist with the Instructions of his Master, and therefore he refused to comply; the King of *Spain*, thinking to put him out of Countenance, said aloud, What, has the King of *France* no other Men in his Court, that he sends to me such a Fool as this? To which the Ambassador replied, My Master has many wiser Men than I about him, but to such a King such an Ambassador.

A generous Rebuke of Cardinal Mazarine.

THERE was a certain Gentleman who had been recommended to Cardinal *Mazarine* by a Lady of the Court, for whom he had a great Esteem; on which account he had free Access to the Cardinal's Presence, and would always mix with his Retinue; but his curious Patron had observed something in his Carriage which gave him ground of mistrust, for he would always place himself as

near as he could to a certain Table in the Chamber, where the Cardinal gave Audience. There was a Drawer under this Table, which commonly stood half open, it being the Place where all Petitioners threw in their Bribes or Presents, it not being seemly for a Prince of the Church to take Money himself, the Cardinal observed, that this Spark always had his Eye glancing on that Drawer, as if he coveted what was there contained. However, he took no Notice, but gave him all the Opportunities imaginable to do his Pleasure, yet still one Accident or other hindered the Gentleman from executing his Design, which was to borrow some of the Gold that lay in that Drawer. At length it happened, that the Cardinal having appointed some curious Pageants, to be made in honour of the King's Birth-Day, he with several of the Courtiers stood looking out of the Windows to see these triumphant Shews pass by. The Gentleman taking this Opportunity, whilst he thought all Eyes were intent on the Gaities without, slips to the Table and takes out of the Drawer a Bag of Gold, putting it up in his Pocket, and retiring to the Window again. He imagined no body had seen him, and therefore hugged himself in the Thoughts of the Booty; when the Show was over, and the Company withdrew from the Windows, after a while they all took their Leave, and departed; and among the rest, this Gentleman Thief was going out; the Cardinal desired him to tarry, for that he had something to say to him; the Gentleman stung with the Guilt of what he had done, fell a trembling, and was ready to drop down at the Cardinal's Feet; but he bid him be of good comfort, saying thus to him, "My Friend, what thou hast done is not hid from me; if thou hast not Gold enough I will double thy Sum, therewith" he gave him another Bag of equal Value; "saying

“ saying withal, go thy way, and see my Face no
“ more ; I pardon, but cannot trust thee.”

A melancholy Instance of Sorrow and Affliction.

A YOUNG Gentleman and Lady of anti-
ent and honourable Houses in *Cornwall*,
had from their Childhood, entertained for each
other, a generous and noble Passion, which had been
long opposed by their Friends, by reason of the in-
equality of their Fortunes ; but their Constancy to
each other, and obedience to those on whom they
depended, wrought so much upon their Relations
that these celebrated Lovers were at length joined
in Marriage. Soon after their Nuptials, the
Bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign Coun-
try, to take care of a considerable Fortune which
was left him by a Relation, and came very oppor-
tunely to improve their moderate Circumstances.
They received the Congratulations of all the Coun-
try on this Occasion ; and it was a common Sentence
then in every one's Mouth, you see how faithful
Love is rewarded. He took this agreeable Voy-
age, and sent home every Post fresh Accounts of
his Success in his Affairs abroad ; but at last (though
he designed to return with the next Ship) he lament-
ed in his Letters, that Business would detain him
some time longer from home, because he would
give himself the Pleasure of an unexpected Arrival.
The young Lady, after the heat of the Day,
walked every Evening on the Sea Shore, near which
she lived with a familiar Friend, her Husband's
Kinswoman, and diverted herself with what Objects
they met there, or upon Discourses of the future
Methods of Life, in the happy change of their Cir-
cumstances. They stood one Evening on the Shore
together, in a perfect Tranquillity, observing the
D 3 setting

38 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

setting of the Sun, the calm Face of the great Deep, and the silent heaving of the Waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their Feet; when at a distance, her Kinswoman saw something float on the Waters, which she fancied was a Chest; and with a Smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of Jewels, she had a right to it. They both fixed their Eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the Subject of the Wreck; the Cousin still asserting her right; but promising, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Corral for the Child, of which she was then big, provided she might be Godmother. Their Mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer Approach, that it was a human Body. The young Lady, who had a Heart naturally filled with Pity and Compassion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occasion. Who knows (says she) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy House, the darling of indulgent Parents, who are now in impertinent Mirth, and pleasing themselves with the Thoughts of offering him a Bride they have got ready for him?—or, may he not be the Master of a Family, that wholly depended on his Life? There may for ought we know, be half a dozen fatherless Children, and a tender Wife, now exposed to Poverty by his Death. What Pleasure might he have promised himself in the different Welcome, he was to have from her and them, but,—let us go away, it is a dreadful Sight! The best Office we can do, is to take care the poor Man whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away, when a Wave threw the Carcass on the Shore. The Kinswoman immediately shrieked out,—Oh, my Cousin!—And fell upon the Ground.—The unhappy Wife went to help her Friend, when she saw her own Husband at her Feet, and dropt in a Swoon upon the Body.

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An old Woman, who had been the Gentleman's Nurse, came out about this time, to call the Ladies into Supper, and found her Child, (as she always called him) dead on the Shore, her Mistress and Kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Master to Life, soon awaked the Friend from her Trance; but the Wife was gone for ever.—When the Family and Neighbourhood got together round the Bodies, no one asked any Question, but the sad Objects before them told the moving Story.

A truly Charitable and generous Action.

THE *French* relate a pretty Passage of a certain Cardinal, a very good Man, and one that by the multitude of his generous Actions, gave occasion for the World to call him the Patron of the Poor: This Ecclesiastick Prince had a constant Custom, once or twice a Week, to give publick Audience to all indigent People in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one, according to their various Necessities, or the Motions of his own Bounty. One Day a poor Widow, encouraged with the Fame of his Generosity, came into the Hall of this Cardinal, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about fifteen Years of age; when her Turn came to be heard, among the crowd of Petitioners, the Cardinal discerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modesty in her Face and Carriage, as also in her Daughter; he encouraged her to tell her Wants freely. She blushing, and not without Tears, thus address'd herself to him: "My
" Lord, I owe for the Rent of my House, five
" Crowns, and such is my Misfortune, that I have
" no other Means to pay it, save what would break
" my Heart, since my Landlord threatens to

“ force me to it ; that is, to prostitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care educated in Virtue, and an Abhorrence of that odious Crime. What I beg of your Eminence is, that you would please to interpose your sacred Authority, and protect us from the Violence of this cruel Man, till by our honest Industry, we can procure the Money for him.”

The Cardinal moved with Admiration of the Woman's Virtue and innocent Modesty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it into the Widow's Hands, go, said he, to my Steward, with this Paper, and he shall deliver thee five Crowns to pay thy Rent. The poor Woman overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to his Steward, and gave him the Note ; which when he had read, he told her out fifty Crowns. She astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the Steward's Trick to try her Honesty, refused to take above five, saying, she asked the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure it was some Mistake. On the other Side, the Steward insisted on his Master's Order, not daring to call it in Question. But all the Arguments he could use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five Crowns. Wherefore to end the Controversy, he offered to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent Prince, and he was fully informed of the Business ; it is true, said he, I mistook in writing fifty Crowns ; give me the Paper, and I will rectify it. Thereupon, he wrote again, saying thus to the Woman ; ———

“ So much Candour and Virtue, deserve a recompence: Here, I have ordered you five hundred Crowns ; what you can spare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in marriage.” If we mistake not, this Cardinal's Name

was

was *Farnese*. But whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly heroick, and which hath but very few Parallels.

A fortunate Prevention of a Plot at Venice.

THE Common-Wealth of *Venice*, has been always very happy in Discovery of Plots, and other Mischiefs intended against her; the Conspiracy of *Tiepoli* is remarkable; who not being content with the Life and Estate of a private Gentleman, sought to render himself Sovereign of *Venice*. And to this End, insinuated into the Affections of many thousands of the Citizens, whom he kept in constant Pension for above nine Years together, under the notion of assisting him to revenge certain Injuries, he had received from a *Roman* Gentleman. They were all to run with their Arms into the Streets, when they should hear the Name *Tiepoli* uttered aloud, and often repeated. But when the Day was come, whereon he was to put his Design in Execution, and the Alarm was given in the Streets; an old Woman made such haste to look out at her Chamber Window, to see what was the Occasion of the Tumult, that she threw down an earthen Vessel, which falling on the Head of *Tiepoli*, killed him, and so put an end to the Rebellion, for which happy accident, the Senate settled a very considerable yearly Pension on the old Woman, during her Life, and the same to be paid to her Heirs and Posterity for ever.

Of the ill Effects of Gaming amongst the Chinese.

IN the Province of *Queintong*, a certain Nobleman, who had served in the Wars, and acquired great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbours, who likewise had been a Captain, and much in favour at the Court. Their Emulation carried them to many ill Offices, and at last to open Defiance ; the Emperor being made sensible of the Hatred that was between these two Officers, and being unwilling their Fury should precipitate them to the Ruin of each other, became himself an Arbitrator of their Quarrel ; laying his Commands on them to embrace, and eat together, which is an Assurance, and a certain token of Reconciliation and Friendship in that Country. They obeyed the Will of their Sovereign. But sitting up late one Night at Dice, it was the Captain's ill Fortune to lose all he had to the Nobleman. Mad at his unlucky Chance, and in hopes to retrieve his Loss, he sends for his Wife and three young Sons, whom with himself he pawned to the Nobleman for a considerable Sum of Money, and fell afresh to Play : But Fate was his Enemy ; he lost all. Whereupon in Despair he stabs his Wife, and three Children, and lastly, falls on his own Sword, glorying, that he and his Family should thus escape a hated Captivity to his old Enemy.

A diverting Story of a Coquet Widow.

A YOUNG Coquet Widow in *France*, having been followed by a Gascon of Quality, who had boasted among his Companions of some Favours which he had never received, to be revenged

ed of him, sent for him one Evening, and told him it was in his Power to do her a very particular Service. The Gascon, with much Profession of his Readiness to obey her Commands, begged to hear in what manner she designed to employ him. "You know (said the Widow) my Friend *Belinda*, and must often have heard of the Jealousy of that impotent Wretch, her Husband. "Now it is absolutely necessary, for the carrying on a certain Affair, that his Wife and I should be together a whole Night. What I have to ask of you, is, to dress your self in her Night Cloaths, and lie by him a whole Night in her Place, that he may not miss her while she is with me." The Gascon, (though of a very lively and undertaking Complexion) began to startle at the Proposal. "Nay, (says the Widow) if you have not the Courage to go through what I ask of you, I must employ some Body else that will." "Madam, (says the Gascon) I will kill him for you, if you please : But for lying with him !—How is it possible to do it without being discovered ?" "If you do not discover yourself (says the Widow) you will lie safe enough, for he is past all Curiosity. He comes in at Night, while she is asleep, and goes out in a Morning before she awakes, and is in Pain for nothing, so he knows she is there." "Madam, (reply'd the Gascon) how can you reward me for passing a Night with this old Fellow ?" The Widow answered with a Laugh, "perhaps, by admitting you to pass a Night with one you think more agreeable." He took the Hint, put on his Night Cloaths, and had not been a-bed above an Hour before he heard a knocking at the Door, and the treading of one who approached the other Side of the Bed ; and who, he did not question, was the good Man of the House. We do not know

know whether the Story would be better by telling our Readers in this Place, or at the End of it, that the Person who went to bed to him, was our young Coquet Widow. The Gascon was in a terrible Fright every Time she moved in the Bed, or turned towards him, and did not fail to shrink from her, 'till he had conveyed himself to the very Ridge of the Bed. We will not dwell upon the Perplexity he was in the whole Night, which was augmented, when he observed that it was now broad Day, and that the Husband did not offer to get up, and go about his Business. All that the Gascon had for it, was to keep his Face turned from him, and to feign himself asleep, when to his utter confusion, the Widow, at last puts out her Arm, and pulls the Bell at her Bed's Head. In came her Friend, and two or three Companions to whom the Gascon had boasted of her Favours. The Widow jumped into a wrapping Gown, and joined with the rest in laughing at this Man of Intrigue.

Of the Cruelty and Skill of an Italian Painter.

GIOTTO, an *Italian* Painter, designing to draw a Crucifix to the Life, wheedled a poor Man to suffer himself to be bound to a Cross for an Hour, at the End of which he should be released, and receive a considerable Gratuity for his Pains: But, instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the Cross, he stabbed him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was esteemed the greatest Master in all *Italy* at that time; and having this Advantage of a dead Man hanging on the Cross before him, there is no question, but he made a matchless Piece of Work of it. As soon as he had finished the Picture, he carried it to the Pope, who was astonished as at a Prodigy of Art, highly extolling the Exquisite-
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liteness of the Features and Limbs, the languishing pale Deadness of the Face, the unaffected sinking of the Head; in a word, he had drawn to the Life, not only that Privation of Sense and Motion, which we call Death, but also the very Want of the least vital Symptom. This is better understood than expressed: Every body knows, that it is a Master-piece to represent a Passion, or a Thought, well and naturally. Much greater is it to describe the total Absence of these interior Faculties so as to distinguish the Figure of a dead Man from one that is only asleep. — Yet all this, and much more, could the Pope discern in the admirable Draught which *Giotto* presented him; and he liked it so well, that he resolved to place it over the Altar of his own Chapel. *Giotto* told him, since he liked the Copy so well, he would shew him the Original, if he pleased. “What dost thou mean by the Original?” said the Pope; “Wilt thou shew me *Jesus Christ* on the Cross, in his own Person?” “No (replied *Giotto*); but I will shew your Holiness the Original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all Punishment.” The good old Father, suspecting something extraordinary by the Painter’s thus capitulating with him, promised on his Word to pardon him; which *Giotto* believing, immediately told him where it was; and attending him to the Place, as soon as they were entered, he drew a Curtain back, which hung before the dead Man on the Cross, and told the Pope what he had done. The holy Father, extremely troubled at so inhuman and barbarous an Action, repealed his Promise, and told the Painter he should surely be put to an exemplary Death. *Giotto* seemingly resigned to the Sentence pronounced upon him, only begged leave to finish the Picture before he died, which was granted him. In the meanwhile a Guard was set upon him to prevent his Escape.

46 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

cape. As soon as the Pope had caused the Picture to be delivered into his Hands, he takes a Brush, and dipping it into a sort of Stuff he had already prepared for that Purpose, daubs the Picture all over with it, so that nothing could now be seen of the Crucifix ; for it was quite effaced in all outward Appearance. This made the Pope stark mad ; he stamped, foamed, and raved like one in a Phrenzy : He protested the Painter should suffer the most cruel Death that could be invented, unless he drew another full as good as the former ; for if but the least Grace was missing, he would not pardon him : But if he could produce an exact Parallel, he would not only give him his Life, but an ample Reward in Money. The Painter, as he had Reason, desired this under the Pope's Signet (that he might not be in Danger of a second Repeal), which was granted him : Then he took a wet Sponge, and wiping off all the Varnish he had daubed upon the Picture, the Crucifix appeared the same in all Respects as it was before. The Pope, who looked upon this as a great Secret, being ignorant of the Arts which Painters use, was ravished at the strange Metamorphosis ; and, to reward the Painter's treble Ingenuity, he absolved him from all his Sins, and the Punishments due to them, ordering moreover his Steward to cover the Picture all over with Gold, as a farther Gratuity to the Painter. And it is said, this Crucifix is the Original by which the most famous Crucifixes in *Europe* are drawn.

Of Gallantry in a Lover at a Play-house.

CLARINDA and *Chloe*, two very fine Women, were bred up as Sisters in the Family of *Romeo*, who was the Father of *Chloe*, and the Guardian of *Clarinda*. *Philander*, a young Gentleman

tleman of a good Person and charming Conversation, being a Friend of old *Romeo's*, frequented his House, and by that means was much in Conversation with the young Ladies, though still in the Presence of the Father and the Guardian. The Ladies both entertained a secret Passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the Delight he took in *Romeo's* Conversation, that there was something more in his Heart, which made him so assiduous a Visitant: Each of them thought herself the happy Woman, but the Person beloved was *Chloe*. It happened that both of them were at a Play, on a Carnival Evening, when it was the Fashion there (as well as in most Countries of *Europe*), both for Men and Women to appear in Masks and Disguises. It was on that memorable Night, in the Year 1679, when the Play-house was set on fire by some unhappy Accident, *Philander*, in the first Hurry of the Disaster, immediately ran where his Treasure was, burst open the Door of the Box, snatched the Lady up in his Arms, and with unspeakable Resolution and good Fortune, carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the Crowd, but he set her down; and grasping her in his Arms, with all the Raptures of a deserving Lover, "How happy am I, (says he) in an Opportunity to tell you, "I love you more than all things, and of shewing you the Sincerity of my Passion, at the very first Declaration of it." "My dear, dear *Philander* (says the Lady, pulling off her Mask) "this is not a time for Art; you are much dearer to me than the Life you have preserved; and the Joy of my present Deliverance does not transport me so much as the Passion which occasioned it." Who can tell the Grief, the Astonishment, the Terror, that appeared in the Face of *Philander*, when he saw the Person he spoke to was *Clarinda*. After a short Pause, "Madam, (says he

“ he, with the Looks of a dead Man) we are both
 “ mistaken ;” and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed *Glarinda*, who had just Strength enough to cry out; “ Cruel *Philander* !
 “ Why did you not leave me in the Theatre.”
 Crowds of People immediately gathered about her, and after having brought her to her self, conveyed her to the House of the good old unhappy *Romeo*. *Philander* was now pressing against a whole Tide of People, at the Doors of the Theatre, and striving to enter with more Earnestness, than any there, endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with very much Difficulty, forced his Way to the Box, where his beloved *Chloe* stood, expecting her Fate, amidst this Scene of Terror and Distraction. She revived at the Sight of *Philander*, who fell about her Neck, with a Tenderness not to be expressed ; and amidst a thousand Sobs and Sighs, told her his Love, and his dreadful Mistake. The Stage was now in Flames, and the whole House full of Smoke: The Entrance was quite barred up with heaps of People, who had fallen upon one another, as they endeavoured to get out ; Swords were drawn, Shrieks heard on all Sides ; and in short, no possibility of an Escape for *Philander* himself had he been capable of making it without his *Chloe*. But his Mind was above such a Thought, and wholly employed in Weeping, Condoling, and Comforting. He catches her in his Arms, the Fire surrounds them, while——I cannot go on.

Of the Cure of Passionate Fits in a Lady.

A FINE Town Lady was married to a Gentleman of antient Descent, in one of the Counties of *Great-Britain*, who had good Humour to a Weakness ; and was that Sort of Person, of whom

whom it is usually said, he is no Man's Enemy but his own: One who had too much Tenderness of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife; and the too little Sense, to give him Authority for that Reason. His kind Wife observed this Temper in him, and made a proper use of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, she resolved upon an Expedient, to save Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the same Time. She therefore took upon her, to govern him, by falling into Fits, whenever she was repulsed in a Request, or contradicted in a Discourse. It was a Fish Day, when in the midst of her Husband's good Humour at Table, she bethought herself to try her Project. She made Signs that she had swallowed a Bone. The Man grew pale as Ashes, and ran to her Assistance, calling for Drink: "No, my Dear," (said she) recovering, it is down; do not be "frightened." This Accident betrayed his Softness enough. The next Day she complained of a Lady's Chariot, whose Husband had not half his Estate, had a Crane Neck, and hung with twice the Air that her's did, he answered, "Madam, you know my Income, you know I have lost two Coach Horses this Spring." — Down she fell — Hartshorn! *Betty, Susan, Alice*, throw Water in her Face. With much Care and Pains she was at last brought to herself, and the Vehicle in which she visited, was amended in the nicest Manner, to prevent Relapses, but they frequently happened during that Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in a few Years after. — The Disconsolate soon pitched upon a very agreeable Successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and resolved to break through all Tenderness, and be absolute Master as soon as Occasion required. One Day it happened,

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ed, that a Discourse arose about Furniture. He was very glad of the Occasion, and fell into an Invective against *China*, protesting he would never let five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that Way as long as he lived. She immediately fainted. — He starts up as amazed, and calls for help ; — the Maids ran to the Closet ; — he chafes her Face, bends her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands : — Her Convulsions encrease, and down she tumbles on the Floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole Family, from the Nursery to the Kitchen, could do for her Relief. — While every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their Mistress, he, fixing his Cheek to hers, seemed to be falling in a Trance of Sorrow, but secretly whispers her, “ My Dear, this will never do ; “ what is within my Power and Fortune, you may “ always command, but none of your Artifices ; “ — you are quite in other Hands, than those “ you passed these pretty Passions upon.” This made her almost in the Condition she pretended ; her Convulsions now come thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face, by full Quarts ; and when the sinking Part of the Fit came again, “ Well, my Dear (said he) I applaud “ your Action ; but I must take my Leave of you, “ until you are more sincere with me. Farewel “ for ever : — You shall always know where to “ hear of me, and want for nothing. With that “ he ordered the Maids to keep plying her with “ Hartshorn, while he went for a Physician :” He was scarce at the Stair-head, when she followed, and pulling him into a Closet, “ thanked him for “ her Cure ; which was so absolute, that she said, “ it ought to be communicated for the Benefit of “ all the voluntary Invalids of her Sex.”

The Contrivance of a Father to reclaim a Prodigal Son.

A CERTAIN old Gentleman had a fair Seat, about ten Leagues from the City of *Paris*, which had belonged to his Family for the Space of five hundred Years. His yearly Revenue was very considerable ; and having only one Son, he gave him the Liberty of managing half his Estate, when he came to the Age of One and Twenty Years. This young Spark being of a high Spirit, was so far from harbouring any Thoughts of Frugality, that he could hardly brook the Necessity of living within the compass of his Allowance. He addicted himself to Gaming, Drinking, and other lewd Courses, which in a short Time consumed his Means, and reduced him to great Streights. About the same time, his Father died, and left him the remainder of his Estate, giving him all the Instructions that are usual in such Cases ; and among the rest of his sage Counsels, he charged him, if it should be his Misfortune to become a Bankrupt again, so as to be forced to sell his Estate, that he would at least not part with that House, which had been so long in the Possession of their Family : Especially, he conjured him to reserve one particular Chamber for himself, as long as he lived, which was the same where he then lay a dying ; “ for this said he, will be a Sanctuary for you, when you have no Place of Refuge in the World.” After the old Man’s Decease, his Son fell to his former Course of Life ; and to make short of it, in a few Years, spent all his Patrimony ; even that very House itself, which he was forced to sell at last for an under Price, to supply his present Necessities. However, he obeyed his Father’s last Injunction ; and in the Sale of

the House, made Articles for the perpetual Claim and Use of that Chamber to himself. It was not long before he had consumed the Money which he had received for the House : So that now his last Support was gone. He tried to borrow of some of his Friends and Acquaintance ; and in Charity they supplied him at first with small Sums ; but when he often pressed them, they grew weary of him, and denied to part with any more. The disconsolate Gentleman overwhelmed with Grief and Melancholy, returns to his Chamber, hoping to find some Ease in that private Recess ; where he might at least have the Privilege of venting his Sorrow in Sighs and Tears. He passed away some Time in this dejected Condition, when at length he cast his Eyes on an old Trunk which stood in a Corner of the Chamber, which he had scarce ever regarded before. An odd Curiosity prompted him to rise and look into this Trunk, perhaps not so much in hopes of finding any Relief there, as to divert himself, and pass away the tedious Minutes. And yet it is natural for People in great Calamities and Misfortunes, to flatter themselves with the Imagination of unexpected Reliefs, and to catch at every the least Glimpse or Shadow, that seems to preface any Good. Be it how it will, he fell to rifting the Trunk, but found nothing, save a Parcel of old Rags, and Papers, with other Remnants and Fragments of Silk, Linen, and Velvet, the Relicks and Spoils of his Father's Wardrobe. This was no Booty for him : However, he ceased not his Scrutiny, till he had quite emptied the Trunk, when to his no small Astonishment, he found these Words on the Bottom : Ah Prodigal ! hast thou spent all, and sold thy House ? Now go and hang thyself. There is a Rope ready provided for thee in the Beam of the Chamber. The young Gentleman, looking to the Cieling, and seeing a Halter hang

hang there, being fastened to an Iron Ring, was struck with such a Damp, that concluding it was the Will of Fate, that he should fulfil the Words he found on the Bottom of the Trunk, he immediately took a Chair, or Stool, and placing it just under the Rope, got up, and raised himself upon it, that he might the better reach the designed Instrument of Death. He stood not long musing: For Life appeared now insupportable to him. Wherefore, putting the Halter about his Neck, in the height of Despair, he kicked the Stool away: When——Behold, instead of hanging there, he fell to the Ground, the weighty Swing of his Body having pulled out a Piece of square Timber from the Beam, being that Part to which the Ring was fastened. Immediately he was like to be overwhelmed, and buried alive in a great heap of Gold, which came showering down upon him, out of the hollow Place, which his Father had contrived on Purpose in the Beam, to put this kind Sarcastm on his Son, now sufficiently mortified by so many Sorrows. In a Word, this made so deep an Impression on him, that he grew reformed, buying all his Estate back again, with Part of the Money; and employing the rest in merchandizing, grew to be a richer Man than his Father, or any of his Progenitors.

A strange Instance of Witchcraft.

IN the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, there happened at Navarre a Discovery of a number of Witches, after the following manner. Two young Girls not above eleven Years of age of their own Accord appeared at Pamplona, before the Council of that Kingdom, offering if they might have their Pardon, to discover many horrid Criminals

54 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

minals that deserved to be punished. The Pardon was accordingly granted upon Condition they should make a full Discovery, and then they owned they were Witches, with many more, whom they could know by seeing their left Eye. One of the Council was appointed to go about the Country with these two Girls, and a good Guard of fifty Men to apprehend the Witches. At every Town they came to the Girls were shut up, and all the Women, of whom the Magistrates had any Suspicion, being seated in a Row, differently habited and veiled, so that nothing but their left Eye was to be seen, one of the Girls was brought out, and looking steadily on every Woman's Eye, marked out which were Witches and which not ; then the other being brought by herself pointed out the same, without ever making a Mistake, and thus above 150 Persons were convicted of being Wizards and Witches. When apprehended they all confessed, and their Depositions all agreed, owning that when any Woman was admitted into their Society, she had presently an Incubus allotted her, and was directed how to renounce the Catholick Faith ; that done, they all made a Ring, and there appeared in the midst of them a Black Buck-Goat walking about and making a humming Noise, to which they all danced, and then had a Collation of Bread and Cheese and Wine, but before eating, they all kissed the Goat under the Tail ; then every one of the Witches got a top of her Devil ; who took the shape of a Buck-Goat, and flew away through the Air ; but first they annointed themselves with an Ointment made of a Toad, a Crow, and other Things ; to prove this, the Judges allowed one of the Witches to anoint herself ; she did so, ran down the Wall of the House with her Head downwards, and then mounted into the Air, and flew away. A Reward was promised to any that should bring

bring her again, and certain Shepherds found her in a Meadow; being asked, how it came to pass she had not made her Escape? She answered, that her Master would carry her but three Leagues, and left her where the Shepherds took her up. There were many young Girls, not above eleven or twelve Years of Age among them, and it was found they had killed some People, and done other Mischiefs.

A Pleasant Equivocation.

A Poor Gaul who counterfeited Lameness, having addressed himself to the Convent of St. Gaul; the Abbot commanded he should be bathed first, and then cloathed. The Beggar entering the Bath began to cry *Calt est, calt est, Its hot, its hot*; but then *Calt* in the German Language signifies Cold; the German Sacristan replied, I will make it hotter, and poured a whole Copper full of Water upon the poor Gaul, who began to cry out louder, *Ebi mi, Calt est, calt est; How! What, still cold*, says the Sacristan, I will heat it enough, and taking a Pot of boiling Water poured it into the Bath; At which the poor Gaul, being beside himself, and quite forgetting that he was to counterfeit the lame Man, rises up, and leaps briskly out of the Bath.

The deserved Fate of a Vow-breaker.

A Young Man courted a Maid, won her, and they were contracted solemnly betwixt themselves; but not marrying immediately, he solicits

her for a Night's Lodging; as there was Convenience enough (too much as it happened) she obstinately refused, before a public Satisfaction was given to the World; he promised her Marriage the next Day, made many solemn Protestations of his Constancy, and at length prevailed. They slept together that Night, something hindered their Marriage the next Day, and with less, tho' not without some Importunity he slept with her again; and amongst other Protestations if he proved false to her, he prayed to God, he might break his Neck. In a little Time she proved with Child, informed him of it, and prayed him to marry her; he began to scorn her, and went and courted another Mistress, and the next Day after lopping a Tree he fell down and broke his Neck. And thus the Vow-breaker met his wished for Fate.

The Advantages of a ready Thought.

IN the Ministry of Cardinal Richlieu, they began to put in Practice with the utmost Severity the Edicts against Duelling. A Gentleman named *Bonneval*, being accused and convicted at *Lyons*, of having sent a Challenge to another, was condemned by the Grand Provost of the Place. As they were carrying him to the Place of Execution, he saw a Courier belonging to the Cardinal pass by, the unfortunate Delinquent told the Officers of Justice, that were conducting him, that he had a Secret of the last Importance to communicate to that Courier, and desired leave to speak to him, since what he had to say concerned the State in general, and that Minister in particular to whom he belonged; he obtained the Permission he asked, and the Courier approaching, he repeated to him the same thing, but added withal, that he could not deliver it to any

any Person but the Cardinal himself. The Courier on this told the Grand Provost, that this Man having Secrets of great Consequence to impart to his Master, he would be highly blameable if he prolonged not his Life till he returned with Orders from that Minister; on which he was remanded to Prison, and the Execution suspended. The Courier made all imaginable haste to *Paris*, and having informed the Cardinal of this Adventure, that great Minister who neglected nothing, sent immediate Orders that *Bonneval* should be conducted to *Paris*. When he was brought before the Cardinal, who demanded of him what he had to reveal, "My Lord, said he, pardon the Presumption of a Man, who on the Brink of Death had no other way to escape the Gulph before him.—" "The Sight of your Courier just in that fatal Moment put a Design into my Head, which before I had not a Thought of.—" "I imposed on him and on the Grand Provost, flattering myself that if I was permitted to come into your Eminency's Presence, I should obtain Favour; if not, at least I should die better pleased in having once in my Life beheld the Man whose Fame the World is so full of." The Cardinal could not help admiring the ready Wit of this Man; and judging by his Spirit in this, that he was capable of being serviceable in any other Affair committed to his Care, he spoke of him to *Lewis* the Thirteenth, and obtained his Pardon. *Bonneval* being set at Liberty, went to return Thanks to his Preserver, assuring him that the Life he had redeemed, should be ever devoted to him. The Cardinal who perfectly knew Mankind, approved of him, and afterwards employed him in many Things, which he executed to his Satisfaction.

A remarkable Instance of Filial Duty and Affection.

ONE Day as some Christian Captives who had been ransomed, were going to be discharged, the Town Cruizers brought in a *Swedish* Vessel; one of them hearing it was of that Nation, and being from thence himself, was very desirous to see the Crew; when to his great Surprize he saw his own Father (who was Master of a Ship) in the Company; the Son knew the Father, but the Father (who had lost him when a Youth many Years) knew not the Son, having given him up as dead long before, not hearing any thing of him. The Son soon made himself known to the Father, who embraced him with great Tenderneſs; but their Unhappineſs to meet in that Place was grievous to them both. The young Man addreſſed himſelf to his Father in this Manner, “ The Slavery you are going into
“ will be inſupportable to you, and ſoon put an end
“ to your Life, the Thoughts of which is Death to
“ me. I have been here a great many Years, and
“ know the Country, the People, and their Work;
“ if they will accept of me in your Room, I will
“ go back into Slavery, and you ſhall go home
“ again; I know if it would pleaſe God to enable
“ you, or raiſe Friends I ſhall be redeemed; if
“ not, God’s Will be done. The *Moors* readily
“ accepted the Exchange; ſo the Father return-
“ ed home, and the Son back in his ſtead into
“ Slavery.”

A Pretty

A Pretty Reply to a Persian Emperor.

A Certain virtuous young Emperor of *Persia*, who was very much afflicted to find his Actions misconstrued and defamed by a Party among his Subjects, that favoured another Interest! As he was one Day sitting among the Ministers of his Divan, and amusing himself after the Eastern manner, with the Solution of difficult Problems and Enigmas; he proposed to them in his turn the following one: "What is the Tree that bears
" three hundred and sixty five Leaves, which are
" all Black on the one Side, and White on the
" other?" His Grand Vizier immediately replied,
" It was the Year which consisted of three hundred
" and sixty-five Days and Nights." But, Sir,
" says he, " Permit me at the same Time, to take
" Notice, that those Leaves represent your Actions
" which carry different Faces to your Friends
" and Enemies, and will always appear black to
" those who are resolved only to look upon the
" wrong Side of them.

An Instance of a Discontented Envy.

THERE was a certain Gentleman of a Fortune which might not only be called easy but superfluous; yet he had by a great deal of Reflection, found out a Method to be as uneasy as the worst Circumstances could have made him. By a free Life he had swelled himself above his natural Proportion, and by a restrained Life had shrunk below it, and being by Nature Splenetick, and by Leisure more so, he began to bewail his Loss of Flesh (tho' otherwise in perfect Health) as a very melancholy

melancholy Diminution, he became therefore the reverse of *Cesar*, and as a lean hungry looked Rascal was the Delight of his Eyes, a Fat Sleek-headed Fellow was his Abomination. To support himself as well as he could, he took a Servant for the very Reason every one else would have refused him, for being in a deep Consumption, and whilst he compared himself to this Creature, and with a Face of infinite Humour contemplated the Decay of his Body, the Master's Features proportionably rose into a Boldness, as those of his Slave sunk and grew languid. It was his Interest therefore not to suffer the too hasty Dissolution of a Being, upon which his own in some Measure depended. In short the Fellow, by a little too much Indulgence began to look gay and plump upon his Master, who according to Horace:

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis;

The Envious pine at the Fatness of their Friend.

CREECH.

And as he took him only for being in a Consumption, by the same way of thinking, he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him for not being in one; and often said, that he looked upon it as a very difficult Matter to furnish himself with a Footman that is not altogether as happy as himself.

A Comparative Instance of Ingratitude.

A Traveller passing through a Thicket, and seeing a few Sparks of Fire, which some Passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the Sparks caught hold of a Bush (in the midst of which lay an

an Adder) and set it in Flames. The Adder entreated the Traveller's Assistance, who tying a Bag to the End of his Staff, reached it and drew him out; he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to Men, since he owed his Life to a Man's Compassion. The Adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate Good with Evil, I shall do no more, said the Adder, than what you Men practice every Day, whose Custom it is to requite Benefits with Ingratitude; if you can deny this Truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The Man consented, and seeing a Tree, put the Question to it in what Manner a good turn was to be recompenced? If you mean according to the Usage of Men, replied the Tree, by its contrary; I have been standing here these three hundred Years to protect them from the scorching Sun, and in requital they have cut down my Branches, and are going to saw my Body into Planks. Upon this the Adder insulting the Man, he appealed to a second Evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow; the same Demand was made, and much the same Answer given; that among Men it was certainly so. I know it, said the Cow, by woeful Experience; for I have served a Man this long Time with Milk, Butter, and Cheese, and brought him besides a Calf every Year; but now I am old he turns me into this Pasture, with a Design to sell me to a Butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The Traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of Courtesy one Tryal more, to be finally judged by the next Beast they should meet. This happened to be a Fox, who upon hearing the Story in all its Circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the Adder to enter in so narrow a Bag. The Adder to convince him went in again; when the Fox told the

62 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

the Man he had now his Enemy in his Power, and with that he fastened the Bag, and crushed him to pieces.

Contentment in all States recommended,

A Gentleman of *Gascoigne* who inherited two thousand Crowns a Year from his Father, commenced Marquiss at *Paris*; and being of a gay volatile Genius, soon got the better of his Fortune, and was reduced to the lowest Ebb of Wretchedness; yet, in the midst of it, he never lost his Spirit and Courage, or impotently repined at what was not to be remedied; but with the small Pittance he had left, purchased a Mule, and turned Water Carrier. Some time after which, as he was trafficking his Merchandize up and down the Streets, he happened to meet two of his old Companions, who would have avoided him for fear of giving him Pain at being caught in such an Equipage; but he prevented them, sprung forward to salute them, with his usual Freedom, and when they seemed to pity his ill fortune, briskly interrupted them, by saying, that he had forty thousand Crowns worth of Water in the *Seyne*, but for want of Servants he was obliged to sell it himself.

A Story of a Minister resolved to turn Physician.

THERE was a Minister turned out of his Living for not conforming. Well, says he, if they go on at this rate, it shall cost five hundred Men's Lives before I have done with them. The poor Man was taken up by a War-

rant and carried before the Council, where he was strictly examined, and called upon to explain himself. Why, my Lord, says he, I have a Wife and Family to maintain; and if I may not be allowed to preach for a Livelihood, I must practice Physick, to keep Life and Soul together; and there may be more Danger perhaps in a Pill than a Text.

Oppression Censured.

FRANCIS *Marcia* an eminent Statesman of *Genoa*, having been sent as an Ambassador from that Republick to the Duke of *Milan*; when he could neither procure Audience of Leave from that Prince, nor yet prevail with him to ratifie his Promises made to the *Genaeſe*; taking a fit Opportunity, presented a Handful of the Herb *Basil* to the Duke; the Duke somewhat surprized, asked what that meant. Sir, replied the Ambassador, this Herb is of that Nature, that if you handle it gently without squeezing, it will emit a pleasant and grateful Scent; but if you squeeze and gripe it, it will not only lose its Odour, but it will become productive of Scorpions in a little time.

A Story of a Corrupt Judge.

A Certain Judge in the last Century, having passed Sentence of Death upon a Malefactor at an Affizes, The Friends of the Criminal having raised a Purſe, applied themselves to one of the Judge's Attendance; who upon weighty Consideration, promised his Interest for the Prisoner to the Judge. Next Morning as the

“ Judge

" Judge was dressing, my Lord, says he, I have
 " had a very strange Vision this last Night; What
 " was it? says the Judge; Methought, replied
 " the Advocate, I saw a great Company of An-
 " gels, glittering with exceeding Lustre; who told
 " me such a Man, whom your Lordship condemn-
 " ed Yesterday, should not be hanged. How!
 " said the Judge, seeming somewhat surprized,
 " and prithee what number of them dost thou
 " think there was? About six-score, said the other.
 " Very well, says his Lordship, but unless one
 " half of them at least appear to me, the Man
 " shall die for all that. The Angels appeared,
 " and the Man obtained a Pardon by their Me-
 " diation.

*A Story concerning a Country Fellow that went
to see Bedlam.*

A Certain Country Fellow came to Town, where
 he was received by a Friend of his, who
 promised to conduct him to every Place that was
 remarkable, and deserved Observation. One Day
 he tells him, that he would shew him *Bedlam*; It
 happened just at that Time the House of Commons
 was up, and several of the Members were walking
 about St. Stephen's Chapel, he carries him to the
 Door of the House of Commons, telling him that
 that was the Entrance into *Bedlam*. Some time
 the Country Fellow stood gazing about him, first
 at one, then at another. By and by the Door
 was opened, when to his great amazement he sees
 several of the Members walking about. Upon
 this he immediately takes himself to his Heels, and
 runs as it were for Life, when stopped by some
 Persons, who wondered at the unusualness of his
 running.

running in that Place, and asked the Reason; Oh! says he, for the Lord's Sake don't stop me; Yonder is *Bedlam* open, and all the Madmen are loose and running about.

A most remarkable Story of Mahomet the Second, Emperor of the Turks.

AT the winning of *Constantinople* by *Mahomet* the Second, there was found among the Prisoners taken by the *Turks*, one *Irene*, a *Greek*; a Lady of such incomparable Beauty and bright Endowments, as if Nature had meant to shew in her, her greatest Perfection and Skill. This *Phoenix* was presented to the *Sultan*, who upon the first View of her, felt a secret Emotion in his Soul, and was not insensible of her Charms; and having committed her to the Charge of an Eunuch, and assured to himself the Conquest of the Imperial City, he turned his Mind upon the beautiful *Irene*; and took such Delight and Contentment in her ravishing Conversation, that of a Conqueror, he became a Slave, and of a Slave she fettered her Conqueror. The Day was consumed with her in Discourse, and the Night in Luxury and Dalliance. Without her every Pleasure became insipid and tasteless; his fierce Nature grew tame, and his wonted Care of Arms and Empire was neglected; such is the Power of disordered Affections, when Reason rules not the Rein. For the Space of two Years was he thus fettered in the Toil of Beauty, which not only dimmed and tarnished his Glory, but gave a general Discontent to his Subjects. The *Janizaries* and other Soldiers of the Court began first to murmur in Secret, and after proceeded openly to say, he ought to be deprived of his Empire, as one unworthy to bear Rule, or hold the Reins of

F Govern-

Government ; and his Son to be set up in his stead. The Bassas that daily saw the imminent Danger that threatened him, durst not take in Hand, with wholesome Advice, to cure his distempered Soul, and draw him from the Snare of this fatal Beauty ; they knew a Frown from him was Death itself ; nor was he likely to listen to any good Advice, that had his Mind disordered with the Sweet but poisonous Portions of Love. At length Mustapha a Bassa, one of great Port and Eminence, and brought up with the Emperor from a Child, moved by the Destruction that threatened him, ventured to advertise him of it ; and told him upon what a tottering Precipice of Ruin he stood, and that if he did not shake off the Golden Fetters, wherein the wily Greek had so fast bound him, and subdue his inordinate Affections, nothing but sure Destruction did await him, which honest and loyal Speech raised such a Hurricane in the Sultan's Soul, that he was a long Time before he knew upon what to determine, his Honour and his amorous Affections being thus at Variance. At length he orders Mustapha to convene all his Bassas and chief Commanders on the Morrow, and they should know whether he was able to bridle his Affections or no. In the mean time he repaired to his Fair Greek, and remaineth with her all that Day, and the Night following, and shewed her more lovely and extraordinary Tokens of his Favour than ever he had conferred on her before ; the next Day after Dinner he caused her to be attired in a most sumptuous Dress, and decked with Jewels of inestimable Value ; which the unfortunate Fair One gladly consented to, little thinking it should have been her Funeral Apparel. The haughty Sulran entering the Palace leading the Fair Greek by the Hand into the Common Hall, where his Nobles and Generals were assembled ; (thus adorned and set off,

the

she seemed above a mortal Race, and appeared to her gazing Spectators like some stately shining Goddess, whom some Love-sick Poet in his Extacy describes.) Having brought her into the middle of the Assembly, he stood still, with the fair Lady in his Hand, and furiously looking around him, told them, "He understood the Discontents were occasioned by that Person, and he would fain know which of them was so temperate, or could lay so great a Restraint upon their Passion, that if they had in their Possession a Mistress of so rare and singular Endowments, so lovely and so extremely fair, could so easily forgo her; and upon the Word of a Prince, gave them free and full Liberty to speak their Sentiments." They were all wrapt with incredible Admiration at the sight of so beautiful a Personage; and with one Consent agreed, that he had greater Reason thus to pass away his Time, than any had to find Fault with it. After a short Speech in Answer to them, he presently with one Hand caught the Fair Greek by her lovely Tresses, and drawing his Falchion with the other, to the great Terror of them all, at one Blow struck off her Head; and after said, "By this judge whether your Emperor is able to bridle his Affections." And immediately he ordered Preparations to be made for the conquering of *Peloponnesus*, and the besieging of *Belgrade*.

Scandal luckily applied.

A Gay young Gentleman in the Country, not many Years ago, fell desperately in love with a blooming fine Creature, whom we shall call *Melissa*. After a pretty long Delay and frequent Solicitations, she refused several offers of larger Estates,

and consented to make him happy. But they had not been married much above a Twelvemonth, till it appear'd too true, what *Juba* says,

—*Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in the Eye, and falls upon the Sense.*

Polydore (for that was his Name) finding himself grow every Day more uneasy, and unwilling she should discover the Cause, for Diversion came up to Town, and to avoid all Suspensions, brought *Melissa* along with him. After some stay here, *Polydore* was one Day informed that a Set of Ladies over their Tea-table, in the Circle of Scandal, had touch'd upon *Melissa*. — And was that the silly Thing so much talk'd of? How did she ever grow into a Toast? For their Parts they had Eyes as well as the Men, but could not discover where her Beauties lay. *Polydore* upon hearing this flew immediately Home, and told *Melissa* with the utmost Transport that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her Charms, since her own Sex would not allow her any.

A Lucky Disappointment.

A Young Fellow in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, whom we shall here call *Sylvio*, had long made Love, with much Artifice and Intrigue to a rich Widow, whose true Name we shall conceal under that of *Zelinda*. *Sylvio*, who was much more smitten with her Fortune than her Person, finding a Twelvemonths Application unsuccessful, was resolv'd to make a saving Bargain of it, and since he could not get the Widow's Estate into his Possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the Pursuit of it. In order to

to this, he presented her with a Bill of Costs; having particularized the several Expences he had been at in his long perplexed Amour. *Zelinda* was so pleased with the Humour of the Fellow, and his Frank way of Dealing, that upon the Perusal of the Bill, she sent him a Purse of fifteen hundred Guineas, by the right Application of which, the Lover in less than a Year, got a Woman of greater Fortune than her he had missed.

An Instance of Courage and Generosity.

A German and a Portuguese, when *Vienna* was besieged having had frequent Conteſts of Rivalry, were preparing for a ſingle Duel, when on a ſudden the Walls were attacked by the Enemy. Upon this both the German and Portuguese conſented to ſacrifice their private Reſentments to the Publick, and to ſee who could ſignalize himſelf moſt upon the Common Foe. Each of them did Wonders in repelling the Enemy from different parts of the Wall. The German was at length engaged amidſt a whole Army of Turks, till his left Arm that held the Shield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himſelf ſo ſtunned with a Blow he received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese, ſeeing the Condition of his Rival, very generously flew to his Succour, diſperſed the Multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the Ground. In the mean while the German recovered from his Trance, and roſe up to the Aſſiſtance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right Arm, in which he held his Sword, cut off by the Blow of a Sabre. He would have loſt his Life at the ſame Time by a Spear, which was aimed at his Back, had not the

German slain the Person who was aiming at him. These two Competitors for Fame, having received such mutual Obligations now fought in Conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the Sword, and the other a Shield, made up one Warrior betwixt them. The *Portuguese* covered the *German*, while the *German* dealt Destruction among the Enemy. At length finding themselves faint with Loss of Blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered Part of the Wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge Fragment of it, upon the Heads of the Besiegers.

The Benefit of Consideration.

A CERTAIN Person had a Son that took bad Courses, and would not be reclaimed by all the good Council his Father could give him. At last coming to his Father, who lay upon his Death Bed, to beg his Blessing, his Father instead of upbraiding him with his bad Life, and undutiful Carriage towards him, spoke kindly to him, and told him, he had but one thing to desire of him. That every Day he would retire, and spend one quarter of an Hour alone by himself, which he promised his Father faithfully to do, and make it good. After a while, it grew tedious to him to spend even so little Time in such bad and uneasy Company, and he began to bethink himself for what reason his Father should so earnestly desire of him, to do so odd a Thing for his Sake; and his Mind presently suggested to him, that it was to enforce him to Consideration, wisely judging that if by any Means he could but bring him to that he would soon reform his Life, and become a new Man. And the thing had its desired Effect, for after a little Consideration, he took up a firm Resolution to change the

the Course of his Life, and was true to it all his Days.

The Advantages of Complaisance.

SCHACABAC being reduced to great Poverty, and having eat nothing for two Days together, made a visit to a noble *Barmecide* in *Persia*, who was very hospitable, but withal a great Humourist. The *Barmecide* was sitting at his Table, that seemed ready covered for an Entertainment. Upon hearing *Schacabac's* Complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty Plate, and asked him how he liked his Rice Soop. *Schacabac*, who was a Man of Wit, and resolved to comply with the *Barmecide* in all his Humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same Time, in Imitation of the other, lifted up the empty Spoon to his Mouth with great Pleasure. The *Barmecide* then asked him, if he ever saw whiter Bread? *Schacabac*, who saw neither Bread nor Meat, "if I did not like it, you may be sure, says he, I should not eat so heartily of it." "You oblige me mightily, (replied the *Barmecide*) pray, let me help you to this Leg of a Goose." *Schacabac* reached out his Plate, and received nothing on it with great Chearfulness.—As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary Goose, and crying up the Sauce to the Skies, the *Barmecide* desired him to keep a Corner of his Stomach for a roasted Lamb, fed with Pistacho Nuts, and after having called for it, as tho' it had really been served up, "Here is a Dish (says he) that you will see at no Body's Table, but my own." *Schacabac* was wonderfully delighted with the Taste of it, "Which is like nothing, (says he) I ever eat before." Several other nice Dishes were served

up in Idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same Manner. This was followed, by an invisible Desert, no Part of which, delighted *Schacabac* so much as a certain Lozenge, which the *Barmecide* told him was a Sweet-meat of his own Invention. *Schacabac* being at length courteously reproached by the *Barmecide*, that he had no Stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same Time, being tired with moving his Jaws up and down, to no Purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full, he could not eat a Bit more. "Come then, says the *Barmecide*, "the Cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste "of my Wines, which I may say, without Vanity, are the best in *Persia*." He then filled both their Glasses out of an empty Decanter. *Schacabac* would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his Liquor; however being prest to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praised the Colour, and afterwards the Flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary Bumpers, of different Wines equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastick Treat, he pretended to grow flustred, and gave the *Barmecide* a good Box on the Ear, but immediately recovering himself, "Sir, (says he) I beg ten thousand "Pardons, but I told you before, that it was my "Misfortune to be quarrelsome in my Drink." The *Barmecide* could not but smile at the Humour of his Guest, and instead of being angry at him, "I find, says he, thou art a complaisant Fellow, and deservest to be entertained at my "House. Since thou can'st accommodate thyself to my Humour, we will now eat together "in good Earnest." Upon which, calling for his Supper, the Rice, Soup, the Goose, the Pistacho Lamb, the several other nice Dishes, with the Desert,

sert, the Lozenges, and all the Variety of *Persian* Wines, were served up successively, one after another; and *Schacabac* was feasted in reality, with those very Things, which he had before been entertained with in Imagination.

The Insensible Female punished at last.

IN a populous City in the West of *England*, lived a Lady of extraordinary Beauty, whom we shall call *Elvira*; but the Charms of her Person were not more wondered at, than her Severity of Manners, and an unaccountable Indifference she professed for all Men; she had no notion of what she heard her Sex term Love, but looked on every Man with the same Thought she did her Brother: Among her Female Acquaintance she was ever hearing some Tales of Love, and ever ridiculing them; she saw a thousand Follies, which Love was said to be the Cause of; but not comprehending what they could mean, thought it Madness. Friendship was the only Thing she could conceive an Idea of, therefore cultivated a very intimate one with *Amanda*, a young Lady of her own Age, and not inferior in Beauty. Notwithstanding *Elvira's* professed Insensibility she was not without Lovers; the Men, who will always pretend to judge of a Female Heart, thought there was more Affectation in hers than Sincerity, at least each of them imagined, he had Power enough to remove her Insensibility. A Prebendary in the Cathedral of that City where she lived, being intimate with her Father, had frequent Opportunities to be in her Company, and to hear her Sentiments in Regard to Men: He was charmed with her Beauty, and looked on her Contempt of his Sex only, as a little Artifice of her own. He ventured to declare his Passion, but was repulsed with

with the utmost Scorn ; yet conscious that he was agreeable in his Person, Humour, and Conversation, and equal to her in Family and Fortune, he renewed his Addresses ; but she laughed at him, rated him, and exposed every kind of Thing he said in all Companies she came into ; her Heart was untouched ; and to keep up her Zeal against her Lover, she forgot the Decency of good Manners. A young Gentleman of a great Family, and Heir to a great Estate, who was just come from *Cambridge*, succeeded the Prebendary in the Train of her more remarkable Lovers ; he had every thing to recommend him, blooming Youth, agreeable Mien, and a lovely Wit ; but neither his Youth, his Mien or his Wit, could make any Impression on the cold *Elvira* : All the Tendernefs that Love is apt to inspire, was to be seen in this Youth ; her Slight he repayed with Vows of Constancy, and her Contempt which she openly shewed to him, was returned only with a silent Sigh, and a Look so affectionate, that would have raised Compassion in any Breast but that of an Insensible. Her continued Disregard struck too deep in a Heart too young to moderate his Passion with Reason ; in short, her young Lover fell into all the Agonies of Despair, which brought on him a Complication of Distempers : Every Maiden in the City was moved at so uncommon a Passion, but she who alone could give him Relief : He died her Victim, and she by her seeming Triumph shewed she was as insensible of Pity as she was of Love. Every one now allowed that she had a Heart incapable of Love ; yet an old Merchant was not afraid to propose himself as a Husband : He thought that tho' a Woman's Heart might withstand the Force of Love, yet it was impossible it should resist the Power of Gold ; but tho' the old Gentleman had more Assurance than his Predecessors, he had the same Success. Now

Now her Vanity was at the utmost Pitch, as she had confirmed her Insensibility; the Man who was to revenge it, had not as yet appeared. Her old Spark tho' he had given up his Amour, yet had Leave to continue a formal Visit: One Day he carried along with him his Son, a Youth of a sprightly Temper, and who had a Commission in the Army: The Military Profession, is generally very agreeable to the fair Sex, and even *Elvira* beheld the Captain with a more than usual Concern. Having heard of his Father's Amour, or for some other Reason, he said very little in her Company; and from his little Conversation, she formed a Judgment of his Wit: She could not tell why, but she wished he had more. She saw him afterwards at the Assembly, and there she heard him talk, and with Wit too; yet he gave her there more Uneasiness, for the Conversation did not turn on herself: He said a great many pretty Things, but not one in Praise of her Beauty. She was surprized that a Person of so much Sense, should have so little Gallantry. At the next Assembly her Friend *Amanda* was with her, and the Captain came up to them: They had not conversed long, before *Elvira* was convinced of her Error; the Captain, she saw had Gallantry, but it was for *Amanda* only; he could then talk of Beauty, and say a thousand soft Things in the Praise of it; he not only could use kind Expressions, but uttered them with a peculiar Tenderness: *Elvira* could not bear it; she was no longer indifferent, she was jealous. From that time she grew reserved to her Friend, yet wanted to see her, and the Captain in Company together once more: She did; she is now satisfied of her Suspicion; she cannot bear *Amanda*; she looks on her as a Rival, and is convinced that the Thing which broke off their Friendship, was called Love. *Elvira* and *Amanda* see one another no more, but

Amanda

Amanda and the Captain are inseparable ; they love mutually ; they agree to marry ; they are married ; — *Elvira* hears of it, and raves ; — accuses her Friend of Ingratitude, in robbing her of her Lover ; she can take no rest, her Body grows weak, and her Mind disturbed ; she talks to her Maid, her Father, or her Brother, as if it was the Captain : She recollects her Error, and blushes for it ; and then relapses into a greater, which she does not blush for : She has intervals of Reason, but it is of Reason she most complains : She finds she is not insensible of Love, but finds it too late. In such a State of Misery she lies, that they who thought nothing could sufficiently revenge her Pride and Insensibility, now begin to think the Punishment inflicted too severe.

Luxury in a Prince handsomely censured.

S*CHAH ABBAS*, a *Persian* King, at the Beginning of his Reign, was more luxurious than became so great a Prince. One might have judged of the Vastness of his Empire, by the Variety of Dishes at his Table ; some were sent him from the *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, others from the *Oxus* and *Caspian* Sea. One Day, when he gave a Dinner to his Nobles, *Mahomet Ali*, Keeper of the Three Tombs, was placed next to the best Dish of all the Feast, in Respect to the Sanctity of his Office. But instead of falling to and eating heartily as holy Men are wont to do, he fetched a dismal Groan, and fell a weeping. *Schah Abbas*, surprized at his Behaviour desired him to explain it to the Company : He would fain have been excused, but the *Sophi* ordered him, on Pain of his Displeasure, to acquaint them with the Cause of his Disorder.

“ Know

“ Know then (said he), O Monarch of the
“ Earth ! that when I saw thy Table covered in
“ this manner, it brought to my Mind a Dream,
“ or rather Vision, which was sent me from the
“ Prophets whom I serve. On the seventh
“ Night of the Moon *Rbramazan*, as I was sleep-
“ ing under the Shade of the sacred Tombs, when
“ methought the holy Ravens of the Sanctuary,
“ bore me upon their Wings into the Air, and in
“ a few Moments conveyed me to the lowest
“ Heaven, where the Messenger of God, on whom
“ be Peace, was sitting on his luminous Throne, to
“ receive Petitions from the Earth. Around him
“ stood an infinite Throng of Animals, of every
“ Species and Quality, all which joined in preferring
“ a Complaint against thee, *Schah Abbas*, for de-
“ stroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond
“ what any Necessity could justify, or any natural
“ Appetite demand. It was alledged by them,
“ that ten or twelve of them were often murdered,
“ to compose one Dish, for the Niceness of thy
“ Palate ; some gave their Tongues only, some
“ their Bowels, some their Fat, and others their
“ Brains, or Blood. In short, they declared, such
“ constant Waste was made of them, that (unless
“ a Stop was put to it in time, they should perish
“ entirely by thy Gluttony. The Prophet hearing
“ this, bent his Brows, and ordered six Vultures to
“ fetch thee alive before him : They instantly
“ brought thee to his Tribunal, where he comman-
“ ded thy Stomach to be opened, and examined,
“ whether it was bigger or more capacious, than
“ those of other Men :—When it was found to be
“ just of the common Size, he permitted all the
“ Animals to make Reprizals on the Body of their
“ Destroyer ; — But before one in ten thousand
“ could get at thee, every Particle of it was de-
“ voured ;

"voured ; so ill proportioned was the Offender to the Offence."

This Story made such an Impression on the *Sophi*, that he would not suffer above one Dish of Meat to be brought to his Table ever after.

An Instance of a reclaimed Sinner.

A GENTLEMAN once, in converting a Harlot, put on the Habit of a Soldier, and went to an infamous House, and choosing his Woman, he desired to go with her into a private Room, where none might see him : She brought him into a Chamber, which he objected against, as not private enough ; she brings him into another, against which he also objected. At last she brought him into the most private Room in all the House ; he looks about every Way, and asks if they were secure there, and if none saw them ; she answered none but God, or the Devil. " And believest thou, (said he) that there is a God ? " she answered, " Yes ; " " and believest thou that he is every where present, and seeth all Things ? " She answered, " She did believe. " " And shall we, (said he) Sin so shamefully under the Eye of the Omnipotent, and most just Judge, that seeth, and knoweth all Things ? " hereupon she had nothing to say for her self, but fetched a very deep Sigh, being ashamed of her wicked Life, and lived afterwards on Bread and Water ; not daring to take the Name of God in her Mouth, but frequently repeated these Words ; " O thou who hast made me, have Mercy upon me, a miserable Sinner ! " And so she continued three Years, and died.

A generous

A Generous Example of the Duke of Guise.

THE Duke of Guise happening to surprize a Villain that would have assassinated him, who confessed that the interest of his Religion (which was that of *Calvin*) had obliged him to form a Design to take away his Life, to deliver himself, and those of his Party, from so great an Enemy. The Duke, instead of causing him to suffer the Pains, due to so black an Enterprize, pardoned him, contenting himself to tell him, "Friend, if thy Religion obliged thee to kill me, without hearing me; my Religion obliges me to give thee thy Life and Liberty, now I have heard thee: Go thy ways, and amend thyself." This Prince was then General of *Charles IXth's* Army.

Two pleasant Adventures of Charles the Fifth, Emperor, and King of Spain.

THE Emperor one Morning went away to *Madrid*, and thence to *El Pardo*, where being eager in Chase of a Stag, he lost his Company, and killed the Stag in the Road, two Miles from *Madrid*. An old Country-Fellow coming by with an Ass, and a load of Wood, he proffered to give him more than the Wood was worth, if he would carry the Stag to *Madrid*. The Countryman merrily answered, "By the Lord, Friend, I believe you are a Fool, you see the Stag is heavier than the Ass, and Wood together, and yet you would have the poor Beast carry him; it were better that you, who are a young lusty Fellow, should carry them both." The Emperor was pleased, and while he waited for his Company, fell into discourse with the old Man, "asking him
" how

“how many Kings he had known:” The Peasant answered, “I have lived under five, King *John* the Second, his Son *Henry*, King *Ferdinand*, King *Philip*, and this *Charles*.” “Which of them Father, (said the Emperor) was the best, and which the worst?” “There is no great doubt to be made, (replied the old Man) but *Ferdinand* was the best; and who was the worst, that I shan’t say; but he we have now is bad enough, always rambling to *Italy*, *Germany*, and *Flanders*; carrying all the Money out of *Spain*; and though his Revenues are great enough to conquer the World, yet he is always laying new Taxes; so that we poor Countrymen are quite beggared.” The Emperor finding the Fellow was in Earnest, began to plead his own Cause, the best he could, without discovering himself, till his Company came up, and the Countryman seeing the respect they shewed him, “said it were pleasant, if you should prove to be the King; but had I known it, I should have said much more:”—The Emperor liked the Discourse, and bestowed a Sum of Money on him, besides a Portion for his Daughter.

Another Time his Imperial Majesty losing himself a hunting, came after Midnight, almost starved with Cold, to a little Village, and knocking up the Curate, desired he would let him go into his warm Bed, roast him a Pullet, and get some good Wine, and he would pay for it. The Curate was willing, but asked for Money to send for the Wine and Pullet, because he had none himself. The Emperor told him, he had none about him, but his Man would come in the Morning, and pay all the Expence. Neither having Money, the Curate sent out upon Trust, gave him his warm Bed, without knowing him, was well paid, and the Emperor resolved never to go without Money.

A barbarous Revenge occasioned by Jealousy.

A GENTLEMAN advanced in Age, had married a very beautiful young Lady; they lived happily together for some Years, till Jealousy began to rack his Brain, upon the account of one of his Lady's former Lovers return to *Cadiz*, from his Travels, where he had been from the Time of his Mistress's Marriage; *Donna Isabella*, (for that was the Lady's Name) had accidentally met her Admirer in a Visit, and very innocently invited him to her House, assuring him, that her Husband would gladly renew his former Acquaintance. The Gentleman received the Invitation with Thanks, and accordingly, a few Days after went to pay them a Visit. Signior *Antonia* (for that was the Husband's Name) was not then at Home, which occasioned the Lady to entertain him herself; But it was not long before he came in; and finding the Gentleman with his Wife, stabbed him immediately, and as soon as possible cut his Body into several Pieces, and locking up his Wife, gave her nothing but that loathsome Diet to live upon.

'Tis natural to believe, it was some time detestable to her; but we have so many Instances of the violent Force of Hunger, that her eating of this execrable Meat, is not in the least surprising. A few Days after this most horrid Fact, he found Means to differ with his Lady's Family, to prevent their visiting his Wife, and having but one Servant, who was assisting in this strange Wickedness, the Crime as he thought, was not like to be discovered; but just Heaven, who never suffers such Impieties, to rest concealed, or unpunished, brought this to Light after the following Manner.

G

There

82 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

There was an old Man in the City, who used frequently to receive Charity from this most unhappy Lady ; but the Cruelty of her Husband, depriving the poor Man of his Benefactoreis's Help, he was reduced almost to the last Extremity of Hunger. In this severe Necessity, he begged earnestly of God to restore his Supporter to her former State of Health ; being informed by her Servant, that it was an Indisposition which rendered her incapable of bestowing her accustomed Bounty upon him ; he had scarcely finished his Petitions, before he fell into a sound Sleep, and in this Slumber, had the whole Account of his Lady's Misery revealed to him. The poor old Man, as soon as possible, told his Dream to *Donna Isabella's* Relations, who immediately went to the House, with a Magistrate's Order, for Signior *Antonia*, to produce his Wife. The Gentleman was not at Home ; but so soon as the old Servant was seized, she confessed the Fact, and conducting them into a Cellar, they found the Lady dead ; she was chained to the Ground, and a great Part of her Flesh knawed off the Bones. This horrid Spectacle terrified all the Beholders ; they brought her into the Street, where innumerable Spectators crowded about the Body ; but as the *Spaniards*, in some Points, are the most civilized Nation upon Earth, so there was no Outrages committed upon the Husband's Relations. The next Day, the Gentleman was taken, and both he and his Servant suffered a most severe and painful Execution.

The force and powerful Effects of Love.

AN *Ethiopian* Lady of great Quality, fell desperately in Love with a Gentleman of obscure Fame and Fortune ; neither his Parts nor his Person,

Person, possessed a Perfection worthy Admiration ; however, the Lady saw a thousand Charms in both, and for some time laboured under the most cruel Tortures of a smothered Love ; she had endured these Pains with the greatest Fortitude, till her Lover was drawn into a Conspiracy against the Emperor, and hearing that the Object of all her Wishes, was to suffer Death, by the Hands of a common Executioner, flew to her Father, by whose Care alone, the Rebellion was happily extinguished, and with Tears, and all manner of Demonstrations of a violent Grief, begged him to use his Interest with the Emperor, to save her Lover from becoming a publick Spectacle to a barbarous Multitude, but that he might receive his Punishment privately, by which his fleeting Soul would have a more easy Passage to Eternity. The indulgent Parent moved with the Entreaties of his only Child, promised to use his Endeavours with his Sovereign, notwithstanding the hazard of falling into his Majesty's Displeasure by such a Request ; prudential Maxims were now of no Force, Reason had quite lost its Art of Persuasion, and paternal Fondness, banished all Timidity of ill Consequences from his Heart ; his Child's Soul was afflicted, and therefore his own could receive no Comfort, till the Sorrow was removed. Accordingly he went to the Emperor, and after informing him of his Desire, added, that if the Favour was denied, his Life would be sighed away without a Moment's Intermision of Ease ; and instead of a peaceful Retirement to crown his old Age, he must endure Troubles fit for none but youthful Vigour to cope with. The commiserating Monarch, touched with the Complaint of his faithful Servant, readily granted the Boon, and ordered the Day for his Execution, which was to be performed by a Lion, a common Way in that Country, of putting those to Death, who have the

84 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Favour of a private Punishment. When the time was come, that Fate seemed to have brought the dear Life to a Period, the Lady by the help of a Slave, found Means to escape out of her Father's House in a Disguise, and going to the fatal Place that was designed to deprive her of all the Joys of Life, stayed, till the Victim was brought, where the Beast was to be let loose upon him; the Moment the Creature appeared, she glided like a Shadow through the Iron Bars that were fixed to prevent Mischief, and rushing between the dear Sacrifice, and the Beast, fired a Pistol down its Throat, and so delivered her Lover from his miserable impending Doom; the Story was directly carried to the Emperor, who in Regard to the Lady's Love and Resolution, pardoned the Gentleman, conditionally that he married his Preserver; accordingly, he consented, and the Time was fixed for their Nuptials; but in the Interim, she observed a Coldness and Dissatisfaction in her Lover, that was no Way agreeable to her Wishes, and therefore conjured him, by all the Regard he ought to have for her, to disclose the real Occasion of his Concern. He at first refused to grant her Desire; but upon repeated Intreaties, he confessed, that though she merited his Love, and that all his Days ought, and should be spent in her Service, yet he could not help complaining of his Fate, having before vowed his Heart to another, who laboured under the most cruel Agitations for the Loss of him, and suffered more than Death a thousand times every Moment she lived. The noble-minded Lady, professed she was pleased with his Constancy, and sending for her Rival, generously gave him to her Arms; assuring him, that the Possession of his Person, without his Soul, was a Trifle, not worthy her Acceptance; and to demonstrate the Pleasure she had in her Disposal, begged her Father to fix upon some Gentleman

Gentleman for her, and that they might both be married in one Day. Accordingly they were, and the two Families seemed to be joined in an undissoluble Friendship, and lived many Years a glorious Example of Fidelity and Generosity to future Ages.

A Tragical Story of a Constant Lover.

THE Lord *Burleigh* (a young Nobleman of Scotland, but not then come to his Estate, his Father being living) had, it seems, had some love Affair with a young Woman in his Father's Family, but could not prevail with her to sacrifice her Virtue to him; upon which, the Affair being made Publick, she was removed out of the Family, and he was persuaded to travel, or whether he went into the Army, is not known; he had declared, before he went abroad, that he would marry her at his Return; which however, it seems the young Woman declined too, as being too much below his Quality, and that she would not be a Dishonour to the Family: But he not only declared he would marry her, but, upon that answer of her's, added, that if any one else married her, he would murder them as soon as he came back: This passed without much Notice, and the young Woman was married, before his Return, to a Schoolmaster in the Town of *Innerkeithen*.

After some time the young Master (so they call the eldest Son of a Lord, while his Father is living) of *Burleigh*, returns from his Travels, and enquiring for the young Woman, and being told that she was married, and to whom, retaining his hellish Resolution, he rides away to the Town, and up to the School Door, and calling for the School-master, the innocent Man came out to him,

unarmed, in a Gown and Slippers ;—when after asking if he was such a one, and flying out in some hard Words upon him, he drew his Pistol, and shot the poor Man dead upon the Spot, riding away in the open Day, and no Body daring to meddle with him.

But Justice pursuing him, and a Proclamation being issued, with a Reward of two hundred Pounds for apprehending him, he was at last taken, and was tried at *Edinburgh*, by the Lords of the Justiciary, and condemned to have his Head cut off, and the Day of Execution appointed. Nor could all the Intercession of his Family and Friends, prevail with the Queen ; after her Majesty had a true account of the Fact laid before her, to pardon or reprieve him : But the Day before the Execution, his Friends found Means for him to make his Escape out of the Tolbooth of *Edinburgh*, disguised in his Sister's Cloaths.

In Return for this Deliverance he appeared in the Rebellion, in the Year 1715. and was in the Battle of *Dumblain* or *Sheriff-muir*, but got off again ; and his Estate, which however, was but small, was forfeited amongst the rest. But the Murderer is not yet brought to Justice.

A Lucky Instance of good Counsel.

A CERTAIN King of *Tartary*, going a Progress with his Nobles, was met on the Way by a Dervise, who cried out with a loud Voice, whoever will give me a hundred Pieces of Coin, I will give him a Piece of Advice. The King had a Curiosity to know what he meant, and ordered him the Sum he demanded. The Dervise said, “ Begin nothing, of which thou hast not well “ considered the End”.

The

The Nobles, upon hearing this plain Sentence, smiled, and said, the Dervise was well paid for his Maxim. The King reproved them, and was so well satisfied with the Answer, that at his return, he ordered the Words to be written in Letters of Gold, in several Places about his Palace, and to be engraven on all his Plate. Not long after a Conspiracy was formed by some of his Courtiers, and the King's Surgeon undertook, upon the Promise of a great Reward, to take away the Life of his Master, by Means of a poisoned Lancet, which he prepared, and wore privately in his Turban for that Purpose. The King in a little Time wanted to be let Blood, and the Surgeon attended him as usual. He bound the King's Arm, and was just going to prick him; when casting his Eye on the Bason, he read the Words, "Begin nothing, of which thou hast not well considered the End." He immediately started, and, pausing for a short Space, conveyed away the Lancet, and drew out another. The King observed it, and asked him the Reason. The Surgeon was in a Confusion, and being examined on the Occasion of his Disorder, he fell prostrate on his Face, confessed the whole Truth, and was pardoned. The rest of the Conspirators were put to Death. The King at the same time ordered diligent Search to be made for the Dervise; and turning to his Courtiers, who had heard his Advice with Contempt, told them, "That Counsel could not be too much valued, which had saved the King's Life."

An Example of Female Courage.

AT the Siege of Namur by King William, an Ensign, called Robert Cornelius, was observed to shew a more than common Bravery. This Per-

son, after having received several Wounds, being carried to be drest by the Surgeons, was discovered to be a Woman. The Novelty was so great and so surprising to many in the Army, who had seen her Bravery on that and other Occasions, that it soon came to the King's Ear, who had the Curiosity to go see so extraordinary a Warrior. The Account she gave of herself was very particular: She affirmed that she was born of *Dutch* Parents, who, to prevent the Loss of a small Annuity, which they were to enjoy on the Birth of a Male Child, had caused her to be christened as a Boy, and bred her up as such to an advanced Age, before they thought fit to entrust even herself with the Secret. Among other Diversions suitable to her supposed Sex, she had learned to beat a Drum; and at last listed herself for a Soldier. This advent'rous Female, who began, it seems, with taking a Fancy to that Instrument of Noise, was soon made a Serjeant, and after that an Ensign. She had been in many Actions, undiscovered, as she said, till this Occasion. After the Peace of *Ryswick*, she had a Pension settled upon her in *England*; she was at that time married to one of her former Comrades; and was, not many Years ago, together with her Husband in *Chelsea* College.

A singular Instance of true Friendship.

OCTAVIUS and Leobellus, two young Gentlemen of *Lithuania*, were bred together from Childhood; and their Fathers being near Neighbours in *Wilna*, the Capital of that Duchy, these two were inseparable Companions; this occasioned a Similitude of Mind, and by this uninterrupted Conversation they seemed to have but one Will, or to be two Bodies actuated by one Soul: As they grew

grew up, this Friendship became more conspicuous, and Reason contributing to strengthen their Inclination, they became a Pattern of virtuous Amity.

While they were at the University, *Octavius* fell in Love with, and made his Addresses to *Paulina*. Though this beautiful and virtuous Lady was a Match which *Octavius*, if he had consulted his Reason, could not aspire to with any Hopes of Success, there being a Disproportion of Fortune between them, and therefore in Prudence ought to have stifled his Passion in its Birth; yet, as we flatter ourselves in what we wish, and Love blinds us to all Obstacles, *Octavius* saw no Difficulties but what he hoped to get over, could he gain the Affections of the young Lady. At the same time *Gelasius*, a young Nobleman, whose Birth and Fortune were greatly superior to *Octavius*, was recommended to the Relations of *Paulina*, as a suitable Match; the Proposal was readily embraced by them, and he was admitted publicly. This seemed an insuperable Difficulty for *Octavius*, but it proved to his Advantage, with regard to the young Lady, who could not bear with the Haughtiness of a Lover, who seemed to think he rather did, than received Honour, in his Addresses; and this Pride of his was set in a stronger Light, by the respectful Deference *Octavius* paid her, who gained the Lady's Heart, whilst the other caused her Aversion. *Gelasius*, piqued to find a cold Return, imagined he had a secret Rival, and soon discovered that *Octavius* was the Man. He immediately took Fire, and threatened him with the Effects of his Resentment if he did not desist. *Octavius* made light of his Menaces, and only answered, that as he was a Gentleman, he did not think he was guilty of any Vanity in pretending to a Lady, though every Way his superior; that before Marriage, Inclination was free, and if his Services could engage that of *Paulina*,

lina, it was not his Resentment should make him desist ; but if *Gelasius* should be happy enough to obtain her Hand, he would then endeavour to remove her from his Heart. *Gelasius* hereupon employed the Authority of *Paulina's* Parents, who forbade her all farther Conversation with *Octavius*, and commanded her to look on *Gelasius* as a Husband they designed her, and a Nobleman, whose Alliance did them Honour. This had such an Effect on *Paulina*, against a Lover, who instead of shewing a distant Respect began to impose on her the imperious Laws of a Husband, that she avoided his Sight as much as possible, and left no means untried to converse with *Octavius*.

Gelasius perceiving the young Lady's Aversion to him rather augment than abate, resolved to remove his Rival. He set Spies upon him, by whom he discovered, that he often entertained *Paulina* at her Window, when the rest of the Family were in Bed : Enraged at this, he takes a Friend with him, called *Megasius*, and a Servant on whose Courage and Fidelity he relied, and lay in Ambush for *Octavius*, near *Paulina's* House. He had not been long hid, when *Octavius* came, accompanied with his Friend *Leobellus* : Having given the Signal, *Paulina* came to the Window, and *Leobellus* went off to some little Distance, to give them the Liberty of unbosoming themselves to each other. *Gelasius*, enraged at the Sight, resolved to sacrifice his Rival, and ordered the Servant to attack *Leobellus*, while he and *Megasius* chastised the Insolence of *Octavius* : The Servant fell with great Resolution upon *Leobellus*, who received him with no less Courage, and at the second Pass laid him for dead ; being here disengaged, he ran to the Assistance of his Friend, who, with his Back to the Wall, maintained an unequal Fight. *Leobellus* growing furious with the Danger of his Friend, at the first Thrust laid

laid *Gelasius* dead at his Feet, and turning upon *Megasius*, gave him a slight Wound in the Arm, upon which he ran away : *Leobellus* received no Hurt, but *Octavius* was wounded in a desperate manner. The clashing of the Swords brought the Neighbours into the Street, who found *Gelasius* dead, his Servant fetching the last Gasps, and *Leobellus* supporting his Friend, who desired to be carried to a Surgeon, where he was dressed, and put to Bed. *Megasius* in the Interim having given an Account of the Misfortune to the Relations of *Gelasius*, in Terms greatly to his Advantage, laying his Death to the Treachery of the two Friends, who had assaulted him in the dark and unawares ; they immediately had Recourse to the Magistrates, who ordered the supposed Murtherers to be seized and imprisoned : *Octavius* was taken, and, notwithstanding the Condition he was in, carried to Jail ; *Leobellus* made his Escape, and lay concealed, hoping to prove both his Friend's and his own Innocence ; but the Relations of *Gelasius* had so great Interest in *Wilna*, that *Octavius* was tried a few Days after, and on the single Evidence of *Megasius* condemned to lose his Head.

Accordingly he was led to the Scaffold, and the Executioner was upon the Point of doing his Office, when *Leobellus*, making way through the Crowd, cried out to him to hold his Hand, lest the Innocent should suffer for the Guilty ; for he was the only Author of the Death of *Gelasius*, and of his Servant ; and mounting the Scaffold with an undaunted Countenance, he declared the whole Matter, as it had passed, to the Magistrates, who were present to see the Execution, and entirely cleared his Friend, whom he required might be released, since he was ready to satisfy the Laws, by laying down his Life. The Populace, touched with this generous

generous Action, began to cry *Pardon! Pardon!* and to threaten the Magistrates in a mutinous manner if they proceeded: This obliged them to carry back the two Friends to the Hall, and rehear the Cause.

The *Palatine of Wilna* being informed of what had passed, would be present at this rehearing, and found the two Friends generously contesting which should die to save the other. He examined every circumstance to the Bottom; and heard, with Pleasure and Surprize, *Leobellus* plead for his Friend's Discharge: "It is (said he) evident, that I alone ought to suffer Death, since I alone am guilty, if a Man can be so termed, who kills another in Defence of his own Life, and of that of his Friend, unjustly and basely attacked." "So far (replied the *Palatine*) am I from esteeming you guilty, that I cannot but term what you have done, a glorious Action, which exacts the Praise of all who have a just and generous way of thinking: I not only therefore acquit you both, but condemn *Megasius* to lose his Head, for his Treachery and Perjury; and request, as a Favour, to be admitted the third in your Friendship." *Megasius*, however, escaped by the Intercession of powerful Friends.

The *Palatine*, not satisfied with this Act of Justice, by his Interest with *Paulina's* Parents, procured *Octavius* the Happiness he had long sighed for, married *Leobellus* to a Relation of his own, and, recommending them to the King of *Poland*, procured them very honourable Posts at Court.

A happy,

*A happy Reformation in a noble Youth, by an
odd Stratagem.*

THERE is a Story of a Tutor, who, after all other Endeavours to no Purpose, by a Contrivance borrowed from Chymistry, happily reclaimed a noble Youth, who by his dissolute Life brought Disgrace both upon himself and Family, and seemed past all Hopes of Amendment; and it was in the following manner: One Night, as he lay in the same Room with this young Gentleman, who was fast asleep, he got out of Bed very softly, and, with some *English* Phosphorus, wrote his Name, in large Letters, on a board that was at the Feet of the Bed, and added three Words, intimating, that if he did not immediately repent, he must expect to die in a very short time. When he had done, without disturbing his Pupil, he stole gently to his Bed again; but then made a great Noise on Purpose to awake him, and laid himself down as if he was asleep: The Youth presently started up in his Bed, and listened attentively in order to discover the Occasion of his Surprise, but heard nothing except the snoring of the other, who feigned himself asleep; but looking accidentally towards the Feet of the Bed, he saw some Letters shining with a blue Light, which vastly astonished him. Upon this, he calls to his Companion, and shews him the Writing; who, making as if he knew nothing at all of the matter, professed that he did not see any thing, which so much the more increased his Terror. The Servants, who were not in the Secret, were then called to bring in some Candles, upon which the Letters disappearing, they declared too that they saw nothing; and indeed the Youth himself was astonished to find that the Writing was vanished. The Servants went away, but left

left a Candle, which happened to shine upon the Board ; the Tutor sits down by his Pupil, and persuades him to go to sleep, tells him it was only a Dream, and then goes to Bed himself, and puts out the Candle. As soon as ever the Room was dark, the Youth no sooner looked towards the fatal Place, but he again saw the same Letters, at which being vastly frightened, he cries out, and begs his Tutor to come to him ; who then pretending himself to be afraid, confessed that he did indeed see the Writing, and that not without a great deal of Astonishment ; and then took this Occasion to admonish him sincerely to repent, in Obedience to this Miracle ; and calling for a Candle, spent the Remainder of the Night with his Pupil, who was under great Concern, and was brought by this Means to a better way of Life.

A Tragical Relation of Incest.

A Gentlewoman of great Note, being left a Widow, had her Son trained up in her House ; who now being come to an Age of Maturity, grew up, as in Stature, so in wanton Desires, earnestly solliciting her Chambermaid to comply with his Inclinations ; she had the Grace, not only to repel his Offers, but wearied out with his wicked Importunities, to complain to her Mistress of her young Master's Irregularities in Behaviour towards her : The Mother out of Purpose to repress this wild Humour in her Son, bids the Maid, out of a seeming Compliance, make an Appointment the Night following with him, and that she would change Beds with the Maid, and task the young Gentleman to some Purpose. This being done in pursuance to her Orders——Is such a horrid Story to be told !——The Devil tempted the Mother,

and

and as terrible as it is to hear, instead of chastizing him, she suffered herself to be embraced in his Arms, and by him conceived a Daughter. Finding herself grow big, weighed down with inward Shame, to hinder it from appearing, she secretly retired to a distant Part of the Country, and left the Child there to be educated with all Care and Secrecy. In some Years she thought proper to bring home the concealed Infant as a Kinswoman, and treated her like the Child of a Friend. The young Virgin grew up to such a Degree of Comeliness in Person and Behaviour, that the Son, still a single Man, and now of about one or two and thirty, fell passionately in Love with her, and in short, ignorantly married his own Daughter. They lived together very lovingly and comfortably, and were the Parents of many Children. But the Mother who knew it all, had as it were a Hell in her Bosom; stung one Day more than ordinary with Remorse, and bitterly gnawed with the worm of Conscience, she flew to the Learned Divine, Doctor *Perkins*, (who wrote this Story) and was an eminent Casuist for Relief, and asked the good Man's Advice, whether she should not put an end to that Course of Sin, by revealing the Matter: The Divine was of Opinion, that as they lived innocently in their Ignorance, she should repent in Secret, and conceal the Business.

An Example of Revenge.

XERXES King of *Persia* had conceived a most violent Passion for the Wife of his Brother *Masistus*, who was a Prince of extraordinary Merit, had always served the King with great Zeal and Fidelity, and had never done any Thing to disoblige

oblige him. The Virtue of this Lady, her great Affection and Fidelity to her Husband, made her inexorable to all the King's Solicitations. However, he still flattered himself that by a profusion of Favour and Liberalities, he might possibly gain upon her ; and among other kind Things he did to oblige her, he married his eldest Son *Darius*, whom he intended for his Successor, to *Artainta*, this Princess's Daughter, and ordered that the Marriage should be consummated in a short time. But *Xerxes* finding the Lady still no less impregnable, in spite of all his Temptations and Attacks, immediately changed his Object and fell passionately in love with her Daughter, who did not imitate the glorious Example of her Mother's Firmness and Virtue. Whilst this Intrigue was carrying on, *Amestris*, Wife to *Xerxes*, made him a Present of a noble rich Robe of her own making. *Xerxes*, being extremely pleased with this Raiment thought fit to put it on upon the first Visit he afterwards made to *Artainta* ; and in the Conversation he had with her, he mightily pressed her to let him know what she desired he should do for her, assuring her at the same time with an Oath, that he would grant her whatever she asked of him. *Artainta* upon this, desired him to give her the Robe he had on ; *Xerxes* foreseeing the ill Consequences that would necessarily ensue from his making her this Present, did all that he could to dissuade her from insisting upon it, and offered her any Thing in the World in lieu of it ; but not being able to prevail upon her, and thinking himself bound by the imprudent Promise and Oath he had made to her, he gave her the Robe. The Lady no sooner received it but she put it on, and wore it publicly by way of Trophy.

Amestris

Amestris being confirmed in the Suspicions she had entertained, by this Action, was enraged to the last Degree ; but instead of letting her Vengeance fall upon the Daughter, who was the only Offender, she resolved to wreak it upon the Mother, whom she looked upon as the Author of the whole Intrigue, though she was entirely innocent of the matter. For the better executing of her Purpose, she waited for the Time of a grand Feast, which was every Year celebrated on the King's Birthday, and which was not far off ; on which Occasion the King, according to the established Custom of the Country, was wont to grant her whatever she demanded. This Day then being come, the Thing she desired of his Majesty was, that the Wife of *Masibus* should be delivered into her Hands. *Xerxes*, who apprehended the Queen's Design, and who was struck with Horror at the Thoughts of it, as well out of Regard to his Brother, as on account of the Innocence of the Lady, against whom he perceived his Wife was so violently exasperated, at first refused her Request, and endeavoured all he could to dissuade her from it ; but not being able to prevail either upon her, or to act with Steadiness and Resolution himself, he at last yielded, and was guilty of the weakest and cruellest Piece of Complaisance, that was ever heard of ; making the inviolable Obligations of Justice and Humanity give way to the Arbitrary Laws of a Custom, that had only been established in order to give Occasion for the doing of good, and for Acts of Beneficence and Generosity. In consequence then of this Compliance, the Lady was apprehended by the King's Guards, and delivered to *Amestris*, who caused her Breasts, Tongue, Nose, Ears, and Lips to be cut off, ordered them to be cast to the Dogs, in her own Presence, and then sent her home mutilated, and in that miserable Condition. In the

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mean

98 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

mean time *Xerxes* had sent for his Brother, in order to prepare him for this melancholy and tragical Adventure; he first gave him to understand he should be glad he would put away his Wife, and to induce him thereto, offered to give him one of his Daughters in her stead. But *Masistus*, who was passionately fond of his Wife, could not prevail upon himself to divorce her. Whereupon *Xerxes*, in very great Wrath told him, that since he refused his Daughter he should neither have her nor his Wife, and that he would teach him not to reject the Offers his Master made him; and with this inhuman Reply he dismissed him.——This strange Procedure threw *Masistus* into the greatest Anxiety; who thinking he had Reason to apprehend the worst of Accidents, made all the haste he could Home, to see what had passed there during his Absence. On his Arrival he found his Wife in that deplorable Condition we have just been describing; being enraged thereat to the Degree natural to imagine, he assembled all his Family, his Servants and Dependants, and set out with all possible Expedition for *Bactriana*, whereof he was Governor, determined as soon as he arrived there to raise an Army and make War against the King, in order to avenge himself of his barbarous Treatment. But *Xerxes* being informed of his hasty Departure, and from thence suspecting the Design he had conceived against him, sent a Party of Horse to pursue him; which having overtaken him cut him in Pieces, together with his Children and all his Retinue.

An

An Instance of a most Cruel Revenge.

A Roman Lord, who had a very fine Park, in which were a great Number of Stags, had forbid his Servants to kill any of them; one of them had the Misfortune to offend against this Order, for firing at some other Beast, he missed it and killed one of the Stags that was hid behind the Bushes. The poor Fellow who had done this, dreaded his Master's Anger so much, that he fled to *Genoa*, and going on board a Vessel was taken by the *Algerines*. The *Italian* Nobleman being informed some time after, that his Servant was in Captivity at *Algiers*, went to Cardinal *de Janson*, and instantly besought him to desire the *French* Consul to get the poor Fellow redeemed, be the Ransom ever so great. The Cardinal struck with his Generosity, could not forbear applauding him; upon which he wrote to the Consul, who got the Man back, and sent him to *Rome*. The Gentleman came and thanked his Eminence, paid the Money which had been given for his Ransom, and some Days after had his Servant assassinated; having got him redeemed, only for the sake of Revenge, though his Crime was involuntary. This happened in the Year 1702.

A most Extraordinary Instance of a Generous Friendship and Affection between two Brothers.

IN the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century, the *Portuguese* Carracks sailed from *Lisbon* to *Goa*, a very great Colony of *Portuguese*, in the *East-Indies*. These Carracks are the largest Vessels that press the Ocean. On board one of them were

twelve hundred Souls, Marines, Merchants, Passengers, Priests, and Friars, who were going on their several Missions, established in *China* and the *Indies*. The Beginning of their Voyage was prosperous; they had doubled the Cape of *Good Hope*, and were steering North-East to the Continent of *India*, when some Gentlemen on board, having studied Geography and Navigation, found in the Latitude in which they then were, a very great Ridge of Rocks laid down in their Sea Charts: Upon this, they applied themselves to the Captain of the Ship, and acquainted him with the Danger, which they apprehended, desiring him at the same time to communicate what they had discovered to the Pilot, which request he immediately gratified, recommending to the Pilot to lye by in the Night; and slacken Sail by Day, till they should be past the Danger. By the Discipline of the *Portuguese* Navy, the sailing Part is absolutely committed to the Care of the Pilot, who is answerable with his Head, for the false Carriage of the King's Ship, and under no manner of Direction from the Captain, who commanded in all other Respects. Instead of complying with so reasonable a Request, on which the Safety of so many Lives depended, the insolent Pilot, thinking it an Affront to be taught in his own Art, crowded more Sail than he carried before.

The Observations of these Gentlemen were too true, not to have a fatal Issue: They had not sailed many Hours, but just upon Break of Day, (which would have been prevented, if they had lain by) the Ship struck upon a Rock, and broke her Back.

Let the Reader imagine what a Scene of Horror this must be; — The Fright of twelve hundred Persons in the same inevitable Danger, at the Sight of

of that instantaneous Death which stared them in the Face.

The Captain in this Distress ordered the Pinnace to be launched, into which, after having tossed a small Quantity of Biscuit, and some few Boxes of Marmelade, he got himself with nineteen others; who seeing the Danger of a Crowd, in the Common Horror, rushing into the Boat, drew their Swords, and prevented the coming in of any more; the same Necessity obliged them immediately to put off, lest the Pinnace should be drawn in by the Suction of the sinking Carrack.

Here their Eyes were entertained with the most dismal of Spectacles, the Sight of their sinking Friends, and their Ears with the Cries of so many in the same Misery, whom they could not help without their own Destruction; a Scene of Woe, which nothing could alleviate but the Reflection, that they themselves were not in the same Extremity; though, humanly speaking, they were not in a much better Condition, being destitute on the vast *Indian Ocean*, in an open Boat, without any Compass to direct them, without any fresh Water, but what must fall from those Heavens, whose Mercy alone could deliver them. To which must be added, the inevitable Danger of being overset by the first Wind that should raise the Waves, besides the certainty of perishing as soon as their small stock of Provisions should be spent, which only served to prolong their Miseries by reserving them for a more lingering and cruel Death.

In this Distress after they had rowed four Days to and fro, without Guide or Direction, the Captain who had been sick, and very weak, for some time overcome with Grief and Fatigue, died. This added, if possible to their Misery, for now they fell into the last Confusion, every one would govern, and none would obey: This obliged them

to chuse one of their own Company to command them, whose Orders they agreed implicitly, without any Reserve, to follow.

The Choice fell upon a Gentleman, who was, what the *Portuguese* call a *Mestizzo*, that is, one begotten between an *European* and an *Indian*: This Person vested with his new Authority, proposed to the Company to draw Lots, and throw overy fourth Man over board, by Reason their Provision was spent so far, as not to last above three Days longer. They were now nineteen Persons in all; in this Number was a Friar and a Carpenter, both whom they would exempt, by Reason of their being so necessary; the one to absolve and comfort them in their last Extremity, and the other to take care of their Boat, in Case of a Leak, or other Accident; the same Compliment they paid to their new Captain, he being the odd Man, and his Life of more Consequence than any of the rest. He refused a great while, but at last acquiesced, so that there were four to die out of the Sixteen remaining. The three first on whom the Lot fell, after having confessed, and received Absolution, submitted to their Fate.

The fourth, whom Fortune condemned was a *Portuguese* Gentleman, who had a younger Brother in the Boat, who, seeing him about to be flung over board, most tenderly embraced him, and with Tears in his Eyes, besought him to let him die for him, enforcing his Arguments, by telling him, that he was a married Man, and had a Wife and Children at *Goa*, besides the Care of three Sisters who absolutely depended on him; that as for himself he was single, and his Life of no great Importance; he therefore conjured him to let him supply his Place.

The

The Elder Brother, astonished and melted with this Generosity, replied, that since the Providence of God, had appointed him, it would be wicked and unjust to suffer any other to die for him, especially a Brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged.

The Younger would take no Denial, but flinging himself on his Knees, held his Brother so fast, that they could not disengage them: Thus they disputed for a while, the Elder Brother bidding him to be a Father to his Wife and Children, and as he would inherit his Estate, take Care of their common Sisters; But all he could say, made him not desist. This was a Scene of Tenderness which must fill with Pity any Breast susceptible of generous Impressions!

At last, as it is no difficult Thing to persuade a Man to live, the Constancy of the Elder Brother yielded to the Piety of the Younger; he acquiesced and suffered the gallant young Man to supply his Place; who being flung into the Water, when he came to it, could not be content to die; but being a very good Swimmer, got to the Stern of the Pinnacle, and laid hold with his Right Hand; which being perceived by one of the Sailor's he cut off the Hand with a Cutlass, upon which dropping into the Sea, he caught hold again with his Left, which received the same Fate by a second Blow; thus dismembered in his two Hands, he made a Shift notwithstanding, to keep himself above Water with his Feet and two Stumps.

This moving Spectacle so raised the Pity of the whole Crew, that they cried out, he is but one Man, let us save him; which was accordingly done; and being taken into the Boat, had his Hands bound up, as well as the Place and Circumstances would permit. They rowed all that Night, and next Morning, when the Sun arose, as if Heaven

would reward the Gallantry and Piety of the young Man, and for his Sake save all the rest, they deserted Land, which proved to be the Mountains of *Mozambique* in *Africa*, where the *Portuguese* have a Colony; hither they all very safely got, where they staid till the next Ships from *Lisbon* passed by, and carried this Company to *Goa*; where *Linschotten*, a *Dutch* Author of good Credit, assures us, that he himself saw them land, supped with the two Brothers that very Night, saw the Younger with his Stumps, and had the Story from both their Mouths, as well as from the rest of the Company.

*A terrible Example of Divine Vengeance against
Blasphemers and profane Swearers.*

A Young Man after some Hours Stay in a Publick House, at a Village near *Saalfeld*, in *Saxony*, fell into a Fit of Swearing; and being undoubtedly overheated with Liquor, he rushed into the Street, and lifting up a Beer Glafs towards the Sky, in very stormy Weather, he uttered such Oaths and Blasphemies as drew upon him the Wrath of Heaven; he was in an Instant struck with a Thunder-Bolt, and entirely reduced to Ashes, or rather annihilated, excepting his Head, and the Hand with which he held the Glafs. This frightful Example so terrified his Companion, who swore in Concert with him, that he ran into the House with the utmost Precipitation. This happened in *July*, 1736.

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The Folly of those who are too proud of their Birth and Families.

IN the midst of that vast Ocean commonly called the *South-Sea*, lie the Islands of *Solomon*. In the Center of these lies one, not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it, but also larger beyond Proportion. An Ancestor of the Prince, who now reigns absolutely in this Central Island, has, thro' a long Descent of Ages, entailed the Name of *Solomon's Isles*, on the whole; by Effect of that Wisdom, wherewith he polished the Manners of the People. A Descendant of one of the Great Men of this happy Island, becoming a Gentleman to so improved a Degree, as to despise the good Qualities which had originally ennobled his Family, thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish his Dignity, by the Pride of an arrogant Mind, and a Disposition abandoned to Pleasure. He had a House on the Sea-Side, where he spent a great Part of his Time in Hunting, and Fishing; but found himself interrupted in pursuit of these important Diversions, by means of a long Slip of Marsh Land, over-grown with high Reeds, that lay between his House and the Sea. Resolving at length, that it became not a Man of Quality, to submit to Restraints in his Pleasures, for the Ease and Conveniency of an obstinate Mechanic; and having often endeavoured in vain, to buy out the Owner, who was an honest, poor Basket-Maker, and whose Livelihood depended on working up the Flags of those Reeds, in a manner peculiar to himself, the Gentleman took Advantage of a very high Wind, and commanded his Servants to burn down the Barrier.

The Basket Maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the Oppression, in Terms more suited

ed to his Sense of the Injury, than the Respect due to the Rank of the Offender; and the Reward this Imprudence procured him, was the additional Injustice of Blows, and Reproaches, and all kinds of Insults and Indignity.

There was but one way to remedy, and he took it; for going to the Capital with the Marks of his hard Usage upon him, he threw himself at the King's Feet, and procured a Citation for his Oppressor's Appearance; who confessing the Charge, proceeded to justify his Behaviour, by the poor Man's unmindfulness of the Submission, due from the Vulgar to Gentlemen of Rank and Distinction; but pray, replied the King, What Distinction of Rank had the Grandfather of your Father, when being a Cleaver of Wood, in the Palace of my Ancestors he was raised from among those Vulgar, you speak of with such Contempt, in Reward of an Instance he gave of his Courage and Loyalty in Defence of his Master? Yet his Distinction was nobler than yours; it was the Distinction of Soul, not of Birth; the Superiority of Worth, not of Fortune: I am sorry, I have a Gentleman in my Kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant, that Ease and Distinction of Fortune, were bestowed on him, but to this End, that being at rest from all Cares of providing for himself, he might apply his Heart, Head, and Hand, for the publick Advantage of others.

Here the King discontinuing his Speech, fixed an Eye of Indignation on a fullen Resentment of Mien, which he observed in the haughty Offender, who muttered out his Dislike of the Encouragement, this Way of Thinking must give to the Commonality; who he said, were to be considered as Persons of no Consequence, in Comparison of Men, who were born to be honoured. Where Reflection is wanting, (replied the King, with a Smile of Disdain) Men must find their Defects, in
the

the Pain of their Sufferings. *Yanbumo*, added he, turning to a Captain of his Gallies, strip the Injured and the Injurer; and conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest of the Islands, set them ashore in the Night, and leave them both to their Fortune.

The Place in which they were landed was a Marsh, under Cover of whose Flags, the Gentleman was in hopes to conceal himself and give the Slip to a Companion, whom he thought it a Disgrace to be found with. But the Lights in the Galley, having given an Alarm to the Savages, a considerable Body of them came down; and discovered in the Morning the two Strangers in their hiding Place. Setting up a dismal Yell, they furrounded them, and advancing nearer, and nearer, with a kind of Clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them, without Sense of Hospitality, or Mercy.

Here the Gentleman began to discover, that the Superiority of his Blood was imaginary; for between a Consciousness of Shame and Cold, under the Nakedness he had never been used to; a Fear of the Event, from the Fierceness of the Savages Approach; and the want of an Idea, whereby to soften or divert their Asperity, he fell behind the poor Sharer of his Calamity; and with an unfinewed, apprehensive, unmanly, sneakingness of Mien, gave up the Post of Honour; and made a Leader of the very Man, whom he had thought it a Disgrace, to consider as a Companion.

The Basket-maker on the contrary, to whom the Poverty of his Condition had made Nakedness habitual; to whom a Life of Pain and Mortification, represented Death as not dreadful; and whose Remembrance of his Skill in Arts, of which these Savages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful.

ful, moved with bolder and more open Freedom ; and having plucked an Handful of the Flaggs, sat down without Emotion ; and making Signs that he would shew them something worthy their Attention, fell to work with Smiles and Noddings ; while the Savages drew near, and gazed in Expectation of the Consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of Coronet, of pretty Workmanship ; and rising with Respect and Fearlessness, approached the Savage, who appeared the Chief, and placed it gently on his Head ; whose Figure under this new Ornament, so charmed and struck all his Followers, that they all threw down their Clubs, and formed a Dance of Welcome and Congratulation, round the Author of so prized a Favour.

There was not one but shewed the Marks of his Impatience, to be made as fine as his Captain ; so the poor Basket-maker had his Hands full of Employment ; and the Savages observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their Service, took up Arms in the behalf of natural Justice, and began to lay on Arguments in favour of their Purpose.

The Basket-maker's Pity now effaced the Remembrance of his Sufferings ; so he rose and rescued his Oppressor, by making Signs, that he was ignorant of the Art, but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed, in waiting on the Work, and fetching Flags for his Supply, as fast as he should want them.

This Proposition luckily fell in with a Desire the Savages expressed to keep themselves at Leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the Progress of a Work they took such Pleasure in. They left the Gentleman, therefore to this Duty, in the Basket-maker's Service ; and considered him from that time forward, as one, who was, and ought to be

be treated as Inferior to their Benefactor. Men, Wives, and Children from all Corners of the Island, came in Drovers for Coronets; and setting the instructed Gentleman to work to gather Boughs and Poles, made a fine Hut, to lodge the Basket-maker and brought him down daily from the Country, such Provision as they lived upon themselves; taking care to offer the imagined Servant nothing, till his Master had done eating.

Three Months Reflection in this mortified Condition, gave a new and juster Turn to our Gentleman's improved Ideas; insomuch, that lying weeping, and awake one Night, he thus confessed his Sentiments, in Favour of the Basket-maker: "I have been to blame, and wanted Judgment, to distinguish between Accident and Excellence. When I should have measured Nature, I but looked to Vanity. The Preference which Fortune gives is empty and imaginary; and I perceive too late, that only Things of Use are truly honourable. I am ashamed, when I reflect on my Malice, and remember your Humanity: But if the Gods should please to call me to the Repossession of my Rank and Happiness, I would divide all with you, in Atonement of my justly punished Arrogance."

He promised and performed his Promise; for the King soon after sent the Captain, who had landed them, with Presents to the Savages; and ordered him to bring both back again; and it continues to this Day, a Custom in that Island, to degrade all Gentlemen, who cannot give a better Reason for their Pride, than that they were born to do nothing; and the Word for this due Punishment, is, *Send him to the Basket-maker's.*

Obtain 110 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*
An English Nobleman's extraordinary Proceed-
ings to obtain a Genoese Lady.

An English Nobleman
TWO Sons of an *English* Nobleman travelling in *Italy* with their Governor, the younger, being of a more tender Disposition than the elder, became in Love with a young Lady at *Genoa*, of better Birth than Fortune. He would freely have consented to marry her, had his Income been sufficient to maintain her; but as the eldest Sons in *England* inherit the Estates of their Fathers, while the youngest are obliged to trade for their Subsistence, he resolved that his Marriage with her should not make her more unhappy than she was. The Father of these two Gentlemen happening to die at this Juncture, the Governor, who received the News of his Death, concealed it from the elder Brother; and having a greater Affection for the younger, contrived a Stratagem that he might enjoy the Estate. To this end, he proposed his writing a Letter to his Relations in *England*, that his elder Brother having the Misfortune to lose his Senses, at the News of his Father's Death, he should be obliged to send him to *London* by Sea, or secure him in a Madhouse in *Genoa*; and that he kept him confined in a Room, till he received their Opinion in the Affair. The younger, who was naturally honest, would not have consented to this Device upon any Consideration, if his Love had not been engaged; but finding himself, by this Contrivance, in a Condition to marry the beautiful *Genoese*, and to live with Splendor in *England*, he complied with the Proposition of the Governor, who confirmed under his own Hand what his Pupil had wrote. The Relations, who gave Credit to the News, being unwilling an Accident of this Nature should be made public, wrote an Answer, desiring that he might not be sent to
England

England, but he continued at *Genoa* in a proper House, ordering an Allowance accordingly. The younger, producing the Orders he had received, had no great Difficulty to persuade the Public of the Reality of his Brother's Madness, who, speaking *English* only, could not prove the contrary by his Discourse. As soon as the elder Brother was confined in a proper Place, the Lover concluded the Marriage with his Mistress, whom he carried into his own Country, and took Possession of the whole Estate upon his Arrival: And that the Accident which happened to his elder Brother might be kept secret, it was agreed by his Relations to report that he was dead. Thus the younger peaceably enjoyed a plentiful Estate for several Years, while the lawful Heir, who had lost his Liberty, vainly attempted to make it appear that he was in his Senses: The Directors of the Madhouse, perhaps, plainly perceived it, but as they had a considerable Share of his Allowance remitted from *England*, they seemed not to understand him, and prevented those *Englishmen* from speaking to him, who frequently came to see the House out of Curiosity, as well as other Travellers. At length he had the good Fortune to speak to a *German*, who understood *English*, and having time to relate his Misfortune, and to acquaint him with his Name, he undertook, upon his Arrival in *England*, where he was going, to lay open the whole Scene of Villainy to the Court. He kept his Word; and the Court taking Cognizance of the Affair, wrote to the Senate of *Genoa*, who sent the pretended Madman into *England*. The young Nobleman was perfectly in his Senses, and the Roguery of his Brother and the Governor detected: The latter was exemplarily punished, and the elder Brother took Possession of the Estate. The younger would have felt the Severity of the Law, had not his Brother generously forgiven him, and

and solicited his Pardon at Court, which he obtained with much Difficulty, by setting forth this Trick partly as the Effect of his Love, and partly committed at the Instigation of the Governor.

A comical Adventure of the Duke of Mantua.

THE Duke being charmed with the Beauty of a Baker's Daughter in *Venice*, thought to have corrupted her immediately with his *French Louis d'Ores*, which he had in Abundance; but meeting with a Repulse at first, he resolved to discover himself, and offered her fifty thousand Livres to give him an Assignment. This Present might possibly have prevailed from any other Prince than himself; but the Duke having the Misfortune to be thought afflicted with a gallant Disease, and the Dishonour of acting with so much Indiscretion, she absolutely refused him. These unexpected Difficulties, after so advantageous an Offer, animated his Desire to that Degree, that he resolved to obtain her by Stratagem. He was sensible that People of an inferior Rank sooner yield to those of their own Condition; and therefore disguised himself in the Habit of a Peasant, with a Basket of Eggs in one Hand, and Butter in the other, and offered his Goods to sale at her House; the Bargain being made, he refused taking her Money, if she would grant him his Desire: The Girl, who had, perhaps, as great an Inclination as himself, and thinking she had met with a Countryman to whom she was a Stranger, refused him in such a manner as discovered her Willingness to consent. The Father and Mother being at Church, afforded a favourable Opportunity, and desiring him to walk in, granted that for a few Pounds of Butter and some dozens of Eggs, for which she had refused fifty thousand

Livres.

Livres before. As soon as he had no longer an Occasion for Disguise, he changed his Habit, and discovered himself to the Girl, thanking her for saving him fifty thousand Livres, and soon spread the Adventure through the City.

A Comical Story of an Impostor.

A Good likely Sort of Man that had been many Years a Footman, to a rich Gentleman at *Banbury*, in *Oxfordshire*, called Mr. *Wickbam*, came to *London*, and took a Lodging at a Baker's, over-against *Arundel-street*, in the *Strand*. This Baker was known to be a rich Man; and being asked by his Lodger, what Countryman he was, replied, that he was of *Banbury*; and the pretended *Wickbam*, mighty glad to meet with his Countryman, was wonderfully fond of the Baker; adding, that since he was of *Banbury*, he must needs know Mr. *Wickbam*, or have heard of his Name. The Baker, who indeed was very well acquainted with that Gentleman's Family, tho' he had been absent from *Banbury* fifteen or twenty Years, was very glad to hear News of it; but was perfectly overjoyed when he was informed that the Man he was talking with, was Mr. *Wickbam* himself. This produced great Respect on the Side of the Baker, and new Testimonies of Friendship from the sham *Wickbam*; the Family must be called up, that Mr. *Wickbam* might see them, and they must drink a Glass together, to their Friends at *Banbury*, and take a Pipe. The Baker did not in the least doubt his having got Mr. *Wickbam* for his Lodger; but yet he could not help wondering, that he should see neither Footman nor Portmanteau. He therefore made bold to ask him, how a Man of his Estate came to be unattended? The pretended

I

Wickbam

Wickbam, making a Sign to him to speak softly, told him that his Servants were in a Place where he could easily find them when he wanted them; but that at present, he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to Town, to arrest a Merchant of *London*, who owed him a great Sum of Money, and was just going to break: That he desired to be incognito, for fear he should miss his Stroke, and so begged he would never mention his Name. The next Day, Mr. *Wickbam* went abroad to take his Measures with a Comrade of his own Stamp, about playing their Parts in Concert: It was concluded between them, that this latter should go for Mr. *Wickbam's* Servant, and come privately from time to time, to see his Master, and attend upon him. That very Night the Servant came, and Mr. *Wickbam* looking at his own dirty Neckcloth in the Glass, was in a great Rage at him, for letting him be without Money, Linen, or any other Conveniencies, by his Negligence, in not carrying his Box to the Waggon at the due Time, which would cause a Delay of three Days; this was said aloud, while the Baker was in the next Room, on Purpose that he might hear it. This poor deluded Man, hereupon runs immediately to his Drawers, carries Mr. *Wickbam* the best Linen he had in the World, begged him to honour him so much as to wear it, and at the same Time lays down fifty Guineas upon his Table, that he might do him the Favour to accept of them also. Mr. *Wickbam* at first refused them, but with much ado, was prevailed upon. As soon as he had got this Money, he made up a Livery of the same Colour as the true Mr. *Wickbam's*, gave it to another pretended Footman, and brought a Box full of Goods as coming from the *Banbury* Waggon. The Baker more satisfied than ever, that he had to do with Mr. *Wickbam*, and consequently with one of the
richest

richest and noblest Gentleman in the Kingdom, made it more and more his Business, to give him fresh Marks of his profound Respect, and zealous Affection. To be short, *Wickham* made a shift to bilk him of one hundred and fifty Guineas, besides the first fifty, for all which he gave him his Note. Three Weeks after the beginning of this Adventure, as this Rogue was at a Tavern, he was seized with a violent Head-ach, with a burning Fever, and great Pains in all Parts of his Body. As soon as he found himself ill, he went home to his Lodging to Bed, where he was waited upon by one of his pretended Footmen, and assisted in every thing, by the good Baker, who advanced whatever Money was wanting, and passed his Word to the most eminent Physicians in *London*, Apothecaries and every Body else. Mean while, *Wickham* grew worse and worse, and about the fifth Day, was given over. The Baker grieved to the Heart, at the melancholy Condition of his noble Friend, thought himself bound to tell him, tho' with much Regret, what the Doctors thought of him. *Wickham* received the News as calmly as if he had been the best Christian in the World, and fully prepared for Death. He desired a Minister might be sent for, and received the Communion the same Day. Never was more Resignation to the Will of God, never more Piety, more Zeal, or more Confidence in the Merits of *Christ*. Next Day the Distemper and the Danger encreasing very much, the Impostor told the Baker, that it was not enough to have taken care of his Soul, he ought also to set his worldly Affairs in Order; and so desired that he might make his Will, while he was yet sound in Mind. A Scrivener therefore was immediately sent for, and his Will made and signed in all the Forms, before several Witnesses. *Wickham* by this, disposed of all his Estate, real and personal, Jewels,

I 2 Coaches,

Coaches, Teams, Race Horses of such and such Colours, Packs of Hounds, ready Money, &c. A House with all Appurtenances, and Dependences to the Baker, almost all his Linen to the Wife ; five hundred Guineas to their eldest Son, eight hundred to the four Daughters, two hundred to the Parson that had comforted him in his Sickness ; two hundred to each of the Doctors ; and one hundred to the Apothecary ; fifty Guineas and Mourning to each of his Footmen ; fifty to embalm him, fifty for his Coffin, two hundred to hang the House in Mourning, and to defray the rest of the Charges of his Interment ; one hundred Guineas for Gloves, Hat-bands, Scarves, Gold Rings ; such a Diamond to such a Friend ; such an Emerald to the other ; nothing more noble, nothing more generous ; this done, *Wickham* called the Baker to him, loaded him and his whole Family with Benedictions, and told him, that immediately after his Decease, he had nothing to do but to go to the Lawyer mentioned in the Will, who was acquainted with all his Affairs, and would give him full Instructions how to proceed. — Presently after this, my Gentleman falls into Convulsions and dies. The Baker at first thought of nothing, but burying him with all the Pomp imaginable, according to the Will ; he hung all the Rooms in the House, the Stair Case, and the Entry with Mourning, he gave Orders for making the Rings, Cloaths, Coffin, &c. he sent for the Embalmer ; in a Word, he omitted nothing ; and having drained his Purse to the last drop, he was forced to borrow, to buy little Necessaries for the Funeral. *Wickham* was not to be interr'd, till the fourth Day after his Death, and every thing was got ready by the second. The Baker having got this hurry off his Hands, had now time to go look for the Lawyer, before he laid him in the Ground. After having put the Body into a
rich

rich Coffin, covered with Velvet and Plates of Silver, and settled every thing else, he began to consider that it would not be improper to reimburse himself as soon as possible, and take Possession of his new Estate: He therefore went and communicated this whole Affair to the Lawyer. This Gentleman was indeed, acquainted with the true Mr. *Wickham*, had all his Papers in his Hands, and often received Letters from him. He was strangely surprized to hear of the Sickness and Death of Mr. *Wickham*, from whom he had heard the very Day before; and we may easily imagine, the poor Baker was much more surprized, when he found that in all likelihood he was bit; it is not hard to conceive the Discourse that passed between these two. To conclude, the Baker was thoroughly convinced by several Circumstances, too tedious to relate here, that the true Mr. *Wickham* was in perfect Health, and that the Man he took for him, was the greatest Villain, and most compleat Hypocrite that ever lived. Upon this, he immediately turned the Rogue's Body out of the rich Coffin, which he sold for a third Part of what it cost him; All the Tradesmen, that had been employed towards the Burial, had Compassion on the Baker, and took their Things again, though not without some Loss to him. He himself pulled off his Mourning, and put on his old mealy Cloaths again; and they dug a Hole in the Corner of St. *Clement's* Church Yard, where they threw in his Body, with as little Ceremony as possible. The Author, who was a *Frenchman*, says, that he was himself an Eye-Witness to most of the foregoing Particulars; and further adds, that he has been assured from several Hands, that the Baker had his Losses pretty well made up to him by the Generosity of the true Mr. *Wickham*, for whose Sake the honest Man had been so open hearted.

A pleasant Adventure of a Hermit.

A CERTAIN Solitary, who spent his Days far from the Commerce of the World, in a little Hermitage, about fifteen Miles distance from Vienna, was very old, and had passed forty Years of his Life in great Austerity. It is said, that in his Youth, having been threatened for some Misdemeanour with Imprisonment, he hid himself in the House of a faithful Friend, lying in a Barrel covered with Straw, where was brought him privately his Diet. Whilst he thus lay concealed, in the Vessel, a certain Person went up into the Garret, his Prison, with his Host's Sister; when these two Persons thinking themselves alone, came to such Familiarities as much scandalized this new *Diogenes*, who saw all that passed through the Crevices of his Tub, and being not able to contain his Resentment, he thus passionately break out, "God sees you, you Wretches, and Man too." In a Word, his Indignation was so great, that the Tub or Barrel was overthrown; with the Noise of which, and his scrambling up, the two Lovers were so affrighted, that the Gallant for haste, broke his Neck down Stairs, and the poor Nymph lay dead in a Swoon on the Place. This strange Surprise to all, especially the Sight of so filthy and tragical a Spectacle, so affected this young Man, as made him retire from the World into the Solitude, where he remained to his Death. He lived only on Bread and Water; and the Aversion which he conceived on this Occasion to Women, is so great, that there is none dares to appear before him. There were two who had the Curiosity of seeing this Hermit in Men's Clothes, but they soon repented of their Visit; for this Solitary full of Rage and Indignation, thus welcomed them, "Get you gone you Dæmons,
fallen

“ fallen from Heaven for Man’s Destruction, I
“ know very well what you are, and cannot behold
“ you without Horror.”

A Story of a Baud and a Courtezan.

A COUNCELLOR of the Parliament at Paris, travelling in his Coach, in a by Street, where there was but little Trade, spied a very pretty young Woman at a Distance, who by extending her Arms, joining her Hands, and lifting up her Eyes sometimes to Heaven, and then casting them down to the Earth, gave Proofs that she was in some Agonies of very great Grief. The Noise of the Coach Wheels and the Horses, made her stop all of a sudden, so that she immediately wiped her Face, and with a slow Pace walked on: The Counsellor, who soon overtook her, halted, and asked her very civilly, what was the matter. I see, said he, you have been weeping plentifully, has any Disaster happened to your Family? Speak freely, you are happily fallen into good Hands; there are many People who would take an Advantage of the Confusion you are in, but from me you have nothing to fear: I am frank and honest, of some Reputation, and if I can be of any Service to you, I will exert myself with all the Zeal I am capable of. Though the Girl was no more than sixteen or seventeen years old, she put on a serious Air at first, and held it out stiffly for a long Time, that nothing ail’d her, that she did not want his Protection, though however, she was obliged to him for the Offer, and that all she desired of him was, that he would let her proceed. But at length, after many Entreaties, which were the real Effects of the Gentleman’s compassionate Temper, the young Woman falling again into Tears, which she

I 4 could

could refrain no longer, said to him, " You are in
 " the right, Sir, I am not myself, I am disorder-
 " ed in my Mind, I run up and down like one
 " mad, and am within an Ace sometimes of mak-
 " ing away with myself. I am the only Daughter
 " of a Father, who perfectly adored me. My
 " Will was a Law to him, which he took a Plea-
 " sure in observing, whatever it was ; so that I ne-
 " ver asked him any thing, but he immediately
 " granted it. But about a twelve Month ago,
 " when he was in the Prime of his Years, God
 " called him to himself, at which Time the
 " Thoughts of our Separation gave him a thou-
 " sand Times more Uneasiness than the Prospect of
 " Death. He was so loth to leave me, that he re-
 " commended me, in the most earnest manner to
 " the Care of his Wife, my Mother-in-Law, who
 " promised him whatever he desired, embraced
 " me in his Presence, and swore by an Oath, ac-
 " companied with a Torrent of Tears, that I
 " should for ever have a Share in her tenderest
 " Friendship. But alas! my poor Father, had
 " scarce closed his Eyes, when she began to tyran-
 " nize over me in such a manner, that there is
 " scarce a Moment but she insults and threatens me;
 " from Menaces she often proceeds to Blows, and
 " this very Day, after having used me extreemly
 " ill, she turned me out of Doors." " That is
 " bad indeed, said the Counsellor; you have rea-
 " son without Dispute to complain; come into my
 " Coach, if you please; I must make you Friends,
 " if possible, or at least know what is the Cause of
 " such a dangerous Quarrel?" She expressed a
 " Reluctance against taking him home with her; she
 " was very fearful of being seen, and her Mother-in-
 " Law's Indignation made her tremble; but she was
 " fain to comply at last. The Widow's House made
 " a goodly Appearance, and was separated from the
 Street

The Curious Miscellany. 121

Street by a long Wall, and a large Yard before the Door.—The Counsellor, having sent in to know whether the Gentlewoman was at Leisure, was carried into a fine Hall, hung with Tapestry, to which Madam came in a Moment. He was surprized to find her a tall handsome Woman about fifty Years of Age, with a sweet engaging Countenance, and the Mien of a Queen, rather than the Widow of a private Man. After mutual Compliments he gave her an exact account of what had passed betwixt him and her Daughter, shewed her what would be the Consequence, and having begged her Pardon for the Liberty he took, to intermeddle in an Affair which was properly Domestick, he entreated her very courteously to tell him the Reason of the Difference. The old Lady thanked him for the kind Concern he shewed for her Family, and did not spare to reproach her Daughter-in-Law; but at length, in Complaisance to the Arbitrator, Miss was sent for in, restored to Madam's good Graces, and they made reciprocal Promises, the one to be very obedient for the future, the other to be more indulgent, and to shew all the tender Regard that a Mother is capable of to a Child of her own, which was very much to the Satisfaction of the Counsellor, who was glad at his Heart, that he had been so successful a Mediator. Then the Daughter was ordered to withdraw, and Madam took that Opportunity to confess her vast Obligation to the Counsellor.—She earnestly entreated him to bring her into the Acquaintance of his Lady, that she might have more Opportunities of being benefited by his wholesome Counsels: She hoped he would vouchsafe to honour her with his Company at Dinner, the rather because the Cloth was already laid, and as she had invited some Friends, she was the better prepared to regale him with three or four good Dishes. The Compliment was uttered with so good a Grace,

122 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

a Grace, that the Counsellor gave his Consent, ordered his Coachman to go home, and tell his Family not to wait for him, and bid him return again with the Coach in two Hours. Mean time the Lady with his Leave, retired to give Orders concerning the Dinner. As he was walking alone, expecting her return, he accidentally struck his Elbow against the Hangings, and found a void Space, which excited his Curiosity to lift them up, when, to his great Astonishment, he saw the naked Corpse of a Man all bloody, who seemed to have been lately murdered, extended at full Length upon a Bed of Straw, contrived in the Wall. This horrid Spectacle, which threatened him with the like Fate, made him run precipitately out of the Room, and when he was got into the middle of the Yard, some Body saw him, and called to him, entreating him to have a little Patience, adding that the old Lady would be with him in a trice, that every Thing was ready to be served up, &c. but all these fine Words could not stop him. He told them, as he ran out, that something was just come into his Head which would admit of no Delay, that he would be back again almost as soon as gone, and that fall to, as soon as they pleased, there would be enough left for him. Just as he was got out of the Gate, who should enter but four great Villains, cut Throats, who were hired no doubt, to reward him for his good Offices; but they came a little too late, so that the honest Man escaped the snare that was laid for him, and the old Bawd, and the young Coutezan had the Mortification to find that they had acted their Parts in vain.

A shocking
 tale to honour her with his Company at Dinner, the
 as had already said, and as
 the had invited some Friends, she was the better
 prepared to regale him with three or four good
 Dishes. The Compliment was mixed with so good
 a Grace.

A shocking Instance of Jealousy.

SOME hundred and odd Years since, there was in *France* one Captain *Coucy*, a gallant Gentleman of an ancient Extraction, and Keeper of *Coucy* Castle, which is yet standing; he fell in love with a young Gentlewoman, whom he courted for his Wife, and had gained her Affection; but her Parents disapproving it, forced her to marry one Monsieur *Fayel*, who was Heir to a great Fortune. Captain *Coucy* thereupon quitted *France* in Discontent, and went to the Wars in *Hungary*, against the *Turks*, where he received a mortal Wound, not far from *Buda*; being carried to his Quarters, he languished some Days: But a little before his Death he spoke to an ancient Servant of his (of whose Fidelity he had many Proofs), telling him, that he had a great Business to entrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to perform; which was, that after his Death he should get his Body opened, take out his Heart, and bake it to Powder in an earthen Pot; then to put the Powder, together with a Bracelet of Hair (which he had long worn about his left Wrist, and which was a Lock of Mademoiselle *Fayel*'s), and a little Note he had written with his own Blood to her, into a Box; and after he had given him the Rites of Burial, to make all the Speed he could to *France*, and deliver the said Box to Mademoiselle *Fayel*. The old Servant did as his Master had commanded him, and went to *France*; and coming one Day to Monsieur *Fayel*'s House, he suddenly met him with one of his Servants, and examined him, because he knew he was Captain *Coucy*'s Servant; and finding him timorous, and faltering in his Speech, he searched him, and found the said Box in his Pocket, with the Note, by which he discovered what was contained in it: He dismissed

missed the Bearer with Menaces, that he should come no more near his House. Monsieur *Fayel*, going in, sent for his Cook, and delivered him the Powder, charging him to make a little well-relished Dish of it, without losing a Grain of it, for it was very costly ; and commanded him to bring it in himself, after the last Course at Supper. The Cook bringing in the Dish accordingly, Monsieur *Fayel* commanded all to depart the Room, and then began a serious Discourse with his Wife ; that, ever since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclinable to a Consumption, and therefore he had provided for her a Cordial, which was so precious, that he was well assured it would cure her ; whereupon he made her eat up the whole Dish. She afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last, she had eaten *Coucy's Heart* ; and so drew the Box out of his Pocket, and shewed her the Note and the Bracelet : In a sudden Exultation of Joy, she, with a far-fetch'd Sigh, said, " This is a precious Cordial indeed ! " and so licked the Dish, saying, " It is so precious, that it is " a Pity ever to put any Meat upon it." So she went to Bed, and in the Morning was found dead.

The Effects of Fear and Grief.

WHEN the Duke of *Alva* went to *Brussels*, about the Beginning of the Tumults in the *Netherlands*, he sat down before *Hulst*, in *Flanders* : There was a Provost Marshal in the Army, who was his Favourite, and had been secretly commissioned by him to put several Persons to Death. This Provost went late one Evening to the Tent of one Captain *Bolea*, an Officer in the same Army, and

and his intimate Friend, and brought with him a Confessor and an Executioner, as it was his Custom: He told the Captain, he was come with his Excellency's Commission to execute Martial Law upon him. The Captain started up suddenly, his Hair standing on end, being struck with Amazement, asked him wherein he had offended the Duke: The Provost answered, "Sir, I come not to expostulate the Business with you, but to execute my Commission; therefore, I pray, prepare yourself, for here is your Ghostly Father, and Executioner." The Captain immediately fell upon his Knees before the Priest, and having done, the Hangman going to put the Halter about his Neck, the Provost threw it away, and, breaking into a Laughter, told him, he had no such Commission, and had done this to try his Courage, how he could bear the Terror of Death. The Captain, looking ghastly upon him, said, "Then, Sir, get you out of my Tent, for you have done me a very ill Office." The next Morning Captain *Bolea*, though a young Man of about thirty, had his Hair all turned grey, to the Admiration of all who knew him; and, tho' the Duke of *Alva* himself questioned him about it, yet he would not disclose the Cause. The next Year the Duke was recalled, and in his Journey to the Court of *Spain* he was to pass through *Saragossa*; and this Captain *Bolea* and the Provost attended him, as his Domesticks. The Duke being to repose some Days at *Saragossa*, the young old Captain *Bolea* told him, that there was a thing in that City worthy to be seen by his Excellency, which was a Bedlam-house, for there was not the like in Christendom. "Well (said the Duke), go, and tell the Warden, I will be there To-morrow in the Afternoon, and desire him to be in the way." The Captain having obtained this Order, went to the Warden, and told him, that the Duke would
come

come and visit the House the next Day; and the chief Reason of this Visit was, that he had an unruly Provost about him, who was oftentimes subject to Fits of Phrenzy; and because he wished him well, he had tried several ways to cure him, but all would not do; therefore he would try whether keeping him close in Bedlam for some Days would do him any good. The next Day the Duke came, with a Train of Officers after him, amongst whom was the Provost: Being entered into the House, about the Duke's Person, Captain *Bolea* told the Warden (pointing to the Provost), "That's the Man:" so he took him aside into a dark Lobby, where he had placed some of his Men, who muffled him in his Cloak, seized upon his fine gilt Sword, with his Hat and Feather, and so hurried him down into a Dungeon. The Provost had lain there two Nights and a Day, at which Time it happened that a Gentleman, coming out of Curiosity to see the House, peeped in at a small Grate wherethe Provost was; the Provost conjured him, as he was a Christian, to inform the Duke of *Alva* that his Provost was there clapped up, nor could he imagine why. The Gentleman did the Errand; whereat the Duke being astonished, sent for the Warden with his Prisoner: So he brought the Provost, *en querpo*, Madman-like, full of Straws and Feathers, before the Duke, who, at the first Sight of him, breaking out into a Laughter, asked the Warden, why he had made him his Prisoner. "Sir (said the Warden), it was by Virtue of your Excellency's Commission, brought me by Captain *Bolea*." *Bolea* stepped forth, and told the Duke, "Sir, you " you have asked me often, how these Hairs of " mine grew so suddenly grey; I have not revealed it yet to any Soul breathing, but now I will " tell your Excellency — (and so related the Affair " in *Flanders*.) — And, Sir, I have been ever since " considering

“ considering how to get an equal Revenge of him,
“ and I thought none more equal or corresponding
“ (as he hath made me appear old before my time)
“ than to make him mad if I could ; and had he
“ staid some Days longer close Prisoner in the
“ Bedlam-house, it might happily have wrought
“ some Impressions upon his Pericranium.”

The Duke was so well pleased with the Story,
and the Wittiness of the Revenge, that he made
them both Friends.

The ill Consequences of an unforgiving Temper.

TWO Brothers in *France* had a very great Difference : The injured fell sick, and upon his Death-bed sent for his Brother, and told him,
“ Brother, you know you have injured me, and
“ yet proceed in your Hatred : I find I am a dying Man, and therefore I am willing to leave
“ the World in Charity, and be reconciled to you ;
“ although it is your Duty to sue to me, and you
“ would do it, if you had any natural Goodness in
“ you.” “ How (replies the other), does your
“ proud Heart come down now ? ” “ Well then
“ (says the other), I will never forgive you, neither
“ in this Life, or in that which is to come.” So he turned himself from him in a great Rage, and died immediately. The surviving Brother became extremely troubled in Conscience, and continued so till the other was buried ; when sitting at Dinner the next Day amongst his Friends, his Brother appeared in his Winding-sheet, took him from the Table, amongst all the Company, into the midst of the Floor, where they sunk down together, and were never more heard of : And at this Day there is a great Plate of Brass, upon which is engraven the Particulars of this dreadful Account.

A noble

*A noble Instance of Gratitude in Lewis the
Fourteenth.*

THIS Monarch having received private Intelligence that *Ghent* was besieged, caused a Rumour to be spread abroad, that he would begin the War on the Coast of *Almaine*, and sent a great Number of Troops, with an Order to encamp on the *Sarre*. The Enemy informed of this, detached a great Part of their Army to that Side. The King perceiving they had took the Feint, said, when he was at Supper, "*Ghent* is invested, and we must go " and raise the Siege." All were in the greatest Perplexity imaginable, how to be in a Readiness to follow the King, who immediately began his March, with as many as could attend him ; the rest were ordered to follow : He travelled all Night, and early the next Morning found himself before the Abbey of *Busilly*. He demanded of some of his Attendants a Manchet and a Cup of Drink ; but the Provisions were not come up : The Father Procureur (for so they are called, who officiate for the Abbot in his Absence) being advertised of this, presented the King immediately with a Glass of Wine and a Piece of Bread on his Knees ; and believing that those who followed his Majesty were equally distressed, he ordered Tables to be spread on the Road all the Way they marched ; with which the King and all the Nobility were extremely delighted, and made it the chief Subject of Conversation till they came to *Ghent*, where the Business of the War drowned all other Considerations.

Fifteen Years after this Adventure, the King's Confessor brought him a List of several vacant Benefices, and among the Number was the Abbey of *Busilly* ; he told his Majesty, he had disposed of that to a Friend of his own. " No (replied that great
" Prince),

“ Prince), I think I have given it to one most
“ worthy of it.” The Confessor, surprized, ask-
ed to whom? “ To a Man whom I command you
“ to find out (said the King); it is the Person who
“ was Father Procureur there at the Siege of *Ghent*.”
The Confessor durst not but obey, and writ imme-
diately to all Parts, in Search of him; who being
found, repaired to Court. The first Place the King
saw him in, was at the Celebration of the Mass, and
perfectly knowing him again, said to the Confessor,
and those that stood by him, “ Behold the Abbot
“ of *Bussilly* ! ” Then approaching him, said,
“ You shall see this Day, that a good Action,
“ sooner or later, never goes without its Recom-
“ pence.”

A very remarkable Example of Obstinacy.

IN the Year 1628, the Prince of *Conde* (Father
to the late great General of that Name) com-
manded the Army of the *French* King against the
Calvinists, who were then in open Rebellion, and
had possessed themselves of several Provinces in the
West of *France*. The Prince besieged the City of
St. Sever, and making a large Breach in the Walls
by his Artillery, ordered his Men to give a general
Assault, but they were repulsed, and obliged to re-
tire within their Trenches. They afterwards made
several unsuccessful Attempts, and the Prince de-
spairing of taking it by Storm, sat down contented,
that Famine would in a short time make them
gladly surrender. Their Distress being at the height,
greater Numbers having perished through Hunger
than by the Sword; he offered the Residue the
most favourable Conditions, but they obstinately re-
fused, and chose rather to die with their Wives and
Children, the most miserable of all Deaths, than

live by the Mercy of a King they were resolved to throw off all Allegiance to.

Famine and continual Assaults had left very few alive ; yet, weak and almost expiring, their Obstinacy remained in full Strength ; they destroyed by Fire all their rich Furniture, which was too bulky to be carried away easily ; and one Night, when it was very dark, they made a Hole in the Wall, through which they crept, and made their Escape to the Mountains, where they all perished miserably. At the Break of Day, the Prince being told that no Person was to be seen on the Walls, made his Troops advance cautiously, imagining some Ambuscade, but perceiving the Gap in the Wall, he easily conjectured the Truth ; having forced the undefended Gates, he found several Men loaded with Goods, and endeavouring to follow their Companions the same Way they went ; these he caused to be slain on the Spot : And thus perished all the unhappy Inhabitants of that City.

A particular Incident.

WHEN the *French* King invaded *Holland*, in 1672, an *English* Gentleman of a slender Fortune, but martial Spirit, soon after Marriage, determined to follow the Wars. His Wife thought herself slighted, especially from the Silence of her Husband, which he continued seven Years. At last, having an Opportunity, he sent her his Ring, to convince her he was alive, and continued his Love. The Bearer having a secret Passion for the Lady, presented her the Ring, as a Legacy of her deceased Husband, and following it with Offers of Love, in a few Days they were married. In a little time she disliked her second Husband : The first Husband returned ; and she making her Innocence appear,

pear, he was pacified, and they cohabited; the second being obliged by Law to resign: However she appeared again very cloudy; he would know the Reason, which she told him was, that she was very credibly assured that her second Husband intended to murder him, the better to have Access to her; to prevent which he must be dispatched, or they could not be safe; that to effect it he had the fairest Opportunity, he being that Night to take his leave of her, before his Departure for *Burgundy*. He consented; the Guest arrives; the Glass goes freely about; at length she infused a strong Suporific in his Wine, which laid him fast asleep; then they strangled him: This done, he bore up the fore part of the Corpse, and she supported the Legs on her Shoulders, and while they were crossing the Garden to the River-side, she, with a Needle and strong Thread (provided for that Purpose), tacked together the Coat-lappets of both her Husbands: When they came to the Brink of the Precipice, "Now, Wife (said he), are you ready?" "Now, Husband," answered she — So down went the dead and the living too.

This she denied a great while, but being confronted by the Servants, who swore she was left alone with her Husbands, and they being found, and taken up sewed together, she at last confessed, and was executed for it.

Complained with an Inconceivable Pain in the Head, and was found dead with the Needle in the Head.

It was all the while she was in the Bed, and she was found dead with the Needle in the Head.

It was all the while she was in the Bed, and she was found dead with the Needle in the Head.

A very extraordinary Dream.
A Poor *French* Peasant in a Dream one Night, heard, as he thought, a very distinct Voice; but in a Language which he did not understand; yet the Impression was so strong upon him, that he remembered the Words very perfectly. The next Day he consulted the most learned of his Neighbourhood.

bourhood. It seems none of them could explain the Words, he was therefore advised to go to Mr. *Saumaise* (Father to the Critic so well known by his Writings) who was not very far off, and was said by the Country Folks, to be a great Scholar. When Mr. *Saumaise* heard the illiterate honest Man repeat the Words spoken to him in the Dream, it was no small Surprise, to find they were *Greek*, and even elegant *Greek*, to this Sense, "Have you not a Presentiment of your Death." The Words were so particular, so distinctly spoken by the poor Man; and he was in so much Repute for Candour, Honesty, and plain good Sense, that Mr. *Saumaise* concluded there must be something very particular in the Case; he therefore detained the Man till next Day; when sending some Persons home with him, they found his House had fallen to the Ground in the Night, and he must have perished in the Ruins had he not been forewarned by the Dream.

A Mistake of the Marquis of Ormond's in a Visit to a French Nobleman.

A Certain *French* Nobleman having invited the Marquis of *Ormond* to pass some Days at his House in *St. Germain en Laye*; the Marquis, in compliance with an inconvenient *English* Custom, at his coming away left with the Maitre d'Hotel ten Pistoles to be distributed among the Servants. It was all the Money he had, nor did he know how to get Credit for more when he reached *Paris*. As he was upon the Road, ruminating on this melancholy Circumstance, and contriving how to raise a small Supply for present Use, he was surprized when advertised by his Servant, that the Nobleman, at whose House he had been, was behind him driving

ving furiously, as if he was desirous to overtake him. The Marquis had scarce left *St. Germain*, when the Distribution of the Money he had given caused a great Disturbance among the Servants, who exalting their own Services and Attendance, complained of the *Maitre d'Hotel's* Partiality. The Nobleman hearing an unusual Noise in his Family, and upon enquiry into the Matter, finding what it was, took the ten Pistoles himself, and causing Horses to be put to his Chariot, made all the haste that was possible after the Marquis of *Ormond*. The Marquis upon Notice of his Approach, got off his Horse, as the other quitted his Chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great Affection and Respect, but was strangely surprized to find a Coolness in the Nobleman which forbade all Embraces, till he had received Satisfaction in a Point which had given him great Offence. He asked the Marquis if he had Reason to complain of any Disrespect or any other Defect which he had met with in the too mean, but very friendly Entertainment which his House afforded; and being answered by the Marquis, that his Treatment had been full of Civility; that he had never passed so many Days more agreeably in his Life, and could not but wonder why the other should suspect the contrary. The Nobleman then told him, " That the leaving ten
" Pistoles to be distributed among the Servants, was
" treating his House as an Inn, and was the great-
" est Affront that could be offered to a Man of
" Quality; that he paid his own Servants well,
" and hired them to wait on his Friends as well as
" himself; that he considered him as a Stranger
" that might be unacquainted with the Customs of
" *France*, and err through some Practice deemed
" less dishonourable in his own Country; otherwise
" his Resentment should have prevented any Ex-
" postulation;

“postulation: But as the Case stood, after having
 “explained the Nature of the Affair, he must ei-
 “ther redress the Mistake by receiving back the
 “ten Pistoles, or give him the usual Satisfaction of
 “Men of Honour for an avowed Affront.” The
 Marquiss acknowledged his Error, took back his
 Money, and returned to *Paris* with less Anxiety about
 his Subsistence.

An Instance of true Christian Courage.

CASTEN Marquiss de *Reny*, an illustrious
 Nobleman, was a Soldier and a Christian,
 and had a peculiar Felicity in reconciling the seem-
 ing Opposition betwixt the two different Characters.
 He had a Command in the *French Army*, and
 had the Misfortune to receive a Challenge from a
 Person of Distinction in the same Service. The
 Marquiss returned Answer by the Person that
 brought the Challenge, that he was ready to con-
 vince the Gentleman he was in the wrong, and if he
 could not satisfy him, he was ready to ask his Par-
 don. The other not satisfied with this Answer,
 insisted upon his meeting him with his Sword; to
 which he sent this Answer, “That he was resolved
 “not to do it, since God and the King had for-
 “bidden it; otherwise, he would have him know
 “that all the Endeavours he had used to pacify
 “him, did not proceed from any Fear of him,
 “but of Almighty God, and his Displeasure; that
 “he should go every Day about his usual Business,
 “and if he did assault him, he would make him
 “repent it.” The angry Man not able to pro-
 voke him to a Duel, and meeting him one Day by
 Chance, drew his Sword and attacked him, who
 wounded and disarmed both him and his Second,
 with

with the Assistance of a Servant that attended him ; but then did this truly Christian Nobleman shew the Difference betwixt a Brutish and Christian Courage, for he led them to his Tent, refreshed them with Wine and Cordials, caused their Wounds to be dressed, and their Swords to be restored to them, and dismissed them with Christian and Friendly Advice, and was never heard to mention the Affair afterwards to his nearest Friends. It was a usual saying of his, " That there was more true Courage and Generosity in bearing and forgiving an Injury for the Love of God, than in requiting it with another ; in suffering rather than revenging, because the Thing was much more difficult : " That Bulls and Bears had Courage enough, but " it was a brutish Courage, whereas ours should " be such as should become reasonable Creatures " and Christians.

Adultery, how punished in a Negro in Virginia.

IN an out Plantation, upon the Borders of *Potomac* a River in *Maryland*, there lived a Planter, who was Master of a great Number of Slaves. The Increase of these poor Creatures is always an Advantage to the Planters, their Children being born Slaves ; for which Reason the Owners are very well pleased, when any of them marry. Among these Negroes there happened to be two, who had always lived together and contracted an intimate Friendship, which went on for several Years in an uninterrupted Course : Their Joys and their Griefs were mutual, their Confidence in each other was entire ; Distrust and Suspicion were Passions they

had no Notion of. The one was a Batchelor ; the other married to a Slave of his own Complexion, by whom he had several Children. It happened that the Head of this small Family rose early one Morning, on a Leisure Day, to go far into the Woods a hunting, in order to entertain his Wife and Children at Night with some Provisions better than ordinary. The Batchelor Slave, it seems, had for a long Time entertained a Passion for his Friend's Wife ; which from the Sequel of the Story, we may conclude, he had endeavoured to stifle, but in vain. The Impatience of his Desires prompted him to take this Opportunity of the Husband's Absence, to practice upon the Weakness of the Woman ; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his Attempt. — The Hunter, who found his Prey much nearer Home than usual, returned some Hours sooner than was expected, loaden with the Spoils of the Day, and full of the pleasing Thoughts of feasting and rejoicing with his Family, over the Fruits of his Labour. Upon his entering his Shed, the first Object that struck his Eyes were his Wife and his Friend asleep in the Embraces of each other. A Man acquainted with the Passions of human Nature will easily conceive the Astonishment, the Rage, and the Despair, that overpowered the poor *Indian* at once : he burst out into Lamentations and Reproaches, and tore his Hair like one distracted. His Cries and broken Accents awakened the guilty Couple, whose Shame and Confusion were equal to the Agonies of the injured. — After a considerable Pause on both Sides, he expostulated with his Friend in Terms like these ; “ My Wrongs are greater than I am able to bear, ” and

“ and far too great for me to express. My Wife !
“ ——— But I blame not her. After a long
“ and lasting Friendship, exercised under all the
“ Hardships and Severities of a most irksome
“ Captivity ; after mutual repeated Instances of
“ Affection and Fidelity ; could I suspect my
“ Friend, my Bosom Friend, should prove a Trai-
“ tor ? I thought myself happy, even in Bondage,
“ in the Enjoyment of such a Friend, and such a
“ Wife ; but cannot bear the Thoughts of Life
“ with Liberty, after having been so basely betray-
“ ed by both. You both are lost to me, and I to
“ you, I soon shall be at Rest ; Live and enjoy
“ your Crime, Adieu.”——— Having said this,
he turned away and went out, with a Resolution to
die immediately. The guilty Negro followed him,
touched with the quickest Sense of Remorse for his
Treachery. “ It is I alone, said he, that am guil-
“ ty, and alone who am not fit to live ; let me en-
“ treat you to forgive your Wife, who was over-
“ come by my Importunities. I promise never to
“ give either of you the least Disquiet for the fu-
“ ture : Live and be happy together, and think of
“ me no more. Bear with me but for this Night,
“ and To-morrow you shall be satisfied.” Here
they both wept and parted ; when the Husband
went out in the Morning to his Work, the first
Thing he saw was his Friend hanging upon the
Bough of a Tree before the Cabin Door.

The Evil Consequences of unlawful Love.

SOME few Years ago, there lived at Vienna
a German Count, who had long entertained a
secret Amour with a young Lady of a considerable
Family.

Family. After a Correspondence of Gallantries, which lasted two or three Years, the Father of the young Count, whose Family was reduced to a low Condition, found out a very advantageous Match for him, and made his Son sensible that he ought in common Prudence, to close with it. The Count upon the first Opportunity, acquainted his Mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole Matter before her, with such Freedom and Openness of Heart, that she seemingly consented to it; she only desired of him that they might have one meeting more, before they parted for ever. The Place appointed for this their Meeting, was a Grove which stands at a little Distance from the Town; they conversed together in this Place for some time, when on a sudden the Lady pulled out a Pocket Pistol, and shot her Lover thro' the Heart, so that he immediately fell down dead at her Feet. She then returned to her Father's House, telling every one she met what she had done. Her Friends upon hearing her Story, would have found out Means for her to make her escape, but she told them she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him; and that for the same Reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way Justice should determine. She was no sooner seized but she avowed her Guilt, rejected all Excuses that were made in her Favour, and only begged that her Execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her Head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the Interest of her Friends should obtain a Pardon for her. When the Confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the Soul of the dead Count? He replied, that his Case was very dangerous, considering the Circumstances in which he died. Upon this so desperate was her Frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same

same Place where the Count was. The Priest was forced to give her better Hopes of the deceased, from Considerations that he was upon the Point of breaking off so criminal a Commerce, and leading a new Life, before he could bring her Mind to a Temper fit for one who was so near her End. Upon the Day of her Execution she dressed herself in all her Ornaments, and walked to the Scaffold more like an expecting Bride, than a condemned Criminal. She was placed in the Chair according to Custom of that Place, where after having stretched out her Neck, with an Air of Joy, she called upon the Name of the Count, which was the appointed Signal for the Executioner, who, with a single Blow of his Sword, severed her Head from her Body.

An Instance of the Wealth and Magnificence of the Citizens of Antwerp.

IN the Reign of Charles the Fifth, a certain rich Burgher of Antwerp, had lent the Emperor a Million of Gold Ducats, for which he had his Bond; and that Prince passing this Way some time after, the honest Man, instead of dunning him, begged he would accept of a Lodging under his Roof. This Invitation Charles complied with (for he was an affable and popular Prince) and he was regaled in a manner every way suitable to his Dignity. The Merchant at last, to crown the Entertainment kindled a large Fire with Cinnamon Wood, and in the Presence of his Guest, threw the Obligation into it.

A Remarkable Adventure.

TWO Merchants of *Paris*, united by Friendship and Interest, and of an equal Fortune, the one had a Son, the other a Daughter, who were brought up together, and flattered by their Parents with the Hopes of being united for ever. The happy Time was drawing near, when a Man, who had nothing to recommend him but a large Fortune, fell in Love with the young Girl, applied to her Relations, obtained her against her Inclination and Consent, and in Spight of all her Entreaties and Tears. After being thus sacrificed to *Plutus*, her first Care was resolutely to forbid her Lover ever to come near her. The Husband soon perceived he had no Share in her Heart, but as he was not nice in point of Sentiments, he did not appear the least uneasy at it. She grieved at her dismal Fate to such a Degree, that she could not but soon feel the Effects of it. After lingering for some Time she fell into a deep Melancholy, which lulled her Senses asleep in such a Manner, that she was thought dead, and buried accordingly. The Lover was soon apprised of all this, and instead of giving Way to his Grief, he began to have hopes. He remembering that before her Marriage, she had been once in a Lethargy, he went in the Night to the Church-Yard with the Grave-digger, whom he had bribed, took her out of her Grave, brought her to his House and used proper Remedies with such Success, that in a very short Time she recovered her Senses. How great was her Surprise when she opened her Eyes, to see her Lover by her: It was no difficult Task to make her sensible how much she was indebted to him. She was soon prevailed upon to forget her former Husband, and think that he who had restored her to Life had the
best

best Right to her. They came over to *England*, where they remained for ten Years.

A Fancy took them to go back to their Native Country, the old Husband met his former Wife in a publick Walk, was shocked at the Sight, accosted her, and notwithstanding the Alterations ten Years had made on her Face, and the Care she took to alter her Voice, and conceal herself, he knew her again, and claimed her before a Court of Judicature.

The Lover represented that he had got his Wife by his Care, that without him she would be in her Grave, that his Antagonist by ordering her to be buried, had given up all his Right to her; that he could even be charged with a Desire of getting rid of her, since he had not waited long enough to know whether she really was dead, nor used proper Means to waken her out of her Lethargy; all this was in vain, the Judges seemed deaf to those Reasons suggested by Love. The young Couple thought it no longer safe to trust to the Event of a Law-suit, but quitted the Kingdom, and passed the Remainder of their Days in Foreign Countries.

The merciless Planter.

A Planter in *Virginia*, who was Owner of a considerable number of Slaves, instead of regarding them as Human Creatures, and of the same Species with himself, used them with the utmost Cruelty, whipping and torturing them for the slightest Fault. — One of these thinking any Change preferable to Slavery under such a Barbarian, attempted to make his Escape among the Mountain *Indians*, but unfortunately was taken and brought back to his Master. Poor *Arthur*, (so he was called) was immediately ordered to receive three hundred

hundred Lashes stark naked, which were to be given him by his fellow Slaves, among whom there happened to be a new Negro, purchased by the Planter the Day before: This Slave, the Moment he saw the unhappy Wretch destined to the Lashes, flew to his Arms, and embraced him with the greatest Tenderness: The other returned his Transports and nothing could be more moving than their mutual bemoaning each other's Misfortunes. Their Master was soon given to understand that they were Countrymen and intimate Friends, and that *Arthur* had formerly in a Battle with a neighbouring Nation, saved his Friend's Life at the extreme Hazard of his own. The new Negro, at the same time, threw himself at the Planter's Feet with Tears, beseeching him, in the most moving Manner, to spare his Friend, or at least to suffer him to undergo the Punishment in his Room, protesting he would sooner die ten thousand Deaths than lift his Hand against him. But the Wretch looking on this as an Affront to the absolute Power he pretended over him, ordered *Arthur* to be immediately tied to a Tree, and his Friend to give him the Lashes; telling him too, that for every Lash not well laid on, he should himself receive a Score. The new Negro, amazed at a Barbarity so unbecoming a human Creature, with a generous Disdain refused to obey him; at the same time upbraiding him with his Cruelty; upon which, the Planter turning all his Rage on him, ordered him to be immediately stripped, and commanded *Arthur* (to whom he promised Forgiveness) to give his Countryman the Lashes himself had been destined to receive. This Proposal too was received with Scorn, each protesting he would rather suffer the most dreadful Torture than injure his Friend.— This generous Conflict, which must have raised the strongest feelings in a Breast susceptible of Pity, did

did but the more inflame the Monster, who now determined they should both be made Examples of, and to satiate his Revenge, was resolved to whip them himself. He was just preparing to begin with *Arthur*, when the new Negro drew a Knife from his Pocket, stabbed the Planter to the Heart, and at the same time struck it to his own, rejoicing, with his last Breath, that he had revenged his Friend and rid the World of such a Monster.

*An Adventure of the Prince of Saxony *.*

WHEN this Prince was at *Florence*, an Abbot, a Native of *Sienna*, had mentioned a young Lady of his Kindred, as the most beautiful Woman in *Italy*, and had promised that on his Journey to *Sienna* he should be blessed with the Sight of her. The Prince, as soon as he was arrived at this Town insisted upon the Performance of the Abbot's Promise; whereupon the Abbot conducted him the same Evening to the great Church, where she was waiting for the Blessing. The Prince found the young Person to be exceeding charming, and conjured the Abbot to procure him a private Conference with her. The officious Priest directly made answer, "That the Execution of his Desire was not utterly impossible: But it would not only cost him very much Pains, but also a very large Sum of Money." The Prince replied, that, as for the Trouble he should esteem it but little; and in regard to the Expence, he should never grudge that, and, provided he could but obtain his End, he was ready to disburse whatever Sum should be required of him." The Abbot furnished with these prevailing Arguments, without Hesitation

* *Frederick Augustus the II. late King of Poland.*

Hesitation undertook the Matter; he went to the young Woman's Mother, and found her more pliable than even he expected. This inhuman Woman consented to sacrifice her Daughter for a thousand Pistoles, to be paid at the Delivery of the innocent Victim. The Project being thus agreed upon, she spoke to her Daughter, whom she found very unwilling to comply with her Request. The young Woman was deterred from consenting to this Proposal, not only by the Horror of being exposed to public Dishonour, but also by an Amour between her and a young Man, who had promised her Marriage, and of which Match her Mother refused her Approbation. She threw herself at her Mother's Feet, and conjured her not to compel her to an Action, which would infallibly cover her with Shame and Infamy. The Mother deaf to her Intreaties, threatened, that if she did not obey, Imprisonment in a Convent should be her Fate ever afterwards. These Threats made the unfortunate Daughter tremble; but her Despair suggested to her some means of preventing a Prostitution. She hid her Intention from her Mother, and feigning to submit totally to her Will, told her the Prince of Saxony might be admitted. The Abbot, well satisfied with this Answer, introduced the Prince to his Cousin. The Mother gave him a very kind Reception, but the Daughter cast down her Eyes, and spoke not a Word. So cold an Entertainment did not at all surprize the Prince, for he imputed it partly to the Mother's Presence, and partly to the last Struggles of departing Virtue. He impatiently desired to be alone with her, wherefore the Abbot and Mother left them. But how great was his Surprise, to see the young Woman fall down at his Knees, full of Tears, embrace them, and with a lamentable Voice intermixed with frequent Sighs and Groans, conjure him to have pity upon a young Woman

Woman of Quality, who was then by a barbarous Mother sacrificed to vile Interest ! “ Great Prince, “ (said she to him) I am now wholly in your Pow- “ er, and my only Hope is placed in your “ Generosity ; which I implore, and am per- “ suaded to be in Greatness not inferior to your “ Birth. Abuse me not, I beg of you in the “ Name of God, in this miserable Condition, to “ which my Mother hath reduced me !” A show- er of Tears interrupted her Voice ; and obliged her to desist. The Prince touched with the Misery, which he saw this young Woman subject to, dis- tressed her up. “ Fear nothing, Madam (said he “ when he raised her) I am so far from abusing “ the Authority your Mother has given me over “ you, that I will even protect you against that “ same Mother, only tell me, what you desire “ me to do.” A condemned Malefactor, to whom Pardon is declared at the last Approaches of Death, could not be sensible of a greater Joy, than was at this Time this virtuous young Woman. She again threw herself at the Prince’s Feet, but was incapable of producing a Word ; and continu- ing to embrace his Knees, seemed to adore him, as her Guardian Angel ; but the Prince raised her up, and after having given her Time to regain her Senses, he desired to know, why, since she refused to satisfy his Desires, she had consented to be left alone with him. She related to him all that had passed between her Mother and herself, and conceal- ed not from him, that the Fear of being deprived of a Lover, who was very dear to her, had induced her to consent to her Mother’s Orders. “ I pleased “ myself with the hopes, Sir, (said she) that my “ Miseries would touch you, and if I had been de- “ ceived in my Expectation (continued she, pulling “ out a Dagger) this should have prevented my “ Infamy ; for I should have plunged this Dagger
L “ into

"into my Breast." The Prince was astonished,
 and charmed to find so much Courage in a Person
 not seventeen Years of Age. "Madam, (said he)
 "I admire your Beauty, and cannot but respect
 "your Virtue ; I am heartily glad that I am ca-
 "pable of contributing to your Happiness, and
 "shall even endeavour to obtain your Mother's
 "Consent to your Marriage with that Person to
 "whom you have promised Fidelity ; and fully
 "to convince you of my Esteem, be not, I beg
 "of you, displeased at my settling upon you, an
 "annual Pension of a thousand Crowns for your
 "Life-time." These generous Proceedings enli-
 vened the young Lady with Gratitude, and she
 gave the Prince fresh Assurances, that her Lover
 and she would for ever, gratefully acknowledge his
 Munificence. "May Heaven (said she to him)
 "endue you with the greatest and best of its Bles-
 "sings." The Prince answered, "That his Obl-
 "gations to her for those Wishes were exceeding
 "great" and begged she would call upon her Mo-
 ther, and leave him alone with her. This Wo-
 man had no sooner entered the Room, than she
 was loaded with the Prince's Reproaches for the
 great Injury she had done her Daughter. He con-
 tinued to persuade her to consent to her Daughter's
 Marriage, which if she refused, she must not ex-
 pect him to perform the Contract, he had made
 with her for the Payment of a thousand Pistoles.
 "You must (said he when he saw her irresolute)
 "consent to my Demands, or else be content with
 "being shut up in a Convent. I intend to ask that
 "favour of the Great Duke, and am well assured,
 "that the Share I have in his Friendship will not
 "suffer him to deny it me. For I tell you again,
 "that I shall not consent to let your Daughter re-
 "main with you." The mention of a Convent,
 put the Mother in a fear, equal to that, which she
 had

had put her Daughter in before, wherefore she submitted to the Prince's Desires. A Notary and the Bridegroom were directly sent for; the Marriage Contract was drawn, and signed the same Hour. The Prince paid the thousand Pistoles to the Mother, and settled the promised Pension on the Daughter.

Wronged Innocence, or the Jealous Mistake.

A GENTLEMAN had a very handsome Wife, a little inclined to Coquetry, who delighted in pleasing, and loved to frequent those Places where Diversions were to be had: Balls were her prevailing Passion: She danced well; and her Husband, who feared that she might be at length seduced, absolutely forbid her this Sort of Diversions. The Lady, though contrary to her Inclination, submitted to his Will, and for no other Reason, but because it is commonly said, the Commands of the strongest are always the best. But at length, after having a long time done Violence to herself, she resolved to deceive her Husband by the help of a Disguise which the Carnival permitted; and stole in Masquerade to a Ball one Night, believing him in a sound Sleep. But as the jealous never sleep sound, he awaked at a time she least expected, and her evil Genius put a thousand Suspicions into his Head, which forced him to rise, and enter her Bed Chamber to satisfy himself. Not finding her there, his Suspicions were soon changed into a Certainty: Not doubting of his being betrayed, he thought of nothing else, but in what manner to be revenged; and as he judged rightly, that he might meet an Opportunity at the Ball, he went thither directly, and stood in a Place, where he saw a Lady dancing like his Wife, and in whom, as he imagined,

imagined, he beheld her Behaviour, Shape, and Size. After observing for some time this Masque, and being fully persuaded that she was the Person he sought after, he approached her, and being animated with the utmost Fury, and Resentment, struck her violently on the Head with his Glove, which he had filled with Lead : The Lady fell down on the Floor, stunned by the Blow. But, how great was his Astonishment on finding his Mistake ! the Lady was carried home very ill ; and as this Adventure was immediately known, the jealous Man's Wife not being willing to expose herself to the same, or a worse Treatment, retired to her Parents, where she entered an Action against her Husband, for a Design on her Life. The Lady who had received the Injury likewise did not fail to sue him for Damages : Thus this unfortunate Man became a Mark for these two Ladies ; one prosecuted him for the Intention, and the other for the Effect.

A Ridiculous Passage.

THE Inhabitants of *Provence*, having heard of the great Honours a *Persian* Ambassador had received at *Marseilles*, resolved in their Turn to equal, and if possible, to surpass them ; for this End, they had Gifts prepared to make him ; composed a very fine Speech for the Occasion, and appointed fit Deputies to present their Compliments and Offerings to the Ambassador : But, behold an Accident which was likely to spoil all ! and that was, in what manner to make themselves understood. A Consultation was held thereupon ; and after great Enquiries, they at last found out a Mariner, who had been for a long time in the *Levant*, and spoke the *Persian* Tongue like a Provincial ; who was therefore chosen as a fit Person for their Purpose. This

This Man had Wit, which is no uncommon thing in *Provence*; he very soon got the Oration by heart, which he translated almost in as little time. The Deputies placed him at their Head, after having dressed him in a manner suitable to the Part he was to act. He promised to acquit himself to all their Satisfactions: He did not fail likewise on his Part, to give them their Instructions, which were to watch his Motions carefully, and to do the same as he did; and without embarrassing them with any further Commands, they engaged to follow his Directions; and so they did accordingly when they came before the Ambassador, who was complimented by our new Master of the Ceremonies, and by his Attendants, as is customary in the Province of *Erivan*: But that, which should have pleased, provoked and incensed him beyond Expression; and with an angry Countenance, clapping his Hand to his Scymetar, "Ah, detestable Wretch! cried he, (interrupting the poor Orator, in the height of his Harangue) thou must certainly be a *Persian*; otherwise, it were impossible for thee, to imitate our Manners and Language so exactly; thou art undoubtedly a Renegade: I will therefore this instant cut off thy Head with this Scymetar." This was an unexpected and terrible Shock to the disguised Mariner, who was very desirous to ward off the Blow, if he knew how; he swore, and made a thousand Grimaces, which the Deputies observing, did the same. But unfortunately, the more he spoke, the more the Ambassador was irritated, on hearing and seeing him deliver himself so well, in the Language and Gestures of his Country, which confirmed his Belief of his being a Native of *Persia*, and still kept his Scymetar lifted up, to give the fatal Stroke. It may be justly supposed, that this pretended *Persian* in this dismal Situation, thought every Minute an Hour, and from

the bottom of his Heart repented the taking upon himself a Commission which seemed to threaten the loss of his Life. But in fine, Necessity, the Mother of Invention, freed him from this impending Danger; for by racking his Brains, he undertook to convince this credulous and incensed Ambassador to a Demonstration, that he was always a Christian, and never circumcised: This he proved properly.—But, now comes the Farce; the Deputies, who always kept their Eyes stedfastly fixed on their Speaker, mistook the whole for *Persian* Compliments, and Ceremonies, and gave the very same Proofs of their being likewise uncircumcised. The Reader may guess what a comical Scene this must have been.

The Effects of good Advice, or the reformed Courtizan.

A GENTLEMAN of Wit and Ingenuity, related the following Story; That as he was walking abroad one Day, he met a Woman of an extraordinary Mien; the Sight of whom startled and surpris'd him greatly: She was perfectly terrible to behold, and appeared to be the very Image of wild Despair. Her Walk and Pace were disordered, and shewed a Trouble, insomuch, that turning back to follow her, he went further into the Anxiety of her Heart; at last he called to her, she turned back, and came up to him. Her Eyes, and every Feature of her Face, which had been, as he could perceive, fine and delicate, were distorted with Convulsions and Agonies; her Mouth opened with Difficulty, and spoke in a Tone that was hollow and dismal; and when she ceased, it seemed as if Hunger and Thirst had stopped her Tongue,

Tongue, and closed her Lips from the power of any Thing, but delivering her last Breath in a Groan, and if ever any Thing was, she was an Abstract of Wretchedness. He began, and asked her how she came into this miserable Condition? "Alas! Sir, said she" with a great Sigh, and thus she did proceed, pointing with a white withered Arm and Hand, that with Pain she lifted up for want of Strength, "Do you behold yonder glorious Field, which looks so green and gay, and is brightened with the Reflection of the Sun?" "I see it," said he. "The first Part of my Life," continued she, was like that, a Scene of Pleasantry and Serenity, till a false, flattering, base, deluding Man first courted me to leave it, and afterwards himself left me, when he had stole my Honour from me; then like that gloomy Lane, (pointing to another Part) was my next Life, I sinned with every Passenger, and that led me into a large Wilderness of solitary Woe and melancholy Sadness; and now I am going to the darkest Place of it, the Emblem of my Wretchedness, to weep off Life as fast as ever I can, and burst myself with Sighing; there I shall fall unknown, and not die a still more horrid Scandal than I have lived." He urged it to her, to depend on Providence; and that he perceived in the bottom of her Heart, some good remaining, that might secure his Mercy, and call for his Protection. He then gave her a Crown, and told her that Heaven would provide for her if she would be good. That keen Kind of Transport, which she shewed at the Gift, gave him, if possible, a greater feeling for her, than any thing that passed between them before. He wished her well, she thanked him, and departed.

By your Munificence and good Advice I have now received one Crown and very clean

L 42 About

About a Year afterwards, going into a Church, in the City by Chance, to offer up his Morning Devotions, he found there in a Pew, just before him, one of the most beautiful Women he ever saw; and as devout as she was beautiful. In this praying Posture, with that Face she looked like an Angel. As soon as she happened to cast her Eye towards him, when Prayers were over, for all the Time of them, they were incessantly upon her Book, he observed her Colour to come and go, and she looked as one ready to faint away: At that time of her Fainting, he fancied strongly, that he had seen her Face, though he could not tell when or where, and so resolved to speak to her when she was out of the Church. He accordingly took his Opportunity, and begged to wait upon her home; she easily granted it; he wondered at it. When they came to a very noble large House, she turned, dropped a Curtesy, and said she was at home; he bowed, and was departing; she called him back, and asked him to walk up Stairs. He began to suspect her Virtue a little; but went up. She entertained him even to Magnificence: All the best eating, and the best Wine she gave him, that *London* could afford; and all her Discourse was Witty, Instructive, and Diverting. Just when it grew Evening, and before she would let him take Leave of her, she opened herself to him in the following Manner. “Do not you, Sir, (said she) with Tears in her Eyes, remember such a Walk, and what a sad Spectacle of human Nature you once saw there, to whom you bountifully gave a Crown?” “Oh! replied he, well I remember it: But how should you hear of that?” “Look at me, Sir; pray do not be surprized, for I am that very Wretch, now altered to this State by your Munificence and good Advice. With that one Crown I got myself refreshed and very clean:

“ clean : I had the Wickedness to borrow then
“ (with Shame I tell it now) the Gown of a fair
“ Partner in Sin, and going in the Street, on Pur-
“ pose to be picked up, a Merchant that was
“ drunk met me ; I went to a Tavern with
“ him, there I considered of his being drunk, and
“ let him fall asleep, as he was inclined. Out of
“ his Pocket, I got his Gold Watch, about three-
“ score Guineas, and some Letters, by the Directi-
“ on of which, I knew his Name, and where he
“ lived. I afterwards ordered a Coach to
“ carry him home. With all this Money
“ of the Merchant’s about me, I considered your
“ Words, that one Act of Honesty in a needy
“ Body raised more Compassion in a generous Per-
“ son, than a thousand Misfortunes. I went next
“ Day to the same Tavern, sent for the Gentleman
“ thither, gave him back his Money and his
“ Watch, and with it good Advice worth all his
“ Gold. He gratified me largely, enquired
“ where I lived : He came and visited me often,
“ made me frequently great Presents, but at length
“ would have had me for his Mistress ; a Sense of
“ Honour had returned upon me, and the Need he
“ delivered me from, freed me from giving my
“ Consent to so generous a Benefactor. He liked
“ me the better for it, continued to me his Benevo-
“ lence, delighted in my Conversation ; and living
“ very well and contented, grew handsomer every
“ Day, at last he grew in Love, and married me ;
“ all this I owe to you.”

What a Fortune is here raised from a Crown !
what a virtuous Woman from one Word of good
Advice !

An Adventure of the Mohocks.

A Poor unhappy Wretch had once the ill Luck to fall into the Hands of the Mohocks, those vile Disturbers of the Publick Tranquility, and was carried by them directly to *Tyburn*. When they had brought him there, those Butchers not being at that Time in a sanguinary Humour, or for some other Reasons best known to themselves, went no farther with their Cruelty, than to tie his Arms with a Rope, and hang him thereby on the Gallows; which having done, they left him, and proceeded on their Way. This Unfortunate spent the Night in a Condition, which, though not mortal, was nevertheless very painful: But Patience, alas! was his only Remedy. — He was afraid to call for Help at that unseasonable Hour, lest some of the Fraternity might come, and place the Rope a little higher, and by that means prevent his crying out: He therefore chose a much safer Way, which was to keep Silence, and patiently (or rather impatiently) to wait till the Day appeared, to put an End to this sad Adventure. But how great was his Grief and Mortification, when, in the most affecting Terms imaginable, he implored the charitable Assistance of a Waggoner (passing by at the Dawn of Day) who, notwithstanding, whipped on his Horses, and made all the Haste he could from the Place. The next who came up soon after, did the same, believing him to have been a Malefactor, who, for some Crime had been executed there. At length a third, of a more humane Disposition and greater Courage, came up to him, and released the Captive, who bestowed a thousand Blessings on his kind Benefactor, and returned Thanks to Heaven for having escaped so well.

A Foreknowledge of Death.

AN Intendant General of the Mint of *Lyons*, a Man of Wit and Humour, and who always loved Mirth and Pleasure, took a sudden Fancy in his Head that the Time of his Death was come, (tho' he was at that Instant in the best State of Health imaginable, and not stricken in Years :) What was yet more extraordinary, he exactly foretold how long he had to live, and appointed a certain Day for his Departure with as much Exactness as if he had been condemned by a Decree of the *Tournelle**. His Friends endeavoured all they could to dissipate such melancholy Thoughts, for which they could not perceive the least Foundation, since he was not in the smallest Degree changed, walking and going about his Business as usual : But as he employed the greatest Part of his Care and Pains in settling his domestic Affairs, and above all those of his Conscience, they could never persuade him by the most prevalent Arguments to dispel these sad Apprehensions. "Leave me alone (said he to his Friends) "and pursue your own Amusements, I have Matters of the utmost Importance to mind." At length the fatal Day being come, he confessed, received the Sacraments and Extreme Unction, which being done, he dressed himself, and went directly to the Priest, to thank him for his Care : He then returned to his own House, and giving Money to an Acquaintance in whom he confided, directing him to go to a certain Church, which he named, and to have Mass said there for dying Persons ; and from thence to another, and there to have Mass said for departed Souls : His Orders were duly executed, and on his Return he found the Intendant actually dead.

Mistaken

* A Court for criminal Causes, belonging to the Parliament of *France*.

Mistaken Innocence; or, Virtue betrayed.

A Young Lady and a young Gentleman had long entertained a secret Passion for one another, which being at last disclosed to both their Parents, was by them so approved and encouraged that the young Lover was invited by his Mistress's Father to be at his House. At last the Deeds of Settlement were drawn, and the Solemnization was to be performed within the Week. They were now permitted to be alone together as often as they would; when lo! one unhappy Day, when all the Family were abroad, being in love with one another to Distraction, and talking over all the Words of Passion, they inflamed each other to an impatient Desire of that imaginary Happiness, which would have been real after Marriage: He told her, she was then the same as married, and used all the Eloquence of Love to persuade her to that Belief which Inclination made her too willing to entertain, half constrained as it were, and half thinking she might in these Circumstances grant his Request with Virtue, more unfortunately than viciously, he made his intended Wife his Whore. He being naturally jealous, when all the Heat of Joy and Dalliances of Pleasure were over, and Room was made for cooler Thought and Judgment, he raved like a Madman at his own Defects, but cursed her Credulity still more, and viewed her within himself with a malignant Eye, as one that was inclined to be a Mistress: Stung to the Heart with this unlucky Thought, that she whom he loved at first on Principles of Honour, should yield to an Act of Shame, stole from the House the Evening before the Marriage was to have been solemnized, and left her. This gave both the Families great Uneasiness, but most to the young Lady, she advanced in her Pregnancy,

nancy, and was more wretched still, by becoming a public Talk. Her Father turned her out of doors, helpless and moneyless, to the wide World, in that forlorn Condition, and was deaf to all Intreaties on her Behalf. The Mother, being of a tender Disposition, and considering her unhappy Circumstances, gave her as much Money, Plate, and Jewels as she could without being discovered. The unhappy Lady travelled, under her Load of Misfortunes, to London, where she was delivered of the poor Infant, born to Beggary, and not to inherit it's Father's Fortune; It happily died at three Years End, when she had spent all she had, and was besides in debt. The poor Lady desirous to do Pennance in the meanest Service, resolving never to be Mistress to any other Man; but her cruel Father had written, and deprived her of all the Help of Friends; not one Relation in Town did or would see her; she had no Friends beside, and Service without Recommendation was not to be had. For Bread she would not be vicious; she was starved to Death, dying a Martyr for that Virtue, that only such a Man, at such a Time, in such a Circumstance, could ever have made her forfeit.

A strange Account of an Apparition.

A Lady being at a Friend's House, and engaged at Cards, a Servant informed her that a Gentleman wanted to speak to her: She hastily rose up, and gave her Cards to one that stood behind her. She found the Person to be a Gentleman in public Business, and an old Acquaintance, but a Stranger to every one else in the House. She conducted him into a Room, supposing he had somewhat extraordinary to communicate to her; and seeing him very pale, and greatly altered, thought

thought some Accident had befallen him : But how great was her Astonishment, on hearing him address her in the following manner : “ I beg pardon, “ Madam, for coming thus to interrupt your Plea- “ sures ; it is to take my eternal Farewel of you : “ I am dead, and I ” ——— Here she interrupt- ed him, imagining by these Words that some great Misfortune or Sicknes had disordered his Senses. “ What is it you say (replied she) and why all “ these Tokens of Despair ? ” “ Nothing hath “ befallen me (answered he), but what is common “ to all Mankind ; I have paid the last Debt to “ Nature ; and, except my visiting you thus, “ there is no Reason at all for your Surprise : Let “ this particular Privilege assure you of my Friend- “ ship and Esteem, which even Death itself hath “ not been able to dissolve. In the mean time, as I “ cannot say much, after having in the first Place se- “ cured myself a small Place in your Remembrance, “ I will give you a Token of my Confidence, and “ that is to intreat you to go directly to my House, “ and inform my Children, that behind my Bed, “ and under the Tapestry, they will find an Iron “ Chest, in which are Papers of the utmost Im- “ portance : This, Madam, is the last Favour I “ have to ask. ” — Having spoken thus, he made a low Bow, and retired. She was much inclined to doubt the Truth of this Relation : However, though disturbed at what had passed, she rejoined the Company. The Lady who had held her Cards while she was away, observing a deep Con- cern in her Countenance, desired to know the Cause : “ What Discourse have you had with that Man “ (said she) and what hath he told you, to make “ you so uneasy ? ” “ Alas ! my Dear, (replied “ the Lady) he would fain have persuaded me that “ he was dead ! — He must certainly have been “ either drunk or out of his Wits ; nevertheless “ he

“ he always had the Character of a prudent sober
“ Man; I am therefore much at a Loss what to
“ think of this Affair.” “ Madam (says her
“ Friend) be that as it will, it well deserves your
“ Attention, and a Friendship of so long a Date
“ requires your Care.” She approved of what she
said, flung her Cards aside, and, stepping into her
Coach, which she had ordered to be got ready,
made all the Haste she could to the Gentleman’s
House, which, on entering, she saw hung in Mourning;
and the next sad Object she beheld was
his Coffin; at which melancholy Scene she fainted
away, and was with Difficulty recovered. But at
length believing by this Circumstance that the other
Particulars might be true, she thought it a Duty
incumbent upon her to inform his Family of the
Chest; which was accordingly found in the Place
before mentioned.

on the other side of which lay a
most agreeable Prospect, terminating at a consider-

able Distance in a lovely Grove, which they in-
vited to a little Habitation, whose Situation might

Eudocius and Selinda, an Adventure.
A Gentleman being once at a Friend’s House
in the Country, took a Ride one Day to di-
vert himself, while his Friend made a Visit, in
which he did not incline to accompany him. As
he was returning in the Afternoon towards home,
he cast his Eye on a small House at a little Distance
from the Road: The Elegance of its Structure,
the Beauty of its Situation, and the Neatness of the
Gardens that surrounded it, all conspired to make
him turn a little out of his Way in order to take a
nearer View of it. As he drew towards the Entrance
of a stately Avenue of Trees, which lead directly
up to the House, a Gentleman, who was walking
there with a Book in his Hand, approached him
very civilly, and enquired his Business: He told
him, that coming down to spend the Summer at
Mr.

Mr. Such-a-one's, he had made a little Excursion to see the Country, and could not pass by so charming a Seat, without indulging his Curiosity so far as to take a nearer View of it. "The Gentleman you mention (said *Eudocius*, for so we shall call him) is a Person for whom I have a very great Esteem: Be so good, Sir, as to alight, and if there is any thing about my House, that is worth your Observation, I assure you, you are very welcome to the Sight of it." He complied with his Request, and *Eudocius* himself conducted him into all the principal Rooms of his House, in which were many good Paintings, and the Furniture neat and useful, without having any thing gaudy or superfluous. He then led him into his Gardens, which were elegantly laid out, and adorned with several antique Statues; At the Bottom of the Parterre ran a beautiful Canal, on the other Side of which lay a Park, affording a most agreeable Prospect, terminating at a considerable Distance in a lovely Grove, whither they insensibly wandered: In the Middle of this Grove stood a little Marble Edifice, whose Situation might be properly styled sweetly melancholy. In this was contained a Collection of the best Authors, and was particularly well supplied with the Poets. Here *Eudocius* drew out of his Bosom the Book which he had in his Hand when he first saw him: It was a *Virgil*, which opened of itself at the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*. But Night coming on, they returned to the House, where, after taking a Glass or two of Wine, he took his Leave, though not without being obliged to promise to make him another Visit as soon as he had an Opportunity. As he was returning home, he could not forbear reflecting on what had passed; especially because he had not observed any Woman, so much as a Servant about the House, nor the least thing in any of the Rooms which could possibly be supposed to belong to

to any of that Sex. *Eudocius* himself, though a Person of the most polite Behaviour, had yet such a settled Melancholy in his Temper, that although in Complaisance to a Stranger, he endeavoured to assume an Air of Chearfulness in his Conversation, yet it could be easily perceived that he thereby laid a Restraint on his Inclinations, and that it was impossible for him to put on even the Appearance of Gaiety without a visible Reluctance. As soon as he came home, he related this Adventure to his Friend, and entreated him, if it was in his Power, he would acquaint him with the Story of *Eudocius*: Accordingly in order to satisfy his Desire, he proceeded in the following Manner.

Eudocius (says he) is now about five and twenty, he is possessed of about a Thousand Pounds a Year, and descended of a very honourable Family, both his Parents dying when he was very young, left him to the Care of *Mentor*, who had been also his Father's Tutor. *Mentor* managed both his Pupil's Education and Estate with the utmost Prudence, until *Eudocius* reached his eighteenth Year; when *Mentor*, dying, left every thing entirely to his own Management; in which, notwithstanding his Youth, he demeaned himself so prudently, that he justly gained the Reputation of being one of the finest Gentlemen in the County: In short, every Body loved him as a good Neighbour, and esteemed him as a judicious Friend. About three Miles from *Eudocius* lived *Severus*, a morose old Man of about two thousand Pounds a Year real, besides an immense personal Estate, all which, at his Decease, descended to his only Daughter, *Selinda*, a young Lady, who both by her Beauty and Merit more than deserved it. *Eudocius*, by Education, Family, and Interest, was attached to one Party; and *Severus*, by a natural Obstinacy in his Temper, violently addicted to the other: This occasioned the Families having

little Intercourse with one another, except their sometimes visiting at the same Places.

It was at one of these accidental Meetings that *Eudocius* first saw *Selinda*. This first Interview created in him a strong Concern, which ripened by Degrees into a violent and lasting Passion. The Love of *Eudocius* was received with a reciprocal Kindness by *Selinda*, and *Severus's* Consent was only wanting to make them happy.

A Friend, whom *Eudocius* had made his Confident in this Affair, was employed to sound the old Gentleman's Inclinations upon this Head: But, no sooner was it mentioned to *Severus*, than, with his usual Vehemence of Temper, he positively declared that if his Daughter wedded *Eudocius*, he would not only immediately turn her out of Doors, but at his Death would deprive her both of his Blessing and Estate.

Too well the Lovers knew the obstinate Temper of old *Severus*, to hope, either by gentle Methods or Length of Time, to soften him into a Compliance. *Selinda*, besides the Risque she run in disobeying her Father, had too great a Regard for her Duty to think of marrying without or against his Consent. The following Expedient therefore was resolved on, as best suiting to the Situation of their Affairs: *Eudocius* was to go abroad, under the Pretence of travelling; but indeed, that *Severus* might not suspect he entertained any farther Thoughts of his Daughter: *Selinda*, on her part, promised on her part, in the most solemn manner, never to think of any other for a Husband notwithstanding any Persuasions or even Threats her Father might make use of to induce her to the contrary. They flattered themselves that this cruel Separation could not last long, ere Death, by taking away *Severus*, who was now near fourscore, and miserably afflicted with

with the Gout, would thereby remove the sole Obstruction to their Happiness.

But alas! How easily do our Inclinations impose upon our Judgments, and how readily do we credit what we wish to be true: The Lovers imagined that *Severus* was effectually blinded; but in this, alas! they were highly mistaken. — Old Age is naturally suspicious: He began to have some Apprehensions on that Head, but without taking the least Notice of it to *Selinda*, (which he rightly judged, if it were so, would make her the more cautious) by placing Spies on her Conduct, and, by corrupting a favourite Maid of hers, whom she had made her Confident, he at last came to know all. No sooner was he made Master of the Secret, but bridling the natural Impatience of his Temper, he resolved to take such Measures as should punish her Disobedience, and frustrate her Passion for *Eudocius*; and all this too, without letting her know he was at all acquainted with the Matter. In order to carry on the Scheme he had formed, he suffered the three or four first Letters which *Eudocius* wrote to *Selinda*, to be safely delivered to her, the last of which was dated from *Paris*, and the Contents were that some Reasons inclined him to continue there for some Time. After this, *Severus* having it in his Power, constantly intercepted them for the Space of three Months; during which Time, the Lovers suffered the most intolerable Anxiety. *Severus*, thought it now time to put his Design in Execution; he instructed a Fellow for that Purpose, and having furnished him with a Dress and Equipage suitable to the Appearance of a Person of Distinction, then brought him to his own House as a Gentleman from *London*, who made him a Visit. At Dinner *Severus* took occasion to ask him for News, “I am,” said the Stranger, about a Fortnight ago come from
M 2 “*Paris*,

“Paris, and the Day before I set out, *Eudocius*
 “(whom I am informed is your Neighbour in this
 “Part of the Country) was married to a Lady of
 “that City, of great Quality and immense For-
 “tune.” Scarce had he pronounced these Words
 ere *Selinda* fell from her Chair to the Ground;
 she was immediately conveyed thence to her Cham-
 ber, and from that Minute was seized with a Fe-
 ver. Her Father who imagined her Illness might
 be soon removed, was overjoyed at the Success of
 his Plot: But this Satisfaction was overturned in a
 very few Days, by the Physicians acquainting him
 that it was impossible to save *Selinda*’s Life.—
 Stung with the Thoughts of having murdered his
 Daughter, he ran to her Bed-Side, where on his
 Knees, and with a Flood of Tears, he discovered
 the whole Contrivance, producing at the same time
 the intercepted Letters from *Eudocius*, and conjuring
 her, if possible, to make herself easy on that Head,
 and to forgive him. In the midst of this unhappy
 Scene, a Letter was delivered to him from *Eudocius*,
 who, unable longer to bear the Pain of a Separation
 from *Selinda*, joined with that cruel Uneasiness
 arising from his not being able to hear from her,
 was arrived the Day before privately at his own
 House, where receiving Information of *Selinda*’s
 being at the point of Death, he wrote to her Fa-
 ther in the most moving Terms to entreat his Per-
 mission to see her. *Severus* gave orders he should
 be admitted immediately, and notwithstanding her
 extreme Illness, he caused them that Evening to be
 married in his Presence. But alas! This Indul-
 gence came too late, for although the next Day
 she appeared somewhat better, yet the Day
 after, her Disease returned with such Violence, that
 towards Evening, the unhappy Bride expired in
 the Arms of her beloved *Eudocius*. Extream Grief
 and Vexation in a Fortnight’s time carried off *Se-*
verus,

verus, whose vast Estate by his dying without a Will, descended to a Person who was a very distant Relation

Eudocius to divert in some Measure his excessive Melancholy, caused his old Family Seat to be pulled down, and in its stead erected after the *Italian* Manner, that Structure you so much admire. It is here, that perfectly retired from the World, he passes his Days in a continued Solitude, scarce seeing any Company, and never suffering a Woman to come within the Doors; he confines himself entirely in the Compass of his own Gardens, where he spends his Time mostly in Study, and the Perusal of the Antients: And yet in spite of all his Wisdom and Philosophy, gives Way to an immoderate Grief, and fruitlessly bewails the Loss of his dear *Selinda*.

A Comical Merry Prank.

THERE lived at *Nimes* a Gentleman of infinite Humour and Gaiety; and whenever his Invention failed him, always found out the Art of making others the Objects of his Mirth and Raillery. He resolved one Night to play a waggish Trick on one of his Neighbours, which was merry enough. This Neighbour was an honest Gentleman who lived Cit like, and very sparingly; so that his Cook had but little Work on his Hands, and seldom supped by Candle-Light, that being thought too expensive: The dim Light of a Lamp was all he allowed at Night-time, and even of that he was very frugal; for, when he and his Wife had finished their Night's slender Repast, they always put out the Lamp; and after having secured their Door, and covered up a little Fire, in order to kindle it on their Return, they went and

passed the remainder of the Night at one of their Neighbours. This comical Gentleman observed, and watched all their Motions, determining to break in upon their austere Rules, to fret and perplex them a little. In order to which, he hired a number of Masons, and placed them properly with all their Materials; and after Mr. *Recolin* (for that was his Name) and his Wife, had gone from home, he caused them to wall up their Street-Door, and placed himself with a few more of his Friends at such a Distance, so as that they might hear what these good People would say, and how they would take the Joke, and find out the Deceit. They did not tarry very long, for about ten o'Clock Mr. *Recolin* and his Wife being very regular, wished their Neighbours a good Night; and according to the common Custom were lighted to the Door. — A very pleasant Dialogue commenced between these Folks: You need not go any further, says one of them, for we can now find our Way; take Care, replied they, how you tread, least you should make a false Step: These, and several other Compliments being over, they shut the Door and retired. Mr. *Recolin* searched for the Door of his own House, which he thought he knew too well to mistake, and groped from Side to Side. — But how great was his Surprise, when instead of his Door he found a Wall! “Surely, cries he, to his Wife, I am greatly mistaken: This is not our Door, it must be lower down.” He walked here and there, and groped about to no Purpose. “What cried he, in a Tone which made the Hearers almost burst their Sides with Laughter, have they stole my House away? Or have they altered its Situation? There must undoubtedly be something supernatural in this! — I must find it out. — Come, let us begin,” continued he, from one End of the Street, and
“reckon

The Curious Miscellany. 167

“ reckon every House as we go along.—— Here,
“ saith he, such a One lives; the next, a Shop; in
“ this Corner, the Cobler; the next a Butcher:”
All these he called by their Names and Surnames.

This tedious Reckoning lasted to the End of
the Street, without having the Comfort after all
of finding out their beloved Dwelling.

“ It is
“ done cried he, it is past Recovery, in a most
“ doleful Voice: It is situated between a Chirur-

“ geon and a Cook; I find both these, but no
“ House that divides them.—Ah! my dear Wife,

“ What will become of us? Here we are at a
“ most unseasonable Hour:—Where must we

“ lodge? And what will Folks say on being made
“ acquainted with our Misfortune?—Alack a

“ Day! Is it an Enchantment? Is it a Miracle?
“ And wherefore should the same Fate befall us,

“ as formerly to the Inhabitants of Sodom?”

All the Time this Dialogue lasted, to which his

Wife replied no otherwise than by Sighs and Tears,

he continued searching for the Door, but without

Effect. The good Woman had a Mind to cry

out Thieves, Robbers: She with a low and me-

lancholy Voice repeated the Inventory of her little

Furniture; and there was not even the most insig-

nificant Part, from the Frying-Pan to the Gridiron,

but what cost her new Pangs and Sighs:—They

would have passed the whole Night in this deplor-

able State, if the Gentleman and his Associates had

not discovered the Mystery by a loud hearty Laugh.

They ordered Candles to be light, and had the

false Wall pulled down. Mr. Recolin was so over-

joyed at finding his Door, and so impatient to get

in, that he was not willing to lose a moment in

complaining of the Trick that had been played

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The Fatality of Heroick Love.

A Spanish Cavalier of Worth passionately loved a young Woman, who was only a Jeweller's Daughter; but a perfect Beauty and was to have a great Estate. This Cavalier having understood that the most furious Bulls of the Mountains were taken, and thinking it would be a very glorious Action to vanquish them, resolved to taurise, as they call it, and for that End desired Leave of his Mistress. She was so surprized at the bare Proposal only which he made, that she swooned away; and by all that Power which he had given her over himself, she charged him not to think of it, as he valued his Life. But in spite of her Charge, he believed he could not give a more ample Proof of his Love, and therefore privately caused all Things necessary to be got ready in order thereunto. But industrious as he was to hide his Design from his Mistress, she was informed of it, and used all Means to dissuade him from it. In fine, the Day of this Feast being come, he conjured her to be there, and told her that her very Presence would be sufficient to make him conquer, and to acquire a Glory, which would render him yet more worthy of her. "Your Love, says she, is more ambitious than it is kind, and mine is more kind than it is ambitious. — Go where you think Glory calls you. — You have a Mind I should be there, you will fight before me. — Well, I do assure you that I will be there; but yet perhaps my Presence will afford you more Matter of Trouble than Emulation." However, he left her, and went to the Place appointed, where there was already a mighty Assembly; but scarce had he begun to defend himself against the fierce Bull that assaulted him, when a Country Youth threw a Dart at this

this terrible Creature, which pierced him so deep, that it gave him a great deal of Pain. He immediately left the Cavalier that was fighting him, and roaring, ran directly after him that wounded him. This Youth, thus frightened, would have saved himself, when his Cap, which covered his Head, fell off, and then the loveliest and longest Hair, which could be seen, appeared upon his Shoulders; and this discovered it to be a Maid of about fifteen or sixteen Years of age. Fear had put her in such a Trembling; that she could neither run, nor any way avoid the Bull.—— He gave her a desperate push on the Side; at the same Instant her Lover knew who it was, and was running to assist her. Good God! What a Grief it was for him to see his dear Mistress in this sad Condition? Passion transported him, he no longer valued his Life, and grew more furious than the Bull, and performed Things almost incredible; he was mortally wounded in divers Places. They carried these two unfortunate Lovers to her unhappy Father's House; they both desired to be in the same Chamber, and though they had but little time to live, yet begged the Favour they might be married. Accordingly they were married, and since they could not live together, yet at last were buried together, in one and the same Grave.

The Splenetick Emperor oddly cured.

A Certain *Turkish* Emperor once contracted such a ridiculous Fancy as to imagine that there was always a Fly sitting upon his Nose, which flew away when he scared it, but returned again immediately to the same Place. All the Physicians then in *Constantinople*, were consulted upon that occasion,

casion, and after they had long used in vain all their Endeavours, a *French* Physician found Means to apply a suitable Remedy to the Distemper ; for he did not go about as the rest, to argue with him, that it was all a Fancy, and there was nothing in it, but when he was brought to the Sick Man, and asked by him, whether he saw the Fly that was sitting upon his Nose ? He said he did, and by that prudent Dissimulation, induced the disordered Person to place the utmost Confidence in him. After which he ordered him several innocent Juleps, under the name of purging and opening Medicines ; At last, he drew a Knife gently along his Nose, as if he was going to cut off the Fly, and then shewed him a dead Fly, which he had kept in his Hand for that Purpose : Whereupon he immediately cried out, this is the very Fly which hath so long plagued me ; and thus he was perfectly cured of that whimsical Fancy.

Lucretia and Lorenzo an Adventure.

LUCRETIA was a Lady whose Beauty, tho' it distinguished her from all the Women in *Padua*, was very far inferior to her Virtue, and the amiable Qualities of her Mind. Her Chearfulness which was the Effects of her Innocency, made her always agreeable to others ; and the Tranquility of her own Life was such, that as she always seemed so, she was always perfectly easy and well pleased.

The Marquis of *Orciano* fell in Love with her, and married her when she was very young. Her Parents laid no Restraint on her Choice, though they had recommended one Signior *Lorenzo*, who was also deeply in Love with her. The Lady, in Consequence of the Liberty left her, made choice
of

of the Marquis, though before and after her Marriage, she always spoke of Signior *Lorenzo*, in Terms of very high Esteem. Eighteen Years this Couple lived together with all the outward Appearance of Content; several Children they had, the eldest a hopeful Youth, who had prosecuted his Studies with great Applause, and who to the love of Books joined also a suitable Affection for all such Things as it became a Gentleman to know.

As for *Lucretia*, the gentleness of her Manners, her Spotless Character, her artless inoffensive Conduct made her the Darling and Delight of all *Padua*. The Men spoke of her in Raptures, the Ladies held her the Honour of their Sex, and Signior *Lorenzo* persevering in his romantick Gallantry, affected to admire her now no less than when she was single. It happened that the Marquis of *Orciano* had Occasion to make a Journey to *Venice*, and in his Absence the poor Lady fell a Victim, whether to Lust or Jealousy, none can tell.

The Night after her Husband's Departure, her Son hearing her give a violent Shriek, jumped out of Bed, and ran to her Chamber Door, which opening upon him, some Body came out, pushed him over the Stairs, besmearing his Face with his Mother's Blood, and so went out. The Servants alarmed, and bringing Lights, the Lady was found half out of Bed, with three Stabs on her Left Breast, two of which were held to be mortal. She was not quite dead, but speechless, and unable to give any Account who was the Author of her Death.

Signior *Lorenzo* being proved to have walked frequently under her Windows was apprehended, and put to the Torture; which he sustained with incredible Firmness of Mind, acknowledged it the just Reward of his Folly, but declaring that he knew
not

not any Thing of *Lucretia's* Murder, though he might be the innocent and involuntary Author of it. This Expression occasioned new Suspicions, Signior *Lorenzo* was discharged, and the Marquis of *Orciano* imprisoned in his Stead. He proved himself at *Venice*, on the Night of the Commission of the Fact, and was thereupon discharged. Awhile after some of the Servants put it into the Son's Head, that Signior *Lorenzo* was both the Murderer of his Mother, and the Assassin of his Father's Reputation. The Youth unfortunately mentioned it to some of his Fellow Students, who far from moderating the ill Impressions he had received, exhorted him as a Man of Honour to take Vengeance of the Enemy of his Family.

The poor young Gentleman, thus misled, hired certain Bravos to assist him in his Enterprize, which succeeded but too well, for surprizing Signior *Lorenzo* as he came from Prayers, they shot him in the Street, some Gentlemen who were with him, pursued and killed two of the Murderers, but the young *Orciano* escaped, and for some time lived privately in *Venice*. He seemed to be a very well inclined young Man, but a little disturbed in his Head: However, being known, and proclaimed a Banditto at *Padua*, he was forced to fly; his Father lead a very disconsolate Life, having never been able to clear himself from the Suspicions brought upon him by this unfortunate affair: To perpetuate, however, the Memory of so excellent a person the Government of *Padua* have in their Hall of Justice erected a Statue of the amiable *Lucretia*, with a suitable Inscription.

Signior *Lorenzo* was proved to have walked the streets under her Widow's name, and was apprehended, and brought to the Court; which he sustained with incredible firmness of Mind, acknowledged it the just Reward of his Folly, but declaring that he knew

The History of Signior Pandolpho.

THE Hero of this History was a native of *Rimini*, a City in the Papal Territory, and a very accomplished Gentleman ; his Name was Signior *Pandolpho*. He had served some Years in the *French King's Army*, and with Reputation. He resided some time afterwards at *Rome*, but finding, that though his Mind had improved, his Estate had been impaired by so many Years Absence, he retired to *Rimini*, resolving to pass the remainder of his Years in his native Soil. He was then about thirty six, and as active and sprightly as when a Lad. It so fell out, that his House joined to an old Gentleman who had married a young Wife, the Daughter of a Man of great Quality, though but mean Fortune.

Signior *Pandolpho* had not been long at home, before this Lady cast her Eyes upon him. She was a Woman addicted to Pleasure, and without any Regard either to the Laws of Honour or Religion. She made therefore no manner of Scruple of acquainting Signior *Pandolpho* with her Kindness for him ; and he, much too fine a Gentleman, to feel any Restraint from Conscience, contrived a method for their better Acquaintance, by breaking a Passage into her Maid's Chamber, whence he was easily conducted to her's.

But to prevent all possibility of Surprize, the Lady caused several Holes to be bored in a very large Chest, where she kept her choicest Clothes and her Jewels, which was all the Fortune she brought her Husband, that upon any Emergency *Pandolpho* might be locked up therein, and yet not suffer for want of Air.

Things went on in this Course for about two Years, when the Lady fell dangerously ill. Finding

ing her End Approach, she would needs take Leave of *Pandolpho*; but in the midst of this Interview, hearing her Husband coming, he was forced to betake himself to his Chest, in which he had not lain long before he heard the Lady address herself in these Words. "My tenderly loving and much beloved Lord, I find Life retiring; gratify me in one Request dying, to whom living you denied nothing." "Speak, (said the good old Man) and be assured, that whatever you ask shall be granted." "Let then, (said she) that Chest be set upon my Coffin without any Body's being suffered to look in it." "It shall be so, replied the Husband." Presently, some of her Relations came to visit her, and in a couple of Hours she expired. As her Distemper was a Kind of malignant Fever, it was resolved to bury her the next Day, which was accordingly done, and the Chest, unopened, placed upon her Coffin in the Vault where she was interr'd. Before her Amour with Signior *Pandolpho*, she had shewn some Marks of Favour to her Husband's Page, who had thereby an Opportunity of seeing the Jewels that were in her Chest. This Man conceiving that such things were of little use to the dead, went to the Sexton, and having promised him and his Son a Share in the Booty, prevailed on them to take Share in the Enterprize of searching the Chest.—Signior *Pandolpho*, in the mean time gave himself up for dead, and besought the Almighty to pardon him his manifold Sins, and to suffer them to be expiated by this cruel Punishment. Such were his Meditations, when he heard the Door of the Vault open, and soon after found them tampering about the Lock of the Chest. Conceiving thereupon a sudden hope of Deliverance, he pushed back the Spring of the Lock, and throwing

The Curious Miscellany. 175

ing up the Lid of the Chest, started up all at once.

The Thieves supposing it was the Devil come to punish them for their sacrilegious Attempt, fled without looking behind them. *Pandolpho* having put as many of the Jewels as he thought fit into his Pockets, went and hid himself in a private Part of the Church till Morning, and then retired to his own House secretly. His Son, for he afterwards married, being a Priest in the fortieth Year of his Age, retired to *Geneva*, where he became a Protestant, married a young Woman, and left a numerous Family.

MERE MARRIAGE

OR, THE

MOTHER & HUSBANDS

A GALLANT

ADVENTURE.

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The thieves supposing it was the Devil come to punish them for their sacrilegious Attempt, fled without looking behind them. Paddock having put as many of the Jewels as he thought fit into his pockets, went and hid himself in a private Part of the Church till Morning, and then retired to his own House secretly. His Son, for he afterwards married, being a Priest in the fourth Year of his Age, retired to Geneva, where he became a Protestant, married a young Woman, and left a numerous Family.

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MERE MARI;
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ADVENTURE.

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MERE MARY;

OR, THE

MOTHER & HUSBAND;

A GALLANT

ADVENTURE.



L A
M E R E M A R I ;
 OR, THE
M O T H E R a H U S B A N D :
 A
G a l l a n t A D V E N T U R E .

THE Day on which the Ceremonies of Marriage, of Madame the Duchess of *Lorrain*, were celebrated in the Chapel of *Fontainbleau* ; the whole Court in general, manifested by their abundant Tears, their Affliction for the Separation of a Princess, who was so universally admired and esteemed ; even the King himself, gave Demonstrations of his Tenderness and Affection, by the most expressive Sorrow : In short, never before was a matter of Rejoicing, accompanied with so many Tokens of Grief and Concern.

The Court was vastly great and magnificent : But what occasioned it to be more so, was Madame the Marchioness *de Sandreval*'s being there with her beauteous Daughter ; the Cause of whose Journey, was to negotiate an Affair with the Comptroller of the Finances ; for which Purpose, she resorted to his Hall of Audience, intending to deliver a short Petition so soon as he should enter. The Marchioness *de Sandreval*, was a very tall Woman, aged about forty : She had been accounted in her juvenile Years a *Roman* Beauty : Her Carriage was lofty ; and in her Countenance there was a masculine Air, added to the comely and graceful Features of her own Sex : The Sprightliness of her Temper equalled the Confidence and Boldness of her Heart : She was, during her whole Life, but faintly affected by Love ; for, so greatly she valued her Liberty, that she was resolved never to consent to a second Marriage. As the Happiness and Pleasure of her Life were centred in this Daughter, the sole Fruit of her first Marriage, so her only Care was to marry her as advantageously as possible : Several considerable Offers were rejected, because she could not get a Settlement equal to her Desire.

Felicia, (for so the young Lady her Daughter was called) was in the Bloom of Eighteen, the completest Beauty that ever Nature formed : Her Eyes and Complexion robbed the Diamonds of their Lustre, and the Pearls of their Whiteness : her Motions were graceful, and her Smiles enchanting ; in short, her Charms were capable of warming the most obdurate and insensible. To all these Perfections, with which Heaven had endowed her, she had a Heart tender and susceptible of Love : Her Temper was gay and lively, Company always affording her infinite Delight. The Marchioness loved her so tenderly, that she could deny her nothing ; and so uncontrollable was her Liberty, that they

they might have been easily taken for two Sisters, or two sincere Friends, by those who were unacquainted with them.

They were seated together in the Hall of Audience, when the Count *de Flaville*, of the true Family of *Creve Cœur*, entered with the Design likewise to deliver a Petition: He walked twice or thrice about the Hall, when on casting his Eyes suddenly on the amiable *Felicia*, he was immediately so struck with the Influence of her Charms, that he could not long forbear seating himself close to the Marchioness her Mother. He was almost twenty eight Years of Age, of a good Mien, and graceful Behaviour; but of an indifferent Personage, though set off with all the Advantages a fine Dress could afford. As to his Conversation, the great Commerce of the World had so plentifully supplied him with Materials, that he might pass for a Man of Genius, and tolerable Wit, by the manner in which he made use of the little Nature had given him. But, what far exceeded all personal Advantages, was the universal Reputation he had acquired, of being a most perfectly just and honest Man.

He immediately began a Conversation with the Marchioness; for which, Places of this Kind generally afford sufficient Topicks; and learned from her, that the young Lady with her was her Daughter; and was also told the Cause of their coming. He politely offered his Interest in her Affair, assuring her of his utmost Services: These Offers, which on such Occasions are always agreeable, carried the Discourse to the further informing each other their Names, their Quality, and the Place of their Abode, which was in the City of *Paris*.

After a successful Audience with the Comptroller, *Flaville* conducted them to the Office, where they experienced the Effects of his Interest, by a ready

dispatch of their Business. He took care afterwards, seeing that Chance had so luckily brought them together, to procure them a convenient Situation to see the Ceremony; and as it would be very late when they would leave the Chapel, and that more Liberty and Freedom is allowed there than at *Paris*, he entreated them in a very polite and handsome manner, to accept of a Supper, and the Conveniency of his Coach to return thence to *Paris* the Day following; which kind Offers were thankfully accepted by the Marchioness *de Sandreval*. She was particularly obliged to *Flaville*, for his many Civilities, not knowing that they entirely proceeded from the Love he had conceived for the charming *Felicia* the first Moment he beheld her. He prudently waited to declare his Affection; and although he went with them that same Night to see a Comedy acted, and conversed with much Familiarity with the Marchioness, which was well received, nevertheless he stifled his Passion, until he had insinuated himself a little more into her good Graces.

Flaville, was descended from an extraordinary good Family, and was in the actual Possession of a large Estate; insomuch, that the Marchioness thought him an equal and competent Match for her Daughter. The next Morning, he took them both into his Coach drawn by six fine Horses, with a Retinue, suitable to a Person of his Rank and Fortune; they dined at *Essone* that Day. *Flaville*, rightly judging, that the Marchioness her Consent and Approbation were the first Step to the Possession of his adorable *Felicia*, therefore particularly made his Addresses, and Compliments to her; saying what he judged most fit for his Purpose. Though he did not entirely make his Inclinations known to her, yet, as she had naturally a sprightly and piercing Wit, she guessed perfectly right his whole

whole Intentions, and answered them in such a manner as to give him great hopes of Success.

On her Return to *Paris*, she soon learned that *Flaville's* Estate amounted to upwards of fifteen thousand Livres a Year; and that it would be difficult to find a better Match for her Daughter. *Flaville*, on the other Side was well informed of the Extraction and Fortune of *Felicia*; both which were very considerable: All which, added to the Love he had for her, induced him to make a more open Discovery of his Passion to her Mother, who was unwilling to return a determinate Answer, until she first knew her Daughter's Inclinations.

This Affair had now been about four or five Days in Agitation; when one Day after Dinner, the Marchioness called *Felicia* into her Closet, and shutting the Door, spoke to her in the following Manner: "My dear, and only Child! If I have hitherto refused several Offers of Marriage, know that my Refusal entirely proceeded from the affectionate Love I have always had for you, and the Desire of marrying you to the utmost Advantage. The Count *de Flaville* informs me, that he would willingly become your Husband; he admires you greatly; and the Offer is so considerable, that in my Opinion, you would not act wisely in refusing it: It pleases me, and I give you my Approbation and Consent; but so great is my Love for you, that I will never force you to marry contrary to your Will. Tell me then, my Child! freely, and without Reserve, can you fancy the Count *de Flaville* for your Husband?"—"I never had in my Life the least Reason, Madam, (answered *Felicia*) to doubt your Goodness; for, the Instances I have received are so many, that it would be as impossible to number, as sufficiently to repay them by Acknowledgments. It is more than ten Days,

“ since I first perceived *Flaville's* Love for me, although he never yet made the least Declaration :
 “ I shall not say, that I am deeply in Love with him, but frankly confess that I do not find any
 “ Repugnance in obeying whatsoever Commands so kind a Mother shall impose on me. I do
 “ really think him a very good Match ; and do
 “ likewise verily believe, I could make choice of
 “ him for my Husband ; but, my present unhappy Circumstances prevent my consenting to it.”

— “ How is that, replied the Marchioness ; you find no Repugnance, you could love him, and notwithstanding you refuse. I cannot comprehend your Meaning.” — *Felicia* then pulling an Handkerchief out of her Pocket to wipe the Tears which fell from her bright Eyes ; Eyes, where the Loves and Graces resided : — Tears, which, with all her Endeavours, she could not possibly refrain ; a rosy red suddenly overspread her lovely Face, and most profound and heavy Sighs were the only Answer she was able to make. —

“ What ails my dearest Child ! and what can occasion all I see ! said the astonished Marchioness ;
 “ you cry bitterly, you sigh heavily, and you blush ; surely, all these violent Emotions cannot
 “ proceed from a willing Heart ; and yours must undoubtedly be more engaged than I imagine :
 “ Speak, my beloved Daughter ! By the Authority of a Mother, by the Tenderness I have ever
 “ had for you, and by the Duty you owe me, I command you to explain yourself.”

The Tears of *Felicia* increased, and her Sobbs would not suffer her to speak : The most expressive Sorrow appeared visibly in her Countenance ; then fixing her Eyes stedfastly on the Ground, she rose suddenly from her Seat, and flung herself at her Mother's Feet, eagerly embracing them. At length, by the earnest and repeated Entreaties of the

The Curious Miscellany. 185

the Marchioness, and her Confusion being somewhat abated,

Words interwove with Sighs found out their Way.

“ O Mother ! O my dearest Mother ! you would,
“ alas ! then have me by the Rehearsal of my Mis-
“ fortunes, to inform you how unkindly I have
“ abused your Goodness and Confidence : Oh !
“ pity if possible, your ever ruined and unhappy
“ Daughter ; who, by the Anguish she endures,
“ is already sufficiently punished for her Crime ;
“ and had I not the utmost Reliance on your good
“ Nature, which I have all my Life experienced,
“ I should by Despair soon end this miserable Be-
“ ing.”

The Marchioness on hearing these Words, was struck with Astonishment, and overwhelmed with the most sensible Grief. “ What do I hear, my
“ Daughter, and what are you going to tell me ?”
“ — What I never did, or ever shall reveal to
“ any other but to you alone, answered *Felicia*.
“ Oh ! Ingratitude deserving the severest Torture,
“ thus to abuse the Indulgence of so kind a Pa-
“ rent !— True, I might have disclosed my Mis-
“ fortune to others ; and perhaps, by Means of
“ their Compassion and Assistance, have concealed
“ it from you ; but I cannot possibly deceive you
“ thus : No ! I had rather by the Confession of my
“ Crime, let you see my Repentance and Submissi-
“ on.— Yes, Madam, you here behold prostrate
“ at your Feet a Daughter, plunged, alas ! into a
“ profound Abyss of Misery. I have been sedu-
“ ced, betrayed, and for ever undone ! the trea-
“ cherous and perfidious Man who hath thrown
“ me into this Gulph of Calamity, departed from
“ me, leaving me here to perish.”

The

The cruel and direful Pangs the poor Marchioness suffered on hearing this, is beyond Expression, or even Conception ; greater by far, than if a Poignard had pierced her fond Heart :—But, as her Resolution, and Prudence, equalled her Humanity and Tenderness, she endeavoured to calm the Transports of her Mind : Then causing *Felicia* to rise, she with a most surprising Sedateness, and Tranquility, spoke to her thus : “ My Daughter, “ if I comport myself towards you in such a Con- “ juncture, and in such Circumstances, in a diffe- “ rent Manner from other Parents ; Know, my “ Child ! It is not for want of a most lively Sor- “ row : But alas ! Reproaches, Lamentations, and “ Tears, are utterly useless, and insignificant to re- “ medy an Evil already committed : Dry up your “ Tears then, and cease your Complaints ; let us “ rather endeavour to lessen our Afflictions, than “ to encrease them thus by vain and unprofitable “ Sorrows.

“ The extraordinary Trust and Confidence you “ place in me, force me to compassionate your un- “ happy Condition ; and I think myself bound by “ maternal Affection, by Honour and Conscience, “ the Ease and Satisfaction of us both, to afford “ you all the Assistance in my Power, which you “ might in vain expect from others. I should be “ afflicted even to Distraction, if I knew that any “ one besides myself was acquainted with this Af- “ fair ; and should, I own, with much more Diffi- “ culty have pardoned you, were I not in a great “ Measure the first Cause of it, by being a little “ too rigorous, and indiscreet in refusing so many “ Offers of Marriage. Since I am now acquainted “ with your Disgrace, I esteem myself equally in- “ terested with you, to draw you out of this Pre- “ cipice, into which you are unluckily fallen : I “ will strenuously endeavour to effect it, my Child, “ with

“ with the Hopes and Assurances you give me,
“ that this Misconduct will serve for the remaining
“ Part of your Life, as a Lesson of Virtue, and
“ a Testimony of my extraordinary Tenderness and
“ Love for you.”

Whilst the Marchioness *de Sandreval* was speaking, Floods of Tears flowed from the charming *Felicia's* Eyes ; she gave the most sensible Tokens imaginable of the truest Sorrow and Contrition ; and throwing herself a second time at her Mother's Feet, told her, that it was from her only she expected a Second Life ; conjuring her in the tenderest Manner not to forsake her in this fatal Extremity. The Marchioness caused her to rise again, and having stopped her Tears by consoling Speeches, enquired how long she had been with Child.—
Felicia assured her that it could not be above two Months ; her Mother then pausing a little, said,
“ *Flaville*, my Child, would very willingly be
“ married to you, and since you have not any Dis-
“ like to him, the Match being sufficiently confi-
“ derable, I would not have you in the least to
“ hesitate ; another Person different from me, and
“ less scrupulous, would say you ought to con-
“ clude it without Delay ; since, but two Months
“ of your Time are expired, it might be very
“ easy to deceive our Husband, in making him
“ the pretended Father of the Child : But, my
“ Virtue and Conscience will not allow me to com-
“ mit so great an Injustice, as to give you to him
“ in your present Condition. But I will manage
“ Matters, in such a Manner, that you shall first
“ lye-in publicly ; after that he shall espouse you
“ without the least Injury to him, or Prejudice to
“ your Honour and Reputation. I might, it is
“ true, conveniently conceal you until you are de-
“ livered : But there is nothing so secret, which
“ may not be revealed, either by the Treachery
“ of

“ of those in whom one confides, or by unforeseen
 “ Accidents. I am therefore determined, that your
 “ being with-child, and your lying-in shall be pub-
 “ lickly known ; but as exact as possible to the Stra-
 “ tagem I have invented. But *Flaville* must be
 “ amused all the time required to put it in Execu-
 “ tion : You need not trouble yourself about the
 “ manner ; I will appoint the part you are to act :
 “ Leave all to my Management. I should in the
 “ mean time gladly be informed of your Advent-
 “ ture, for it must certainly be well worth my At-
 “ tention. The ungrateful Wretch who hath de-
 “ spoiled you of your Innocence, and afterwards
 “ abandoned you, was a Lover as ungrateful and
 “ perfidious, as you have been unhappy in being
 “ deceived by him : Proceed then, without con-
 “ cealing the minutest Circumstance.”

Your Commands are to me so absolute, Madam
 (replied *Felicia*), that I shall readily obey you,
 though by so doing, my past Errors and Sufferings
 will be renewed. The Tears I have shed, would
 melt even the most hard-hearted and insensible to
 Compassion ; but, however sad and melancholy the
 Repetition is to me, I will proceed.

Then fell a Shower of Tears from the Eyes of
 the beauteous Disconsolate, accompanied with the
 heaviest Sighs : She at length suppressed a little
 her swelling Grief, and reassembling all the Facul-
 ties of her Soul, began to this Purpose :

The Day my Cousin assumed the Nun's Veil,
 which is now about six Months ago, I went with
 you to Chapel ; you stood just by my Aunt, your
 Sister, and I was obliged to keep some small Di-
 stance from you. My ill Fortune placed near me
 the *Chevalier de Lenoncour* ; surely so amiable a
 Person was never seen before ! fine Complexion,
 beautiful Mien, Stature, Features, all were perfect ;
 and as to the Advantages of the Mind, which go

The Curious Miscellany. 189

to the Composition of a complete Gentleman, he possessed them all in the highest Degree of Perfection. His Wit was sparkling and insinuating, his Temper gay and sprightly, agreeable and complaisant; and oh! tho' he was the most ungrateful of Mankind, he was nevertheless the most accomplished.

I deprived him of all Attention due to so solemn a Ceremony; and I too greedily listened to the many flattering and obliging things he said to me. He made me believe, alas! too credulous Creature! that my Charms had made a most powerful Impression on his Heart; as I truly felt too strong and favourable Inclinations towards him in mine. He told me, he was the younger Son (aged about twenty one Years) of a very ancient and illustrious Family; that he had two Brothers living, the eldest of whom possessed a large Estate, and the second was provided for in the Church; that his whole Portion was his Sword, his Cross of *Malta*, his Heart, and his Hopes, added to a Pension which a Marshal of *France* (to whom he was nearly related, and whose Aid de Camp he had been eighteen Years) had generously bestowed him. This Information concerning the State of his Circumstances, which I well knew were not suitable to your Expectations, made me consider seriously the Obligations I was under to refuse so unequal a Match. I resolved not to permit the least Sparks of Love to enter my Breast, which would only produce innumerable Inquietudes: But he was of a contrary Opinion, persevering still in his Addresses. The fatal Idea of so accomplished, so assiduous a Lover, at all Times and in all Places occurred to my Imagination: He took all Opportunities of being frequently with me, still cautiously avoiding your Sight. I was, in fine, so accustomed to the Pleasure of his Conversation, that the secret Uneasiness
his

his Absence caused, began at length to make me perceive that he was an entire Master of my Heart. Such then was my unhappy Condition! when on a certain Day, coming out of the Coach to follow you into Church, a Woman, under the Pretence of asking Alms, put a Note into my Hand so very artfully that the Page who held up my Train did not perceive it: I received this Asp, and putting it into my Bosom, returned home again with you. I then immediately retired to open it, and read what follows:

Dear Creature.

IT is but reasonable, that the most amiable and lovely Woman in the Universe, should be in the highest Degree admired and adored: My Heart is at your sole Disposal, because you alone are worthy of it. The first Moment I beheld you, I made an absolute Sacrifice of it, and entirely devoted it to your Service: The Chains by which I am holden are too agreeable for me ever to covet to break them; and surely, my Charmer! you cannot possibly be insensible of the Reality and Violence of my Passion when the Height of my Happiness consists in being beloved by you.

Ah, cruel Letter! thou hast cost me dear (continued *Felicia*, with a deep and heavy Sigh); the Flames of Love were by thee kindled in my Heart, and completed my Destruction; and without considering the fatal Consequences I resolved from that Moment, to yield to his Embraces. It was easily seen by my Eyes, the powerful Impression he had made on me: The favourable Acceptance his first Billet had met with, encouraged him to send me one almost every day, which were so very tender, and so

so filled with Vows of an inviolable Fidelity, that I was tempted to return him an Answer, which he earnestly requested, as the Height of his Felicity : So, under the Pretence of giving Charity to the Woman who had so faithfully delivered me his Letters I wrote to him thus:

“**Y**OU wrong me highly, in believing me insensible of the many Tokens you have given of a sincere Passion, it is impossible to receive with Indifference, the Devoirs of such a Heart as yours : But, since we both must endure unutterable Anxieties, without any Probability of Advantage on either Side ; it is much better timely to break so dangerous a commerce, than to expose ourselves to those Torments which are ever inseparable from Persons in our Circumstances.”

The beginning of this Billet, made him too sensible of the Emotions of my Heart, to persuade him to follow the Advice I gave, which were at the same time contrary to my Wishes. He triumphed at the conquest he perceived he had but too easily made, wanting only a convenient Season to settle Matters to his liking ; for which Purpose, he acquainted me, that he could play perfectly well upon the Guitar ; and, if I would pretend a Willingness to learn, he would disguise himself in Woman's Apparel to teach me ; when coming, as if purposefully to give me my Lessons, we might by that Means easily converse with Freedom together, without the least Suspicion. I informed you, Madam, of it ; and expressed a very earnest Desire to learn to play on that Instrument, artfully concealing my Lover in the outward Appearance of a Woman, who would teach me to Admiration. I had a Proof of
your

your Goodness, by unluckily granting my Request. This Cavalier, at your Desire, appeared before you, thus dressed, assuming the fictitious Name of *Madame Pinel*. You caused him to play, which you highly approved, and fatally agreed with him to teach me. He purposely hired a Lodging, and was very assiduous in his Attendance on me ; nevertheless, for the space of three or four Days, he had not any Opportunity of speaking to me, because you were willing to be acquainted with my Genius and Taste for Musick : we were therefore obliged to content ourselves with dumb Signs, amorous Glances, and mysterious Expressions ; but he always left behind him a Letter in my Musick Book ; and in a little time, this cunning and artful Deceiver enjoyed an uncontrolled Liberty to do as he pleased. We passed many Hours together in private, without the least Interruption from any one. It is here, Madam, that I entreat you, continued she ; it is here I beseech you, to save me the Shame and Confusion of telling you the remaining Part of my unhappy Story : “ For two
 “ Months he diligently continued his Instructions ;
 “ during which, I resisted the Violence of his Passion, though I was myself at that Time, deeply
 “ enamoured. — But alas ! our Destinies are un-
 “ avoidable ; and there are certain unlucky Moments, which with our utmost Care we cannot
 “ shun ! and as those who delight in Danger, often
 “ perish thereby ; so the Perseverance of this Deluder, the remarkable Constancy and Resolution of a Lover so much admired, the ardent
 “ binding Vows, and pleasing Engagements,
 “ which he made, to be eternally mine, all conspired to seduce me to yield to his Desires, and to
 “ forfeit my Virtue and Reputation, the dearest
 “ and most valuable Part of Womankind. I had
 “ no sooner made this false Step, but in a little
 “ Time

The Curious Miscellany. 193

“Time after, I perceived the fatal Effects;” I informed *Lenoncour* of it, who seemed at first very uneasy, making the following Reply: “Unkind “*Felicia*! to doubt of my Sincerity! can you “think my Affection will last only in a Calm, “and that when a little Storm comes, I will “shudder and quit my Hold? No, my adorable “charming *Felicia*! I will perish first, first sink “to the bottomless Abyss, there to remain for “endless Futurity, e’er I forsake thee.”——Notwithstanding the many Vows and Protestations he then made, this unkind Betrayer in less than a Month cruelly abandoned me; you know, Madam, it is almost four Weeks, since first this Mistress of the Guitar disappeared; my Inquietudes, the true Cause of which were utterly unknown to you, and which you attributed, at first, to the Desire I had to learn, made you eager to find out the Occasion; but in vain—I concealed it from you.——What is still a further Aggravation of his Guilt, and ungenerous Procedure, is, that since he absented himself, he has not been even so kind to comfort me with one Line, though I never, to my Knowledge, gave him the least Pretext for a Treatment so cruel and dishonourable. I went to his Lodgings to enquire after him, where I was informed, that they knew nothing of him more than that the last Day he was there he and his Valet that Night departed on Horseback, since which they had not heard of him. *Felicia* could not without Tears proceed in her Narration, which the Marchioness observing, spoke to her after the Manner following: You plainly see, my Daughter, into what an endless Train of Misfortunes one is plunged by even one false Step; you hearkened too attentively to the many soft and tender Speeches *Lenoncour* made you; and by withdrawing yourself from under my Inspection, are insensibly fallen a Victim to your own Weak-

ness and Indiscretion ; if any Thing be capable of affording you Consolation, it is your not having a Confident or Witness of this Amour ; that you have been unhappily deluded by the deceitful Appearances of a Man, who, to the Grandeur of his Extraction, other illustrious Qualities and Accomplishments were united capable of seducing a frail weak Woman. But these Considerations do not diminish the Enormity of your Crime, or my inexpressible Affliction ; a Remedy must be thought of, that Time and our Endeavours may contribute to wash away this Stain ; drive far away all Thoughts of the perfidious Villain who hath thus deceived you, and never think of him but with the greatest Horror and Detestation : In the mean while, prepare to be married in eight Days, but not to the Count *de Flaville*, although you are destined for him. What you have just now said, Madam, (answered *Felicia*) seems to me an incomprehensible Mystery ; you intend that I shall be wedded to *Flaville*, that in the Space of eight Days I am to be married, but not unto him ; Assist me, I entreat you to understand this Enigma : I will have you married, my Child, (replied the Marchioness) in eight Days, and in about three Months after you shall be a Widow, in seven Months publickly brought to Bed ; and, after the Accomplishment of all this, you shall then be married to *Flaville*. — I continue still in the utmost Perplexity, (replied *Felicia*) not having the least Knowledge of this mysterious Affair or the Person I am to wed : To me, (replied her Mother) leave the Execution of this Design entirely, and you will be fully convinced of my Tenderness for you, and my Capacity in the Management of it. — But it must be so ordered, that *Flaville* be removed for some Time ; and provided he be absent two or three Days before this Wedding, it will be sufficient to answer our Ends : In the mean time receive
with

The Curious Miscellany. 195

with a feigned Indulgence, all the Professions of Love he makes you ; I will artfully and discreetly conduct you through the whole.

The next Day the Marchioness *de Sandreval* informed several of her Relations and Friends, that she intended to marry her Daughter *Felicia* to the Count *de Courmont*, who was just arrived at Court ; that he was about thirty Years of Age, and had a plentiful Estate in *Anjou* ; that the Match would be so advantageous, that she was resolved not to let it pass unaccepted.

Flaville, in the Interim, came often to pay his Devoirs to the Marchioness *de Sandreval* ; but, as she was unwilling to see him, she denied herself. He often saw his adorable *Felicia*, to whom, without Reserve, he discovered his Passion : She, by her Mother's Instructions, gave him all the Encouragement he could desire to prosecute his Amour ; telling him, that she should esteem herself happy in having so worthy a Person for her Husband. *Flaville* acquainted her, that he was obliged to go immediately to his Mother, in *Normandy*, who was dangerously ill ; that his Absence would not be above three Weeks ; and that on his Return, he hoped that the Marchioness would give her Consent to the Accomplishment of his Wishes. The Marchioness was extremely well pleased to hear of *Flaville's* intended Departure into the Country ; and during the two Days he stayed in *Paris*, she continued to shun him ; and, in the mean while, provided all things necessary for the Celebration of the pretended Marriage with the Count *de Courmont*, designing to have the Ceremony performed at *Versailles* ; she had three material Things to contrive, the Contract, the Celebration, and to act the Part of a Mother and a Husband ; the Contract was easy, she sent for a Notary, with whom she had but a slight Acquaintance, and caused him to draw up privately in her Closet a Contract on the

196 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

Articles and Agreements she shewed him, telling him, at the same time, that the Count would speedily come to sign it, and afterwards return to *Versailles* : Whilst the Notary was writing, under Pretence of Business, she retired into her Daughter's Chamber, and there cloathed herself in Man's richest Apparel ; she returned to the Notary in that Disguise, (*Felicia* being with her) then causing the Contract to be read, signed it in the Name of the Count *de Courmount* : When that was done, he took Leave of his Mistress, as if hastening to return to Court, leaving *Felicia* to amuse the Notary with several Questions concerning the Articles he had drawn in some short Time afterwards ; she entered again, and signed the Contract as Mother ; *Felicia* signed it after her, and they, lastly, sent the Notary with it to several of their Relations Houses, to have it signed by them : That same Night she went to *Versailles*, with her Daughter, accompanied by a Clergyman, and got all Things in Readiness for a hasty Marriage. About an Hour after their Arrival, she disguised herself in Man's Apparel, feigning herself the Count *de Courmount*, without being in the least suspected by the Curate : The Time appointed for celebrating the Marriage was the following Day ; the Marchioness pretended to be greatly indisposed, not intending to be at her Daughter's Wedding ; but dressing herself again in Man's Clothes, she was espoused to *Felicia*, in the Name of the Count *de Courmount*, in the Presence of eight or ten Witnesses, who did not in the least suspect her. The Ceremony being ended, she stayed two Days at *Versailles*, under Pretence of consummating the Marriage ; and on her Return again to *Paris*, Madam the Countess *de Courmount* appeared with a very sumptuous Equipage and large Retinue, dressed in exceeding fine new Liveries, which her Mother the Marchioness

chioneſs had cauſed to be purpoſely made. All her Relations and Acquaintances paid her their congratulatory Compliments. She told them that the Count, her Huſband, was obliged to ſtay a few Days at *Versailles*, on Buſineſs of Importance. But in about eight Days after, ſhe reported that he was gone to his Country Seat at *Anjou*, to get all Things there in Readineſs for her Reception; during which ſhe wrote to *Flaville* the following Letter :

“ **T**HE Inclinations of Children are too often
“ croſſed by thoſe on whom they depend.
“ I could not poſſibly refrain acquainting you
“ how I was forced by a ready Obedience to the
“ precipitate Will of my Mother, who, in three
“ Days after your Departure hence, married me to
“ the Count *de Courmount*; the Performance was
“ ſo expeditious, that I had not Leiſure to inform
“ you ſooner concerning it : Nevertheless, preſerve
“ me ſtill a Place in your Affection and good
“ Wiſhes, and be thoroughly perſuaded that I
“ ſhall, during my Life, remember the favourable
“ and kind Sentiments you entertained for me.

“ Your's, &c.”

Flaville was extremely troubled to have a Woman whom he adored, and by whom he thought he was loved, thus ſnatched from him, he returned ſuch an Answer to the foregoing Letter, as expreſſed as great a Tenderneſs as Concern; he deſtored, and even curſed the Day he departed from her, blaming himſelf as the ſole Author of his Miſfortunes, and having haſtened his Return to *Paris*, made a melancholy Viſit to his dear and charming *Felicia*. Madam *de Sandreval* did not appear to him, ſo that he had all the Opportunity he could

desire to converse with the Countess *de Courmount*; no Lover ever before made more doleful Lamentations nor more ardent Protestations of his Affection: "Was it to deceive me, lovely Fair, (said he to her) that you said so many kind and tender Things to persuade me that your Heart was sensibly moved by the Anguish I endured for the Love of you? If you sincerely loved me, why did you, alas! so quickly and easily consent to this cruel Sacrifice of which I am the Victim? — But ah! the greatest Affliction and Torment of all is, that I can never cease to adore you; the Flames of Love, instead of being extinguished, are revived to burn again with greater Violence, by the Despair into which I am fallen." — "Ah! (replied *Felicia*, with a Sigh) let me ever have a Place in your good Wishes, but love me no longer; for besides that I am utterly unworthy, I was forced to marry contrary to my Inclinations a Person whom I did not like half so much as you; but henceforth I must consider you as one I formerly very greatly loved, and no further; I know my Duty, and will never do any thing contrary to it." This Conversation was kept up, on both Sides, with an equal Degree of Tenderness for a considerable Time, till at length growing late, *Flaville* unwillingly departed from her, having received the Permission of seeing her sometimes. Two Months passed on after this Manner, during which *Felicia* could never forget her dear, though perfidious *Lenoncour*, notwithstanding his Treachery, she always thought of him as being the true Father of the Child she bore: She shewed to several of her Friends fictitious Letters, which she pretended to have received from her Husband, who desired her to come to him at *Anjou*. She seemed to get ready for her Departure, but was always detained by some

some Accident or other. — At last, at the Expiration of three Months, she shewed a Letter, which informed her, that the Count was fallen dangerously ill; but dissembling Sickness too, and being with Child, still delayed her. — A few Days after she caused it to be reported, that her pretended Husband was dead; nothing was then to be heard or seen but Tears and Groans, never was Sorrow so artfully and lively expressed; she seemed inconsolable, causing her House to be hung with Mourning, and her Coach to be covered with black Cloath; in short no Woman ever acted so well the Part of a disconsolate or forlorn Widow.

Whilst this Stratagem was successfully carried on, *Flaville* was so sincerely rejoiced, that he could not dissemble it, and this Accident renewed his former Hopes; so soon as he conveniently and decently could, he paid his respects to the Widow, offering her all the Comfort and Assistance in his Power; she was at length brought to Bed of a Son, and as there were then no Relatives of the pretended Husband in *Paris*, *Flaville* and the Marchioness *de Sandreval* were Gossips. All this being over, and the Countess *de Courmount* having recovered her Health again, Monsieur *de Flaville* did not in the least doubt of a speedy Marriage with the beauteous Widow, and though she could never forget the Love she had for *Lenoncour*, the present State of her Affairs, and the dutiful Regard she bore her Mother the Marchioness, obliged her to consent.

The Affair was settled, and brought very near to a Conclusion, when it fell out one Night, that as the Marchioness and her Daughter were sitting together in a Closer, a Lackey came to inform them, that a Coach just stopped at the Door; and that the Marquis *de St. Quintin*, desired to see Madam *de Sandreval* and Madam *de Courmount*: They were

brought up Stairs ; the Lights encreased ; the Marchionefs and her Daughter going into the Chamber, were greatly surpris'd, the one to see Madam *Pinell*, Miftrefs of the Guitar, and the other the Chevalier *de Lenoncour*: Their Astonishment was fo great, that they were unable to utter a fingle Word.

Lenoncour perceiving their Confufion, addreffed himfelf to Madam *de Courmont*, after this manner :

‘ You are very juftly surpris’d to fee me here, and
 ‘ I am fenfible, that you look upon me as a Perfon
 ‘ guilty of the moft unpardonable Ingratitude : But
 ‘ I am certain, you will eafily forgive me, when you
 ‘ hear my Adventure : It is but four Days, fince my
 ‘ arrival in *Paris*, when I was inform’d of your
 ‘ Marriage, the Death of your Husband, and the
 ‘ Birth of your Son : I was unwilling to pay my De-
 ‘ voirs to you, or the Marchionefs your Mother, un-
 ‘ til I had firft fettled every thing anfwerable to my
 ‘ Inclinations, and your deferts.

All this Difcourfe paffed while they were ftanding up ; but having feated themfelves, he told her that the Death of his elder, and the Retirement of his fecond Brother the Abbot, had put him in Poffeffion of twenty five thoufand Livres, with a very fine Seat in the Country ; all which, he came purpofely to offer his adorable *Felicia*, with a Heart and Affections, which had never stray’d from her, expreffing great Concern, that his Abfence fhould caufe his Fidelity to be fufpected.

Felicia’s Love, which was far from being extinguifhed by his Abfence, began again to revive at the Sight of her dear *Lenoncour* ; ſhe wifhed to find him blamelefs: Madam *de Sandreval* was fenfibly rejoic’d, to fee him in Circumftances, to repair the Injury and Difhonour, he had done her Daughter and Family ; by reftoring the new born Infant, to his true Father ; and preventing her marrying *Flaville*,

Flaville, who might have used her ill on hearing the past Adventure.

She gave her Domesticks strict Orders to deny her to all Visitors; and having retired to a private Chamber, with her Daughter and *Lenoncour*, spoke after the following Manner: That she was acquainted by her Daughter of the whole Intrigue, which was so base and ungenerous, that it was beyond the Power of Justification: That the only Reparation he could now make, for the wrong he had done her, and the extraordinary Trouble she had been at, to disguise the Affair from the censorious World, was immediately to marry her: I am very certain, Madam, replied he, that what I am just going to tell you with all possible Brevity will free me from your Censure: The last Day I had the Happiness of seeing you, on my return home, which was a little before Night, I received a Letter from one of my best Friends, who shall be nameless, entreating me to come immediately to him, upon Business of vast Import, I took Horse with all imaginable Expedition, attended only by my Lackey, I arrived soon at the Place where he waited for me, after we had eat and refreshed ourselves a little, he persuaded me to accompany him to a Friend's House in the Country, where he was obliged to be by break of Day. We set out together and about the dawning of the Day, arrived at a Forest which was near our Journey's end, he led me through several Parts of it on various Pretences: But when we got into a narrow Path, four Men met us, and soon informed me the true Cause of his bringing me there.

We attacked each of us our Man, at twenty Paces distant from each Party; my Valet a courageous young Lad, was unfortunately killed on the Spot; my Friend wounded and disarmed his Antagonist; the other two defended themselves with equal

equal Courage and Resolution; but on closing my Enemy I seized his Sword, and held at the same Time, the point of mine at his Breast, to make him deliver his; his Lackey, who had killed mine, came behind me and run his Sword into my Body, I fell down covered over with my Blood; his Master detesting so treacherous a Deed, snatched his Sword from me, and ran him thro' the Heart, he fell instantly dead by my Servant's Side. The Duel being over, the rest finding me still alive, brought me as well as they could and put me in a Chariot, which one of our Antagonists, had caused to wait for them some small distance from the Place where we fought, the Horses we rid being led: The dead Bodies, which about the Evening were found in the Forest, occasioned a strict Search and Enquiry to be made, but People were very much at a loss to know, whether they were killed by a Duel, or by Robbers; in the mean time, we arrived at a Country House, I was delirious by the extream loss of Blood, my Wound was probed, and found so very dangerous, that it confined me three Months to my Bed, the others dispersed, so soon as they had lodged me there, leaving a Billet to be delivered to me immediately upon the recovery of my Senses, in which they charged me on my Peril, not to discover myself, unless I had a mind to ruin myself and them. This hindered me from writing as I before intended, to inform you of this Disaster; with great difficulty, I rose out of Bed at the end of three Months; when one Night my Antagonists, entered my Chamber, saying haste! arise! or we are every one utterly undone, step instantly into a Post Chaise, I have purposely below at the door. I dressed myself as fast as I could, and notwithstanding my Weakness, got into the Chaise, and in spite of all the Delays we met with during our Journey, we arrived the Day following

lowing at *Tournay* and passed from thence to *Bruxelles*; here we were told, that a diligent Search was making for us, I therefore privately staid at a Friend's House, until I was tolerably well recovered, and during my Continuance there, which was three Months, durst not venture to write, until things were entirely settled, and all Apprehensions past.

I then returned into *France*, desirous to see my Brother, who knew not where I was, and who had always most tenderly loved me, I found him dangerously ill, he received me with all the Joy imaginable, and informed me that my second Brother had retired into a *Convent*, he afterwards took his last, and dismal farewell of me, and expired in my Arms, three Days after my Arrival; so soon as I had decently performed all the last Offices due to the dear Remains of so kind a Brother, I came hither. This Recital quite removed all *Felicia's* Jealousies and Fears: *Madam de Sandreval* afterwards told him, all that had passed between her and her Daughter, and her Contrivance to conceal the Misfortunes to which his Absence had exposed her. To conclude, in a few Days the charming *Felica*, was joined in Wedlock to her dear *Lenoncour*, who was called *St. Quintin*, which was the Name of his Eldest Brother.

lowing at Yarmouth and passed from thence to
Barnes; here we were told that a diligent search
was making for us, I therefore privately fled at a
friend's House, until I was tolerably well recovered,
and during my Continuance there, which was three
Months, I did not venture to write, until things
were entirely settled, and all Apparitions past.

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ther, I came hither. This Recital quite removed
all Fictions's Jealousies and Fears; Inasmuch as I
firstly afterwards told him, all that had passed be-
tween her and her Daughters, and her Continuance
to conceal the Affair, to which his Absence
had exposed her; To conclude, in a few Days
the charming Alice, was joined in Wedlock to her
dear Eusebius, who was called Dr. Lewis, which
was the Name of his eldest Brother.

MISCELLANIES

DIVINE, MORAL,

AND

ENTERTAINING.

MISCELLANIES

DIVINE MORAL

AND

ENTERTAINING

A

T A B L E

Of the Subjects of the Miscellaneous
Sentences, Divine, Moral, and En-
tertaining.

N. B. The Figures refer to the Sentences, and
not to the Pages.

A	Numb.
ABSENCE	380
Ambition	28
— to be in the favour of Women	289
Advice	59
— excuse for it	254
— giving it what it is	264
Actions virtuous	80
<i>Alexander</i>	81
Adversity	173
Attorney	174
Antients a maxim of theirs	175
Accidents	210
Air	230
Affectation in old People	236
Affability	237
<i>Alphonso</i> the Magnanimous	258
Arch Fellow his Confession	276
Anger, Glory, and Love	278
Adultery	293
Avarice	316
	<i>Austin</i>

A T A B L E.

<i>Austin</i> , Saint, observes what	345
B	
B I B L E	2
Best things	5
Best Men	33
Body	105
Buyer	174
Beauty	204, 211, 212
Books	222, 310
Bubbles compared to Man's Life	261
<i>Bellisarius</i>	385
<i>Bolingbroke</i> , Lord, his generous Reply	389
C	
C O N S C I E N C E	6, 222
Character	14
Constancy defined	304
Calmness of Soul	238
Contradiction	393
<i>Cosmo de Medici</i> what reported of him	344
Court	44, 356
Cruelty to despise, &c.	326
Composition of Mind	52
Coward	279
Charity	55, 194
Condition	129
Content in a mean Condition	56
Country Life	58
Covetous Man	74
Covetousness	108
Competence	83
Complaisance	284
<i>Cæsar</i> . a Question of his	92
Christian Religion	142
———Persecutions	295
<i>Caius Marius</i>	147
Common Fame	166
Cardinal <i>Wolsey</i> what related of him	167
<i>Cicero</i> 's Advice what	186
	Censure

A T A B L E.

Censure	358
Commendations	188
<i>Cowley</i>	192
Court is like	356
<i>Charles</i> the Vth of <i>Spain</i>	196
<i>Charles</i> the IIId what he declared	257
Complaint a melancholy one	198
Cobler what he said	200
Curiosity	216
Conversation	232
<i>Cromwell's</i> Funeral, Mr. <i>Cowley's</i> Remark there- on,	235
<i>Cooke</i> , Lord, his notion of Books	261
Cities compared to a Bee Hive	262
<i>Crassus</i> how often pardoned	273
<i>Charles</i> the IIId his pretty Reply to a Lady	320

D

D IVINE Subsistence	73
Death	18
—— to brave it	242
Dull Fellow	123
Disgrace in Company	128
Dunces	131
Detraction	159
Dispute	190
<i>Denham</i> , Sir <i>John</i>	192
Do ill	221
Do well	<i>ibid.</i>
Do wonders	<i>ibid.</i>
Disasters the greatest	253
Discourses Epistolary	267
Divine, eminent, what he told his Congregation	280
Dangers	296
Dogs, an Instance of their Fidelity	314
Drunkenness, what a Moralist says of it	342
Dancing	376
Drawing	388

A T A B L E.

E

E X A M P L E	11
Excefs	12
Externals of Religion	67
Envy	82, 239
Eftates	88
Experience in what Evident	158
Experience of the Vanity of the World	150
Ermine	201
Exercife	230
Enquirers into Nature	243
Every thing, to like, how Faulty	270
Education, ingenious Tyranny to debar Wo- men of it.	390

F

F A T E	16
Fool	43
Fools	22
Folly	71
Fortune	27
Friends	222
Friends a true one	177, 312
Friendship	30, 94, 98, 255, 309
Friendships	374
Familiarity	119
Flattery	125, 170
Flufter of Fortune	146
<i>France</i>	180
<i>French</i> Surgeon	183
<i>French</i> Nobleman, a faying of his	187
Fault of Youth	202
Faults, a due Sense of	306
Favourite, his Cabinet	371

G

G O D	10, 72
— his Winter Blessings	286
Governments	32
— Republican, Confequences of	324
Gratitude	

A T A B L E.

Gratitude	68, 162
———of many, what	382
Gospel	69
Gluttony	107
Good Man	164, 220
Good Nature	319
Good Manners	369
Good Order	370
Great Abilities	391

H

H A T R E D	3
Human Life	23
———Nature	271
<i>Horace</i>	53
Honour	136
—— the Sense of it	291
Honours	75
Hope and Fear	79
Honour Essential	299
High Blades, what observable in them	144
<i>Holland</i>	180
——Spiritual Matters there, how managed	340
History	213, 302
—— of <i>Germany</i> , what it mentions	325
Heart	222
Hunger	315
Humility	338
<i>Hague</i> , a Description of it	341
Humours of Men, what they resemble	383
Hero, compared to a Diamond	392

I

I L L Will	3
Ill Fortune	172
Ingratitude	21, 97
Inclination without the Means	60
<i>Italian Ladies</i>	65
Innocence	77
Impossibilities	99
<i>Italy</i>	

A T A B L E.

<i>Italy</i>	180, 294
Indifference and Insensibility	195
Judgment	224
——weak one	317
Juries	249
Joys	268
Imprudence in Politicks	290
Imprudent to provoke, &c.	285
Innocence, &c.	301
Jesus Christ	347
Infamy, dread of	307
Ill Nature, Imputation of	303
Imputation on Professions	287
K	
K N O W L E D G E	288
——of the World	302
L	
L O V E	4, 109, 223
——true	379
Lover's Heart	231
Love an Enemy	113, 114
Love blind to Faults	102
Lust	106
Life	256
Live happily	26
Lord Bacon	34
Laws	124, 161
Livelihood	132
Laud, Archbishop, a saying of his	135
Lee Mr.	218
Lacedæmonians	241
Laughter too frequent	252
Law-suits in <i>India</i> , how determined	282
Learning	331
Lying	339
Letters	311
——the Nerves of Friendship	353
Liberality	373
M I X.	

A T A B L E.

M

M I X T U R E of Soul and Body.	20
Mind	31
Mind noble	364
Mind steady	66
Mind virtuous	199
Modesty	61, 281
———how faulty	363
Misfortunes compared to a Toad	39, 70
Malice and Envy	85
Money	87, 359
——— the Sinews of War	354
<i>Machiavel</i> Observation of his	90
Men bold and impudent	118
Measure of Men's Kindness	120
Men Atheistical why	154
———ignorant and illiterate	155
———unsteady what compared to	244
———their Tempers	251
———wise what allowed to weep for	252
Maxim	137
Man	169
———what he said	152
———made for thinking	351
———of Quality	366
———Mean and ungrateful	259
———unmerciful	174
———handsomely reprov'd	<i>ibid:</i>
———worthily ambitious	298
Mankind	215
Merchant	174
Mistakes to rectify	191
<i>Montague</i> , Sir William, his Counsel	193
<i>Milton</i>	192
Mirth	197
Marriage	203, 326
Memoirs	229
Moderation	313
Monkey	

A T A B L E.

Monkey Comparifon	330
Mufick	333
Maxims good, &c.	346
Minifter, new, his Friends	355
Marlbrough, Duke of	308

N

N EWTON Sir <i>Isaac</i>	46
Name a good one	352
Names fplendid	89
Neceffities of Life	149
Neighbours	208
Narrow Souls cruel	365
Nations their Antipathies	394

O

O PINION good	115
Obfcenities	178
Object	181

P

P ATIENCE	337
Prejudice	3
Pleafures	25
<i>Prior</i> Mr. a faying of his	36
Prodigality	40
Parafite	41
Pretention	44
Profefions	48
<i>Pen, William,</i> a Law of his	50
Popular Man	51
Proud Man compared to an Idol	96
Power, its Followers	274
Peevifh Humour	54
Prudence	55, 318
Prosperity	70, 173
Pride	71
Promifes	111
Prayer	138
Poetry	302, 332
— of <i>Solomon</i>	148
Physician	

A T A B L E.

Physician, the best	153
Poverty	156, 207
Providence	250
Proverb, what	160
Prevalence	245
People when young, how mistaken	168
——Unthankful	381
Play, a definition of it	179
Poets	226
Popularity in a Judge	227
Profaneness	228
Philosophers, what they say	233
Probity, &c.	297
Popery wounded by the Tale of a Tub	300
Philosophy Moral and Natural	302
Politeness, what	368

Q

QUAKERS	49
Queen <i>Elizabeth</i> and the Beggar	263

R

RELIGION	7, 117, 145, 335
——Christian	273
——Alteration of	336
Religion if once understood, &c.	343
Retreat	19
Retirement	323
<i>Roman</i> , a true one	57
Rule a general one	63
Reversions	112
Reputation	122, 386
——to form while young	372
Resolution	126
Respect where due	165
Reply, a handsome one	171
Rich	209
<i>Roman</i> grandeur	234
Reflection, a Weed	246
<i>Ruben</i> , the famous Painter	265
Reading	269

*

Rhetoric

A T A B L E.

Rhetoric	302
Respect and Reverence	334
Relief against the rigors of Nature, what	350
Reason and Resolution	387
S	
S UBMISSION to Providence	1
Shame	8, 133
Satyr	9
Sickness	17
Surprize	35
Shakespear	38
Sincerity	62
Silence	42
Speaking well	45
Sarcasms	64
Sick Bed	84
Saying remarkable	86
Sin	93, 101
Sylla his Speech	95
Secrets of a Man's Mind	100
Servants	103
Spirits, baseness of some	104, 239
Scolding	121
Survey of the <i>Roman Story</i>	127
<i>Spaniard</i> , what he wishes	134
——his form of Prayer	305
Stain upon Christianity	143
Story of <i>Hector</i> and <i>Ajax</i>	151
St. <i>Evremont</i> , Monsieur	184
<i>Seneca</i> of Sin	283
——his Book	185
Suckling, Sir <i>John</i>	192
<i>Stilpo</i> , his Answer to <i>Demetrius</i>	240
<i>Spinola</i> , Marquis, his saying	272
States, Kingdoms, &c. Revolutions in their	
Laws	292
<i>Sedley</i> , Sir <i>Charles</i> , what he said	321
Self-Love	322
Speak	

A T A B L E.

Speak not ill, &c.	360
Sad Truth	367
Sabre presented to the King of <i>Arabia</i>	375
Swimming	377
<i>Soliman</i> , his ready turn of Thought	384

T

T I M E	29
—— Past, Present, and Future	266
Taste, a good one	62
Temperance	139
Thoughts frequent, of a Thing	141
Trust	162
<i>Tacitus</i> , his Observation	182
<i>Tiberius Gracchus</i>	248
Temper	217
Trade	378

U

V I R T U E	13, 78
—— the want of it	225
Unthankful Persons	47
Vice	91
Valour, true what	277
Vanity and Decency	349
<i>Verulam</i> , Lord, a happy Observation of his	157

W

W I S D O M	15, 76, 24, 176
Wife Men	328
Wit and good Humour	357
Wit and Wisdom differ how	329
Weakness of others to bear	37
Widow	44
World ignorant of	130
Watchful, what it is	140
Woman, how to consult with	174
<i>Wotton</i> , Sir <i>Henry</i> , a political Caution of his	189
<i>Waller</i>	192
Wealth	207, 219
World	

A TABLE.

World	214
Wolsey, Cardinal, what reported of him	247
War in Man	348
Words	361

X

X ENOPHON, a saying of his	260
-----------------------------------	-----



W	
Weakness of others to bear	
Widow	
World ignorant of	
Wretchedly, what it is	
Woman, how to converse with	
Woman, Sir Henry, a political Cution of his	
Wallas	
Wearish	
Wool	



MISCELLANIES

DIVINE, MORAL,

AND

ENTERTAINING.

Number I.

PATIENT Submission to Providence, and humble Resignation to the Divine Will, however contrary to our own, not only intitles us to God's Favour and Acceptance, but eases and quite removes the Pressure of our Evils ; and, instead, gives us a Joy from a Conscience of having behaved greatly, as Philosophers, and piously, as Christians.

2. There is nothing so sweet, so tender and pathetic, and, at the same time, nothing so grand, so majestic, so terrible and so harmonious, as the poetic Part of the Bible, to which all the Heathen Verse is low and flat.

3. There

3. There is nothing many Times wanting to take away Prejudice and to extinguish Hatred and Ill-will, but an Opportunity for Men to see and understand one another, by which they will quickly perceive, that they are not such Monsters as they have been represented one to another at a Distance.

4. To love one another is the great Perfection of our Natures, the Advancement and Enlargement of our Souls, the chief Ornament and Beauty of a great Mind; it makes us like to God, the best, most perfect and happiest Being, in that which is the prime Excellency, Happiness and Glory of the Divine Nature.

5. The best Things are liable to be perverted and abused to very ill Purposes; nay, the Corruption of them is commonly the worst, as the richest and noblest Wines make the sharpest Vinegar.

6. When a Man falls into any great Calamity there is no Comfort in the World like to that of a good Conscience; this makes all calm and serene within, when there is nothing but Clouds and Darkness about him.

7. There is no greater Disparagement to a Man's Understanding, no greater Argument of a light and ungenerous Mind, than rashly to change one's Religion. Religion is our greatest Concernment of all others, and it is not every little Argument, nothing but very plain and convincing Evidence that should sway a Man in this Case.

8. Shame is one of the greatest Restraints from Sin which God hath laid upon Human Nature, and when this Curb once falls off, there is then but little left to restrain and hold us in. At first setting out upon a vicious Course, Men are little nice and delicate, like young Travellers, who, at first, are offended at every Speck of Dirt that lights upon them, but after they have been accustomed to it, and have travelled a good while in foul Ways it ceaseth

ceaseth to be troublesome to them to be dashed and bespattered.

9. A little Wit and a great deal of Ill-nature will furnish a Man for Satyr, but the greatest Instance of Wit is to commend well. Wit is a keen Instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it, but to carve a beautiful Image, and to polish it requires great Art and Dexterity.

10. God is to the Understanding of Man as the Light of the Sun is to our Eyes, the first, the plainest, and the most glorious Object of it: He fills Heaven and Earth, and every Thing in them does represent him to us; which Way soever we turn ourselves we are encountered with clear Evidence and sensible Demonstrations of a Deity.

11. A good Example is an unspeakable Benefit to Mankind and hath a secret Power and Influence upon those with whom we converse, to form them into the same Disposition and Manners. It is a living Rule, that teacheth Men without Trouble, and let them see their Faults without open Reproof and Upbraiding; besides, that it adds great Weight to a Man's Counsel and Persuasion, when we see that he adviseth nothing but what he does, not exacts any Thing from others which he himself desires to be excused: As, on the Contrary, nothing is more cold and insignificant than good Counsel from a bad Man, one that doth not obey his own Precepts, nor follow the Advice which he is so forward to give to others.

12. All sensual Excess is naturally attended with a double Inconvenience, as it goes beyond the Limits of Nature, it begets bodily Pains and Diseases; as it transgresseth the Rules of Reason and Religion, it breeds Guilt and Remorse in the Mind; and these are, beyond Comparison, the two greatest Evils in this World, a diseased Body and a discontented Mind.

13. Early Habits of Virtue, like new Clothes upon a young and comely Body, sit very gracefully upon a streight and well shaped Mind, and do mightily become it.

14. It was a singular Character of a Roman Gentleman, *Nescivit quid esset maledicere*, he knew not what it was to give any Man an ill Word.

15. One of the first Principles of Human Wisdom in the Conduct of our Lives is this: To have a few intimate Friends, and to make no Enemies, if it be possible, to ourselves.

16. Fate is an irrevocable, invincible and an unchangeable Decree, a Necessity of all Things and Actions, according to eternal Appointment; like the Course of a River, it moves forward without Contradiction or Delay in an irresistible Flux, where one Wave pulseth on another.

17. There are three Things grievous in Sickness: The Fear of Death, bodily Pain, and the Intermision of our Pleasures.

18. He that cheerfully encounters the Terrors of Death and corporal Anguish, is as great a Man as he that most generously hazards himself in Battle.

19. There is no Retreat to unhappy as not to yield Entertainment for a great Mind; by which a Man may make himself profitable both to his Country and his Friends, by his Wisdom, by his Interest and by his Counsel.

20. There is not so disproportionate a Mixture in any Creature, as that in Man of Soul and Body; there is Intemperance joined with Divinity, Folly with Severity, Sloth with Activity, and Uncleaness with Purity; but a good Sword is never the worse for an ill Scabbard.

21. Ingratitude, is of all Crimes that which we are to account the most venial in others and the most unpardonable in ourselves; it dil-

unites

unites Mankind and breaks the very Pillars of Society.

22. Fools are various, one while thrifty and grave, another while profuse and vain; but a wise Man is ever the same, he stands firm and keeps his Ground against all Misfortunes, without so much as changing Countenance; he is free, inviolable, unshaken Proof against all Accidents, and not only invincible but inflexible; he is a Friend to Providence, and will not murmur at any thing that comes to pass by God's Appointment.

23. It fares with us in human Life, as in a routed Army, One stumbles first and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon the Neck of another, until the whole Field comes to be one Heap of Miscarriages.

24. Wisdom is a right Understanding, a Faculty of discerning Good from Evil, what is to be chosen and what rejected, a Judgment grounded upon the Value of Things, and not the common Opinion of them, an Equality of Force and Strength of Resolution.

25. There is a Terror in our very Pleasures, and this vexatious Thought in the very Height of them, that they will not last long, which is a Canker in the Delights even of the greatest and the most fortunate of Men.

26. He that cannot live happily any where, will live happily no where; it must be the Change of the Mind, not of the Climate that will remove the Heaviness of the Heart.

27. There is no trusting to the Smiles of Fortune, where is that Estate that may not be followed upon the Heel with Famine and Beggary, that Dignity which the next Moment may not be laid in the Dust.

28. Ambition aspires from great Things to greater, it is a Kind of Dropsy, the more a Man drinks, the more he covets.

29. There is no Man so miserable as he that is at a Loss how to spend his Time, he is restless in his Thoughts, unsteady in his Counsels, dissatisfied with the present and solicitous for the future.

30. Of all Felicities, the most charming is that of a firm and gentle Friendship, it sweetens all our Cares, dispels our Sorrows, and counsels us in all Extremities ; it is a sovereign Antidote against all Calamities.

31. It is the Part of a great Mind to be temperate in Prosperity, resolute in Adversity, to despise what the Vulgar admire, and to prefer a Mediocrity to an Excess.

32. *Cicero* observes, that Governments like natural Bodies, have with the Principles of their Preservation, the seeds of Ruin also essentially mixed in their Constitution, which after a certain Period, begin to operate and exert themselves to the Dissolution of the vital Frame.

33. The best Men are often the most easy, both to be provoked and to be appeased ; and this Quickness, if it may be so called, or Flexibility of Temper, is generally the Proof of a good Nature.

34. A certain Nobleman went to visit the Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, who being at that Time sick in his Bed, received him with the Curtains close shut ; you resemble the Angels, said he to Lord *Bacon* ; we hear those Beings spoken of perpetually, and we believe them superior to Men, but are never allowed the Consolation to see them.

35. Surprise is always the Child of Ignorance ; if we know little, we are apt to be surpris'd at every thing, but in proportion as our Knowledge increaseth, this Disposition wears off : In like Manner, young Horses are apt to start, but when they have been compelled by the Spur, to approach the Objects of their Fear, they are cured of this Vice.

So much more judicious are we in the managing our Horses than our Children.

36. When the Ingenious Mr. Prior was in France, one of the Officers of the King's Household shewing him the royal Apartments and Curiosities in *Versailles*, especially the Paintings of *Le Brun*, wherein the Victories of *Lewis* the fourteenth were beautifully described, asked him, whether King *William's* were also to be seen in his Palace? No, Sir, answered Prior, the Monuments of my Master's Actions are to be seen every where but in his own House.

37. We ought to bear with the Weakness and Follies of others, to be sociable with those with whom we live, and to look with Indulgence on the Failings and Passions of our Friends.

38. *Shakespear* was the Man, who of all modern, and perhaps antient Poets, had the largest, and most comprehensive Soul; all the Images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes any thing, we more than see it, we feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted Learning, give him the greater Commendation; he was naturally learned: Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton* used to say, that there was no Subject, of which any Poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in *Shakespear*. — He was the *Homer*, or Father of our Dramatic Poets; *Johnston* was the *Virgil*, the Pattern of elaborate Writing; I admire him, but I love *Shakespear*, says an ingenious Author; *Falstaff* is not properly one Humour, but a Miscellany of Humours, or Images drawn from several Men.

39. *Shakespear* compares some Misfortunes to a *Toad*, which though a Creature ugly, and hideous, yet sometimes a precious Jewel is found in its Head.

214 *Miscellanea Curiosa*; or,

40. Prodigality is commonly attended with Poverty, and then with Contempt; whereas a moderate Estate well managed, will suffice to maintain both an easy, and a creditable Life; just so in Discourse, a little Matter may serve to furnish out an agreeable course of Conversation.

41. The poor Parasite bears all the Lord's Jest, for the sake of his Table, and may well be represented by this Device of an Ass among Thistles, with this Motto under it: *Pungant dum saturant.*

42. It is more adviseable, said the Lord Bacon, that your Silence should make you be thought ignorant, than that your talking should shew you are so: The Man, who is over silent, either suspects others, or himself: A Man's Face should give his Tongue leave to speak, observes the same great Author.

43. As the Fool is never more provoking than when he aims at Wit; the ill favoured of the Female Sex, are never more nauseous, than when they would be Beauties; adding to their natural Deformity, the Uglinefs of Affectation.

44. He that hath a Pretension at Court, or to a Widow, must never give over for a little ill Usage. — A Widow a little stricken in Years, with a good Jointure, is like an old Mansion House in a good Purchase, never valued.

45. Speaking well of all Mankind, is the worst kind of Detraction; for it takes away the Reputation of the few good Men in the World, by making all alike.

46. The great Sir Isaac Newton was singular in these following Particulars; that during the long course of Years he enjoyed, to the Age of fourscore and five, was never sensible to any Passion; was not subject to the common Frailties of Mankind, nor never had any Commerce with Women; a Circum-

a Circumstance assured by the Physician and Surgeon who attended him in his last Moments.

47. It is bad to be civil to unthankful Persons; it is like feeding an ill-natured Dog, that snarls while he takes Victuals from your Hand.

48. Professions of Service, Submissions and Attendance, are the Practice of all Men to the Great; and commonly they who have the least Sincerity perform them best, as they who are least engaged in Love, have their Tongues the freest to counterfeit a Passion.

49. *Oliver Cromwell* finding the *Quakers* increase daily, attempted to bribe them by Money to bring them over to his Party; but they were incorruptible, which made him one Day declare, that this Religion was the only one he had ever met with, that had resisted the Charms of Gold.

50. *William Penn*, amongst many very wise and prudent Laws, enacted the following; to injure no Person upon a religious Account; and to consider as Brethren all those who believe in one God.

51. A popular Man, is in Truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People; he lies down to every one he meets, for the hire of Praise, and his Humility is only a disguised Ambition.

52. It is certainly the same Composition of Mind, the same Resolution and Courage, which make the greatest Friendships, and the greatest Enmities, and he who is too lightly reconciled after high Provocations, may recommend himself to the World for a Christian, but ought hardly to be trusted for a Friend: The *Italians* have a Proverb to that Purpose; to forgive the first Time, shews me a good Catholick, the second Time a Fool.

53. Of all the Gifts of the Muses, *Horace's* Poems are the most useful; he is a great Poet, a

216 *Miscellanea Curiosa*; or,

great Philosopher, a great Critick; in none of his Pieces, do we find the dictating Authors, but every where the accomplished Gentleman, who, while he instructs us, always pleases, amuses, and diverts himself with us; there is nothing laboured, nothing pedantic; every thing flows easy, every thing noble, every thing grand.

54. To rally others, and not to be able to bear to be rallied ourselves, is a certain Sign of a very sour and peevish Humour.

55. Charity obligeth not to mistrust a Man; and Prudence, not to trust him before we know him.

56. Take this for an infallible Maxim, he that cannot be content in a mean Condition, can never be satisfied with a great one; for it is not the Condition, which in itself affords Satisfaction, but a quiet, peaceful, resigning Breast; if that be disordered, all Enjoyments else are only nominal, and carry but a bare Appearance of good.

57. The Essence of a true Roman was, the Love of Liberty, and the Love of his Country; add to these two Characters, the Desire of Glory, and Thirst of Dominion, and you have a Roman compleat.

58. An innocent Country Life, is very nearly related to Wisdom, being as it were her Sister; and it may be justly considered as an excellent School of Simplicity, Frugality, Justice, and all the moral Virtues.

59. Advice, like Physic, should be so sweetned and prepared as to be made palatable, or Nature may be apt to revolt against it; Reprove and correct always without offending good Manners.

60. Of all Men, most miserable is he who hath the Inclination without the Means; to meet with a deserving Object of Compassion, without having the Power to give Relief, of all the Circumstances

in

in Life, is the most disagreeable; to have the Power is the greatest Pleasure.

61. An easy and unaffected Modesty is a Virtue not only graceful and excellent, but may be reckoned amongst the most durable Beauties; it improves every Look and Feature, Gesture and Motion, attones for mean Dress, and sets off the Richest with an additional Lustre.

62. A good Taste is the Heightner of every Science and the Polish of every Virtue; it is the Friend of Society and the Guide to Knowledge; it is the Improvement of Pleasure and the Taste of Merit; by this we enlarge the Circle of Enjoyment and refine upon Happiness; it enables us to distinguish Beauty, wherever we find it, and detect Error in all it's Disguises; it obliges us to behave with Decency and Elegance, and quickens our Attention to the good Qualities of Others, in a Word, it is the Assemblage of all Propriety, and the Centre of all that is amiable.

63. Take it for a general Rule, that the uglier your Women are and the duller your Men, they are the easier to be flattered into a Belief of their Beauty and Wit.

64. Poignant and disdainful Sarcasms, whenever they are seasoned with much Truth, never fail to leave behind them a bitter and vengeful Remembrance.

65. It is a vulgar Saying in *Italy* of the *Italian* Ladies, that they are Magpies at the Doors, Saints in the Church, Goats in the Garden, Devils in the House, Angels in the Streets, and Syrens at the Windows.

66. Certainly the greatest Pleasure on this Side of Heaven, lies in an even, serene, calm, composed, and steady Mind that is inwardly at Rest, and by consequence at Leisure to enjoy all outward Comforts; that hopes the best, and is prepared

for

for the worst, he enjoys the Present, and is not anxiously concerned for the Future. Such a Temper of Mind is the greatest Blessing God can bestow upon a Man, because it gives the Taste and Relish to all other Blessings, and therefore the greatest Folly a Man can be guilty of, is to part with it upon any Account.

67. Few Nations observe the *Externals* of Religion better than the *Italians* in General, and the *Venetians* in particular; of whom it may be said, that they spend one half of their Time in committing Sin, and the other half in begging God's Pardon.

68. Gratitude is a most valuable and commendable Virtue, and those that can break the Ties of Gratitude knows no Bounds; for it is a certain and infallible Rule, the Ungrateful would be unjust too, but for Fear of the Law. — Always acknowledge the Favours you receive; the Characters of Gratitude, like those of Friendship, are only defaced by Death, else indelible.

69. The Tendency of the Gospel is Divine; the Directions thereof practicable and perfect, and infinitely superior to any other Rule of Life. — It teacheth the best Divinity, the most refined Morality, and would make all Mankind, if practiced easy and happy.

70. Though it is Prosperity that makes Men happy; Misfortunes alone can approve them great.

71. Pride is the certain Companion of Folly, and both of them the proper Qualifications of Youth, it being the inseparable Property of that Age to be proud and ignorant, and to despise Instruction, the more it needs it.

72. To believe that there is no God to judge the World, is hugely suitable to that Man's Interest, who assuredly knows, that upon such a Judgment he shall be condemned; and to assert that

there is no Hell, must needs be a very benign Opinion to a Person engaged in such Actions, as he knows must certainly bring him thither: Men are Atheists, not because they have better Wits than other Men, but because they have corrupter Wills, nor because they reason better, but because they live worse.

73. We may as well shut a Mountain within a Mole-hill, or take up the Ocean in a Cockle-shell, as reach the stupendous sacred Intricacies of the Divine Subsistence, by the short and feeble Notions of a created Apprehension.

74. The covetous Man is a Wretch, who makes Money his God, and his Neighbour too; and who, under the Mask of Frugality, scarce ever hath a Penny ready for the Poor, though never without his hundreds, and his thousands of Pounds, ready for a Purchase.

75. Princes indeed may confer Honours, or rather Titles and Names of Honour; but they are a Man's own Actions, which must make him truly honourable; and every Man's Life is the Herald Office, from whence he must derive, and fetch that, which must blazon him to the World; Honour being but the Reflection of a Man's own Actions, shining bright in the Face of all about him, and from thence rebounding upon himself.

76. Wisdom is the noblest Endowment of the Mind of Man of all others; of an endless Extent, and of a boundless Comprehension, and in a Word, the liveliest Representation, that a created Nature can afford, of the Infinity of its Maker.

77. Innocence makes that Man's Face shine in Public, whose Actions and Behaviour it governs in private: The innocent Person lives not under the continual Torment of Doubts and Fears, lest he should be discovered, for the Light is his Friend, and to be seen and looked upon is his

Advan-

Advantage; the most retired Parts of his Life, being like Jewels, which, though indeed commonly kept locked up in the Cabinet, yet are then most admired and valued when shewn, and set forth by the Brighness of the Sun, as well as by their own.

78. The Paths of Virtue lie through craggy Rocks and Precipices; its very Food is Abstinence; it is cherished with Industry and Self-denial; it is exercised and kept in Heart, with arduous Attempts, and hard Services; and if it were otherwise, it could neither be high, nor great, nor honourable, nor indeed so much as Virtue.

79. Hope and Fear, are the two great Handles, by which the will of Man is to be taken hold of, when we would either draw it to Duty, or draw it off from Vice.

80. There is a Certain Complacency and Serenity of Mind, attending the Performance of good and virtuous Actions, and a kind of Horror and Remorse attending the Neglect of them; the Consideration of which alone, setting aside all hopes of a future Reward, may be a sufficient Argument to enforce the Practice of Duty, upon any sober rational Mind whatsoever.

81. It is remarked of *Alexander* as a very great Fault, and in Truth, of that Nature, one would wonder, how it could fall upon so great a Spirit; namely, that he would sometimes carp at the val-
lorous Achievements of his own Captains, because, (says the Historian,) he thought, that whatsoever Praise was bestowed upon another, was taken from him. A great Meanness certainly, and enough to make the Conqueror himself as much the object of Men's Pity, as his Conquests could be of their Envy.

82. Envy sucks Poison out of the fairest and the sweetest Flowers, and like an ill Stomach, con-

verts the best Nutriment into the worst and rankest Humours.

83. A bare Competence, and that a very slender one too, will answer all the needs of Nature; and where a Competence is sufficient, an abundance cannot be necessary.

84. The sick Bed is so like the Grave, which it leads to, that it uses Rich and Poor, Prince and Peasant all alike; Pain hath no respect to Persons, but strikes all with an equal and an impartial Stroke.

85. So long as Malice and Envy lodge in the Breasts of Mankind, it is impossible for a Man in a wealthy flourishing Condition, not to feel the Strokes of Men's Tongues, and of their Hands too if Occasion serves: The fuller the Branches are, the more the Tree will be thrown at.

86. it has been a Saying, and a remarkable one it is, that there is no Man very rich, but is either an unjust Person himself, or the Heir of one or other who was so: The general Baseness and Corruption of Men's Practices, hath verified this harsh Saying of too many; and it is every Day seen, how many serve the God of this World, to gain the Riches of it.

87. Money is the great Queen Regent of the World; the absolute Commanders of Fleets and Armies, and (which is more) often of their Commanders too.

88. It is observed that Estates sudden in the getting, are but short in the Continuance; they rise like Landfloods, and like them they fall.

89. Virtue, Charity and Generosity, are indeed splendid Names, and look bright in Sermons and Panegyrics, which few regard; but when we come to Practice, and common Life, Virtue if poor, is but a sneaking thing, looked upon disdainfully, and treated coldly, and when Charity brings a Man
to

222 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

to need Charity, he must be content with the Scraps, that fall from the Table of the rich Miser, or the great Oppressor.

90. It is an Observation in *Machiavel*, that when there is a general Depravation and Corruption of the Manners of any People, that Government cannot stand.

91. None certainly can love to see Vice in Power; but such as love to see it also in Practice: Place and Honour do of all things, most misbecome it; and a Goat or a Swine, in a Chair of State cannot be more odious than ridiculous.

92. It is reported of *Cesar*, that passing through a certain Town, and seeing all the Women of it standing at their Doors, with Monkeys in their Arms, he asked whether the Women of that Country, used to have any Children or no? thereby wittily and sarcastically reproaching them for misplacing that Affection upon Brutes, which could only become a Mother to her Child.

93. No Man knows, at his first Entrance upon any Sin, how far it may carry him, and where it will stop; the Commission of Sin, being generally like the pouring out of Water, which when poured out, knows no other Bounds, but to run as far as it can.

94. Friendship must confessedly be allowed, the Top, the Flower, and Crown of all temporal Enjoyments.

95. It was, in part, a brave Speech of *Lucius Cornelius Sylla*, the Roman Dictator, who said, that he found no Sweetness in being great or powerful, but only that it enabled him to crush his Enemies, and to gratify his Friends.

96. Every proud ungrateful Man, hath this Property of an Idol, that though he is pleyed with never so many, and so great Offerings, yet he takes no Notice of the Offerer at all.

Ingratitude

97. Ingratitude is too base to return a Kindness, and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of Mountains, barren indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing, they feed no body, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the World about them.

98. Friendship consists properly in mutual Offices, and a generous Strife in alternate Acts of Kindness; but he who doth a Kindness to an ungrateful Person, sets his Seal to a Flint, and sows his Seed upon the Sand; upon the former he makes no Impression, and from the latter he finds no Production.

99. It is Idleness that creates Impossibilities, and where Men care not to do a thing, they shelter themselves under a persuasion, that it cannot be done: The shortest and the surest way to prove a Work possible, is strenuously to set about it; and no wonder if that proves it possible, that for the most part makes it so.

100. None knows the Secrets of a Man's Mind, but his God, his Conscience, and his Friend; neither would any prudent Man let such a thing go out of his own Heart, had he not another Heart besides his own to receive it.

101. The Wages that Sin bargains with the Sinner to serve it for, are Life, Pleasure, and Profit; but the Wages it pays him with, are Death, Torment and Destruction.

102. When a Scar cannot be taken away, the next kind Office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy Faults: it is like the Painter, who being to draw the Picture of a Friend having a Blemish in one Eye, would picture only the other side of his Face: It is a noble and a great thing to cover the Blemishes, and to excuse the Failings of a Friend.

103. A Master for the most part keeps his choicest Goods locked up from his Servant, but
much

much more his Mind; for seldom doth a Man of Sense make his Servant his Counsellor, for fear of making him his Governor too.

104. Such is the Pride and Baseness of some Spirits, that where they receive a Benefit too big for them to requite, they will even deny the Kindness, and disown the Obligation.

105. It may be truly said of the Body, with reference to the Soul, what was said by the Poet of an ill Neighbour, *Nemo tam prope tam proculque* None so nearly joined in point of Vicinity, and and yet so widely distant in point of Interests and Inclinations.

106. Nothing doth or can darken the Mind, or Conscience of Man more than Lust; it hath a peculiar Efficacy this way, and for that Cause may justly be ranked amongst the very powers of darkness; it being that, which (as Naturalists observes,) strikes at the proper Seat of the Understanding, the Brain.

107. Gluttony and all Excess either in Eating or Drinking, strangely clouds and dulls the intellectual Powers; an Epicure's Practice, naturally disposes a Man to an Epicure's Principles; that is to an equal Looseness and Dissolution in both; and he who makes his Belly his Business, will quickly have a Conscience, of as large a Swallow as his Throat. Loads of Meat and Drink are fit for none but a Beast of Burthen to bear, and he is much the greater Beast, who carries his Burthen in his Belly, than he who carries it on his Back; on the contrary, nothing is so great a Friend to the Mind of Man, as Abstinence; it strengthens the Memory, clears the Apprehension, and sharpens the Judgment.

108. Of all Vices incident to human Nature, none so powerfully and peculiarly carries the Soul downwards, as Covetousness does; it makes it all Earth

Earth and Dirt, burying that noble Thing which can never die; so that while the Body is above Ground, the Soul is under it, and therefore must needs be in a State of Darkness, while it converses in the Regions of it.

109. Love is a Thing that scorns to dwell any where but in the Heart; the Tongue is a Thing made for Words, but what Reality is there in a Voice, what Substance in a Sound? and Words are no more; the Kindness of the Heart never kills, but that of the Tongue often does, and in an ill Sense a soft Answer may break the Bones, he who speaks me well, proves himself a Rhetorician or a Courtier, but that is not to be a Friend; was ever the Hungry fed, or the Naked cloathed with good Looks or fair Speeches? these are but thin Garments to keep out the Cold, and but a slender Repast to conjure down the Rage of a craving Appetite. My Friend, perhaps, is ready to starve or perish through Poverty, and I tell him, I am heartily glad to see him; and should be very ready to serve him, but still my Hand is close and my Purse shut — I neither bring him to my Table nor lodge him under my Roof; He asks for Bread, and I give him a Compliment, a Thing indeed not so hard as a Stone, but altogether as dry.

110. Disdain and Distance, sour Looks and sharp Words are all the Expressions of Friendship that some Natures can manifest, and those who neither do good Turns, nor give good Looks, nor speak good Words have a Love strangely subtil and metaphysical.

111. Promises are a Diet which none ever yet thrived by, and a Man may feed upon them heartily and never break his Fast; In a Word, it may be said of Human Promises, what Expositors say of divine Prophecies, that they are never understood till they come to be fulfilled.

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112. He

226 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

112. He who lives only upon Reversions and maintains himself with Hope, and has nothing to cover him but the Clothes of dead Men and the Promises of the Living, will find just as much Relief from them as a Man in the Depth of Winter feels from the Heat of the following Summer.

113. To love an Enemy is to stretch Humanity as far as it will go; it is an heroic Action, and such an one as grows not upon an ordinary plebeian Spirit.

114. We are commanded to love our Enemy, but so as not to hate ourselves; if our Love to him be a Copy, surely the Love to ourselves ought to be the Original. Charity is indeed to diffuse itself abroad, but yet it may lawfully begin at Home.

115. So far as a Man shames his Enemy, so far he also disarms him, for he leaves him stripped of the Assistance and good Opinion of the World round about him, without which it is impossible for any Man living to be considerable, either in his Friendship or his Enmities.

116. He is a happy Man who has no Enemies, and he is a much happier who has never so many but can pardon them.

117. There is hardly any Necessity or Convenience of Mankind, but what is in a large Measure served and provided for by the great Blessing, as well as Business of the World, Religion; and he who is a Christian is not only a better Man, but also a better Neighbour, a better Subject and a truer Friend than he that is not so.

118. It is observed by the learned *Verulam*, what Advantage bold and impudent Men have over others, nay, even so as to prevail upon Men of Wisdom and Resolution, because, as he excellently notes, the wisest Men have their weak Times, and then we may infer, that he who is importunate at all Times, must needs catch them at those.

119. It

119. It is an Observation too frequent and common to be at all doubted of, that Familiarity breeds Contempt, and it holds not more in Point of Converse than in Point of Knowledge; for, as Easiness of Access, Frankness and Openness of Behaviour do, by Degrees, lay a Man open to Scorn and Contempt, especially from some Dispositions; so a full Inspection and Penetration into all the Difficulties and Secrets of any Object is apt to make the Mind insult over it, as over a conquered Thing; for all Knowledge is a Kind of Conquest over the Thing we know.

120. The Measure of Men's Kindness and Visits bestowed upon one another, is usually the Prosperity, the Greatness and the Interests of the Persons whom they visit, that is, because their Favour is profitable and their Ill-will formidable; in a Word, Men visit others because they are kind to themselves. — But who ever saw Coaches and Liveries thronging at the Door of the Orphan or the Widow (unless, peradventure, a rich one) or before the House or Prison of an afflicted, decayed Friend? No, at such a Time we account them not so much as our own, that unfriends, and unbrothers, and dissolves all Relations, and it is seldom the Dialect of *My good Friend*, any longer than it is *My great Friend*.

121. It has been observed, that the bitterest and the loudest Scolding is, for the most Part, amongst those of the same Street; in short, there is a Kind of ill Disposition in most Men, much resembling that of Dogs, they bark at what is high and remote from them, and bite what is next.

122. Reputation is tender, and to be blown upon is to be tainted; like a Glass, the cleaner and finer it is, the more it suffers by the least Breath.

123. Some one hath observed, that a dull Fellow can endure the Paroxysms of a Fever, or the Torments of the Gout or Stone, much better than

228 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

a Man of a quick Mind and an exalted Fancy, because in one, Pain beats upon a Rock or an Anvil; in the other it prints itself upon the Wax.

124. Laws lay the same Obligation upon crowned Heads that they do upon the meanest Peasant, for no Prerogative can bar Piety; no Man is too great, to be bound to be Good, he who wields the Sceptre and shines in the Throne has a great Account to make, and a great Master to make it to, and there is no Man sent into the World to rule, who is not also sent to obey.

125. Flattery is the most baneful Mischief that can be practised by one Man upon another, and Shadows do not more inseparably follow Bodies than Flattery does the Persons of great Men.

126. Next to Wisdom, the greatest Gift of Heaven is Resolution; it is that which gives and obtains Kingdoms, that turns Swords into Sceptres, that crowns the Valiant with Victory, and the Victorious often with a Diadem. It was answered, by a neighbouring Prince, to one alledging a Flaw in the Title of *Henry VII.* to the Kingdom of *England*, that he had three of the best Titles to his Kingdom of any Prince living, being the wisest, the valiantest, and the richest Prince in *Christendom*.

127. Upon a full Survey of the *Roman* Story, it may be remarked, that the greatest Defeats that were ever given that Commonwealth, in any lasting War, have been from this, that the Custom of shifting Consuls every Year hindered the Conduct of the whole War from being continued in the Hands of one experienced Commander; in their Wars with *Hannibal* nothing is more manifest, from all which, it may be inferred, that Kingly Government is the most natural, excellent and beneficial to Society of all others, and that in every Commonwealth, in Spite of it's Constitution, there

will
Torments of the Gout or Stone, much better than
a Man

will be something of Monarchy, and that if a Republic ever attchieves any thing great or considerable, it is still by Virtue of something in it that is Monarchical.

128. A Disgrace put upon a Man in Company is unsupportable; it is heightened according to the Greatness, and multiplied according to the Number of Persons that hear it.

129. Who almost is there, whose Heart doth not swell with his Bags, and whose Thoughts do not follow the Proportions of his Condition? What Difference has been seen in the same Man poor and preferred? His Mind, like a Mushroom, has shot up in a Night; his Business is first to forget himself, and then his Friends: When the Sun shines, then the Peacock displays his Train.

130. The World is commonly ignorant of Men until Occasion gives them Power to turn their Inside outward and to shew themselves; so that what is said of an Office, may be also said of Prosperity and a Fortune, that it doth, *indicare Virum*, discover what the Man is, and what Metal his Heart is made of. We see a Slave, perhaps, cringe, and speak, and humble himself, but do we therefore presently think, that we see his Nature in his Behaviour? No, we may find ourselves much mistaken, for no Body knows, in Case Providence should think fit to smile upon such an one, and, as it were, to launch him forth into a deep and wide Fortune, how quickly he would be another Man, assume another Spirit, and grow insolent, imperious and insufferable!

131. Some are Dunces in the Midst of Libraries, dull and sottish in the very Bosom of *Athens*, and far from Wisdom, though they lord it over the Wise.

132. How quickly is the Sun overcast, and how often doth he set in a Cloud, and that Cloud break

230 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

in a Storm ? He that well considers this, will account it a surer Livelihood to depend upon the Sweat of his own Brow, than the Favour of another Man's ; and even while it is his Fortune to enjoy it, he will be far from Confidence, which is the Down-fall of a Man's Happiness and a Traitor to him in all his Concerns, for still it is the confident Person who is deceived.

133. No penal Laws are found so forcible for the Controul of Vice, as those, wherein Shame makes the chief Ingredient of the Penalty : Death at the Block looks not so grim and dismal as Death at the Gibbet, for here it meets a Man clad with Infamy and Reproach, which does a more grievous Execution upon his Mind, than the other can upon his Body.

134. It is said of the *Spaniard*, that there are two Things much accounted of, and desired by many in the World, which yet he heartily wishes his Enemy, one is, that if he be a Gamester, he may win ; the other, that if he be a Courtier of Women, he may obtain his Desires, for that he knows well enough that either of these Courses will, in all Likelihood prove his Ruin at last.

135. Archbishop *Laud* used to say, The Lord deliver us from covetous and fearful Men ; the Covetous will betray us for Money, and the Fearful for Security.

136. Honour is the Height and Flower and Top of Morality, and the utmost Refinement of Conversation ; it is as much the natural Result as it is the legal Reward of Virtue : Virtue and Honour are such inseparable Companions, that the Heathens would admit no Man into the Temple of Honour, who did not pass thro' it to the Temple of Virtue.

137. This is a Maxim of an unfailing Truth, that no Body ever pries into another Man's Concerns,

cerns, but with a Design to do, or to be able to do him a Mischief.

138. Prayer is that blessed Messenger between Heaven and Earth, holding a Correspondence with both Worlds; and by an happy Intercourse and sure Conveyance, carrying up the Necessities of the one, and bringing down the Bounties of the other.

139. Temperance is a Virtue, which casts the truest Lustre upon the Person it is lodged in, and hath the most general Influence upon all other particular Virtues of any, that the Soul of Man is capable of; indeed so general, that there is hardly any noble Quality or Endowment of the Mind but must own Temperance either for it's Parent or it's Nurse; it is the great Strengthner and Clearer of Reason, and the best Preparer of it for Religion, the Sister of Prudence, and the Handmaid to Devotion.

140. To be watchful, is for a Man to secure and make good his own Standing, by considering how and whereby others have fallen;—no Wisdom being so sure and so much a Man's own as that which is bought, and none so cheap, and yet withal so beneficial as that which is bought at another's Cost.

141. Frequent Thoughts of a Thing naturally wears off the Strangeness of it; for by these the Mind converses with it's Object, and Conversation breeds Acquaintance with Things as well as Persons.

142. The Christian Religion, both in itself, and in it's Author, is a suffering Religion; a Religion, teaching Suffering, enjoining Suffering, and rewarding Suffering.

143. Nothing in Nature casts so deep a Stain upon the Face of Christianity, as the Blots which fall upon it from the lewd and scandalous Behaviour of Christians.

232 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

144. It is observable that those high Blades, who pretend to outbrave Hell, and laugh at all Apprehensions of future Misery, when they come to feel the Hand of God upon their worldly Interests, can as sadly and sharply resent the Calamity of a languishing Body or a declining Family, a blasted Name or a broken Estate, and bend under it as poorly as the meanest and lowest spirited Men whatsoever.

145. Should a Man take up his Religion, not out of Conscience, but Design, yet surely it would be his Interest to keep it fair and creditable; and should he (as too many do) wear it only as a Cloak, yet Prudence and common Decency would teach him to wear it clean, and without Spots; for he, who is not concerned for the Honour of his Religion, may justly be supposed to have neither Honour nor Religion.

146. Let no present Fluster of Fortune or Flow of Riches either transport the Man himself with Confidence or the Fools about him with Admiration, until we see that it makes him better and wiser than he was before, (which seldom happens) and not only makes, but steadily keeps him so, 'till he hath finished his Course by a well led Life, and closed his Eyes by an honourable and happy Death.

147. *Caius Marius* used to say, That he valued not what Men could say of him; for if they spoke true, they must needs speak honourably of him; if otherwise, his Life and his Manners should be their Confutation.

148. What Poetry ever paralleled *Solomon* in his Description of Love, as to all the Ways, Effects and Ecstacies and little Tyrannies of that commanding Passion? See *Ovid* with his *Omnia vincit Amor*, and *Virgil* with his *Vulnus alit Venis*, &c. how jejune and thin are they to the Poetry of *Solomon*, in the Eighth Chapter of the *Canticles*; and

and the sixth Verse ; *Love is as strong as Death, and Jealousy cruel as the Grave !* and as for his Description of Beauty, he describes that so, that he even transcribes it into his Expressions ; where did we ever find Sorrow flowing forth in such a natural prevailing Pathos, as in the Lamentations of *Jeremy* ? one would think that every Letter was wrote with a Tear, every Word was the Noise of a breaking Heart ; so that he, who said he would not read the Scripture, for fear of spoiling his Stile, shewed himself as much a Blockhead as an Atheist, and to have as small a Gust of the Elegancies of Expression as of the Sacredness of the Matter.

149. All the Necessities of the natural Life are fully answered by these three Enjoyments, Meat, Drink and Clothes, and whatsoever, upon that Account, is desired more, is but the Result of a false Appetite, founded in no real Want, but only in Fancy and Opinion.

150. Upon a full Experience of the Vanity of this World, we find Cause in all our Thoughts and Desires to return and fly back to our Maker, like the Dove to the Ark, when it could rest no where else.

151. There is a noted Story of *Hector* and *Ajax*, who having combated one another, ended that Combat in a Reconcilement, and testified that Reconcilement by mutual Presents, *Hector* giving *Ajax* a Sword, and *Ajax* presenting *Hector* with a Belt ; the Consequence of which was, that *Ajax* slew himself with the Sword, given him by *Hector*, and *Hector* was dragged about the Walls of *Troy*, by the Belt given him by *Ajax* ; such are the Gifts, and such are the killing Kindnesses of reconciled Enemies.

152. Whosoever that Man was, that said, That he would rather have a Grain of Fortune, than a Pound

234 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

Pound of Wisdom ; as to the Things of this Life, he spoke nothing but the Voice of Wisdom and great Experience.

153. He is the best Physician, that hath the best Luck ; he prescribes, but it is Chance that cures.

154. Men are Atheistical, because they are first vicious, and question the Truth of Christianity, because they hate the Practice.

155. If Men will be ignorant and illiterate, let them be so in private, and to themselves, and not set their Defects in an high Place, to make them visible and conspicuous. If Owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the Tree, and not perch upon the upper Boughs.

156. Poverty and Meanness of Condition expose the wisest to Scorn, it being natural for Men to place their Esteem rather upon Things Great than Good, and the Poet observes, that this *infelix Paupertas* has nothing in it more intolerable than this, that it renders Men ridiculous.

157. It is a true and happy Observation of that great Philosopher, the Lord *Verulam*, that this is the Benefit of the Communication of our Minds to others, that Sorrows, by being communicated, grow less, and Joys greater : And indeed Sorrow, like a Stream, loses itself in many Channels ; and Joy, like a Ray of the Sun, reflects with a greater Ardour and Quickness, when it rebounds upon a Man from the Breast of his Friend.

158. Nothing is more evident, from Experience, than that the not using or employing any Faculty or Power, either of Body or Soul, does insensibly weaken and impair that Faculty, as a Sword, by long lying still, will contract a Rust, which shall not only deface it's Brightness, but by Degrees also consume it's very Substance.

159. Detraction is a killing, poisoned Arrow, drawn out of the Devil's Quiver, which is always flying

flying abroad and doing Execution in the dark, against which no Virtue is a Defence, no Innocence a Security.

160. A Proverb is the Experience and Observation of several Ages, gathered and summed up into one Expression. The Scripture vouches *Solomon* for the wisest of Men, and they are his Proverbs that prove him so.

161. Human Laws are so numerous, that they not only exceed Men's Practice, but also surpass their Arithmetick, and so voluminous, that no mortal Head, nor Shoulders must ever pretend to be able to bear them.

162. No Man can be considerable, who is incapable of a Trust ; he is neither fit for Counsel or Friendship, for Service or Command, to be in Office or in Honour, but like Salt that hath lost it's Savour, fit only to rot and perish upon a Dung-hil.

163. Gratitude is the great Spring that sets all the Wheels of Nature a going ; and the whole Universe is supported, by giving and returning, by Commerce and Commutation.

164. He that is a good Man, is three Quarters of his Way towards being a good Christian, where-soever he lives, or whatsoever he is called.

165. There is a Kind of Respect, due to the meanest Person, even from the greatest, for it is the mere Favour of Providence, that he, who is actually the greatest, was not the meanest ; a Man cannot cast his Respects so low, but they will rebound and return upon him. What Heaven bestows upon the Earth in kind Influences and benign Aspects, is paid back again in Sacrifice, Incense and Adoration : And surely, a great Person gets more, by obliging his inferior, than he can by disdainning him ; as a Man has a greater Advantage by sowing and dressing his Ground, than he can have by trampling

236 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

trampling upon it ; it is not to insult and domineer, to look disdainfully, and revile imperiously, that procures an Esteem from any one, it will indeed make Men keep their Distance sufficiently, but it will be Distance without Reverence.

166. Common Fame, which sounds from all Quarters of the World, and resounds back to them again, is generally but a loud, rattling, impudent, overbearing Lie. Most of the Histories of the World, are but Lies immortalized, and consigned over as a perpetual Abuse and Flam upon Posterity. Most of the Promises of the World are but Lies, of which we need no other Proof than our own Experience.

167. It is somewhere related that Cardinal *Wolsey* obtained Leave of Pope *Clement VII.* to demolish forty religious Houses, which he did by the Service of five Men, to whose Conduct he committed the effecting of that Business, every one of which came to a sad and fatal End ; for the Pope himself was ever after an unfortunate Prince, *Rome* being twice taken and sacked in his Reign, himself taken Prisoner, and at length, dying a miserable Death ; *Wolsey* (as is known) incurred a *Premunire*, forfeited his Honour, Estate and Life which he ended, some say, by Poison, but certainly in great Calamity ; and for the five Men employed by him, two of them quarrelled, one of which was slain, and the other hanged for it ; the Third drowned himself in a Well ; the Fourth (though rich) came, at length, to beg his Bread ; and the Fifth was miserably stabbed to Death in *Dublin*.

168. People, at first, while they are young, and raw, and soft natured, are apt to think it an easy Thing to gain Love and reckon their own Friendship a sure Price of another Man's ; but when Experience shall have once opened their Eyes, and shewed them the Hardness of most Hearts, the
Hollowness

Hollowness of Others, and the Baseness and Ingratitude of almost All, they will then find that a Friend is a Gift from above, and that he only who made Hearts can unite them.

169. Man is a poor, slight, inconsiderable Nothing, or, at best, a pitiful Something, beholden to every one of the Elements, as well as compounded of them, and living as an Eleemosynary, upon a perpetual Contribution from all and every Part of the Creation; this Creature cloathing him, Another feeding him, a Third curing him, when sick, and a Fourth comforting and refreshing him, when well; in a Word, he subsists by the joint Alms of Heaven and Earth, and stands at the Mercy of every Thing in Nature, which is able either to help or hurt him.

170. To flatter gracefully and to receive it cheerfully are generally condemned, yet approved in our Hearts; what is said to a fine Woman, may be applied to all the Descendants of Adam, — "Pride is our Life, and Flattery our daily Bread."

171. It was a handsome Reply to one who commended a dull Fellow for his Application to Business: "No Thanks to him, if he had no Business, he would have nothing to do."

172. Ill Fortune never crushed that Man, whom good Fortune deceived not; he knows not his own Strength, that has not met Adversity.

173. Though Prosperity makes the severest Trial of Virtues, yet Adversity renders them most orient, as the Night best acquaints us with the Splendor of the Stars.

174. Consult not with a Woman, touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a Merchant concerning Exchange; nor with a Buyer or Selling; nor with an unmerciful Man of Kindness; to which we may add one more, nor with an Attorney about compounding a Lawsuit.

175. It

238 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

175. It was a Kind of Maxim among the Antients, that to do good to a Mortal, was to be a God to a Mortal.

176. It is the first Part of Wisdom to give good Counsel; the second, to take it; and the third, to follow it.

177. A true Friend will stick close in Adversity, and, like a Glow-worm, the old Emblem of Friendship, shine in the dark.

178. Broad Obscenities in Words, ought, in good Manners to be avoided; Expressions therefore are a modest Cloathing of our Thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats of our Bodies.

179. A Play should be a just and lively Image of human Nature, representing it's Passions and Humours, and the Changes of Fortune to which it is subject, for the Delight and Instruction of Mankind.

180. In *France* we meet much Civility and little Friendship; in *Holland* deep Attention, but little Reflection; in *Italy* all Pleasure, but no Mirth.

181. Where there is nothing in an Object to shine, no Pains will be needful to cast Shades around it; so that one may conclude, upon observing one Man decry another, there is generally Malice in that, and Merit in this.

182. *Tacitus* observes, that Jest when they have too much of Truth, are long remembered, and deeply resented.

183. A *French* Surgeon, visiting the Abbey of *St. Dennis*, fell upon his Knees before the Tomb of *Lewis* the XI. which one of the Monks observing, told him, that was not the Tomb of a Saint: He may not be your Saint, good Father, answered the Surgeon, but he is mine, for it was he first brought the Pox into *France*, by which I have gained an hundred and fifty thousand Livres.

184. Monsieur

184. Monsieur St. Evremont speaking of his own Nation, says, there is none, where good Sense is more rare; but that it is no where more exquisite, than where we meet with it among the *French*. And in another Place, says, that generally no Conversation would be more agreeable than that of the *French*, if they would speak a little less; and that of the *English*, if they would speak a little more than they commonly do.

185. A certain Person having heard *Seneca's* book *de Officiis*, mentioned in Company, imagined it was of Ecclesiastical Benefices, and praised it for an excellent Treatise against Pluralities and Commendams.

186. We should never forget the Advice of *Cicero*, in his fine Discourse on Friendship, that we often pay severely for our want of due Care, but never more than in the choice of our Friends; a well chosen Friend, is certainly, one of the greatest Blessings of Life; when rashly taken, it proves the Cause of the greatest Displeasure, the more freely we converse with him, the more open we lay ourselves to be prejudiced, if he proves either false or indiscreet; in this respect, the *Italian* Proverb may be applied:

“From Friends, let God my Guardian be;

“As for my Foes leave that to me,
For before a Friend is chosen, no Caution can be too great; after he is chosen, scarce any Confidence can be so, Providence must then be our Security, where our own Diffidence, can have so little room, that the Duke de la Rochefoucauli's Reflection, seems to be an Axiom to every generous Mind, where he says, *Il est plus honteux de se desier de ses Amis, que d'en être trompé*; it is more shameful to mistrust our Friends, than to be cheated by them; this is at most the Effect of a false Judgment, but seems to be no Argument of a false Heart;
for

246 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

for one who finds himself incapable of deceiving a Friend, is no less incapable of suspecting him; the saying of *Cbilo the Lacedemonian* must be our Rule in this Case; measure your Love, as if it may turn to Hatred, and your Hatred, as if hereafter it were to turn to Love: No Friendship so firm, but it may break by numberless Accidents; no Enmity so strong, but it may be turned by Time and Reason.

187. It was a very proper saying of a *French Nobleman*, upon his Son's telling him he was engaged to pass the Evening with ten or a dozen Friends; the Father who was grown old in the Knowledge of the World, replied, I am glad to hear, you are so very fortunate; having made the best Search I could for Threescore Years, I can hardly say it hath been my Fate to meet one Friend; and you it seems, find them already by dozens.

188. Commendations even where most deserved, must be cautiously managed, Compliments and mutual Civilities, must be kept within proper bounds; otherwise, instead of pleasing, People will be apt to think, we either banter, or imagine they are weak enough, to be taken with extravagant and meer pretended Respect; it is reported to have been a Saying of *Sophocles*, that he thought it as bad to meet a Friend, to force him to drink when he was not dry, as with an Enemy, to hinder him, when thirsty; thus it is equally troublesome to be overwhelmed with Ceremonies, or plagued with Rudeness.

189. Sir *Henry Wotton* calls it a political Caution in Architecture not to build near a great Neighbour; this were, says he, in Truth, to be as unfortunately seated on Earth, as *Mercury* is in the Heavens, for the most part ever in Combustion, or Obscurity under brighter Beams than his own. A good Caution, which may serve for those, who would faintly shine

shine in Company, which they cannot do with Men of superior Talents.

190. No Dispute should be carried on with those who grow passionate; and none should ever be entered upon with such as are ignorant, stubborn, and weak, three Qualities which are often joined; Calmness of Reasoning is a great Advantage in all Occasions of Talk, but never more than in Controversy.—Passion is never apt to enter, till Reason is going off.

191. To rectify the Mistakes, or correct the Faults of a Friend, is the truest, and withal the most difficult part of Friendship; there are few who do not want it, fewer that can bear it, and fewest of all that can do it right.

192. Nothing can be more Courty, or which expresseth so far the Conversation of a Gentleman, as Sir *John Suckling*; nothing so even, sweet, and flowing, as Mr. *Waller*; nothing so majestic, so correct, as Sir *John Denham*; nothing so elevated, so copious, and full of Spirit, as Mr. *Cowley*; *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and some other Poems of his, will never be equalled.

193. It is Sir *William Montague's* Counsel, always to praise our Friends something less than we love them; and to let our Indulgence to their Failures, be something less than our Affection.

194. Charity is a Virtue, which some People ought not by any means wholly to renounce, because it covereth a Multitude of Sins.

195. There are no Qualities more incident to the Frailty and Corruption of Human Kind, than an Indifference, or an Insensibility for other Men's Sufferings, and a sudden Forgetfulness of their own former humble State, when they rise in the World.

196. *Charles V. of Spain*, was twice in *England*, twice in *Africa*, four times in *France*, six times in

242 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Spain, seven times in *Italy*, and nine times in *Germany*.

197. Mirth, says *Lassels*, is never so lawful as in travelling, where it shortens long Miles, and and sweetens bad Usage; makes a bad Dinner go down, and a bad Horse go on.

198. A Country Gentleman made a very long and melancholy Complaint to the late Duke of *Buckingham*, when he was in great Power at Court, of several public Grievances: The Duke, after having given him a very patient hearing, My dear Friend, says he, this is but too true, but I have thought of an Expedient, which will very soon set all things right. His Country Friend asked him what it was: You must know, says the Duke, there is a Place of five hundred Pounds a Year fallen this very Morning, which I intend to put you in Possession of. The Gentleman thanked his Grace, went away satisfied, and thought the Nation the happiest under Heaven, during the whole Ministry.

199. A virtuous Mind in a beautiful Body, is like a rich Jewel inclosed in a Gold Case.

200. Away with the proud Wealthy, and a Fig for their Riches; I possess all things in desiring nothing, said the poor Cocker.

201. Rather than fully her Whiteness, the Ermine will suffer Death; and every Woman of Honour will follow her Example.

202. It is commonly the Fault of Youth, to think all Things easy, as it is of Age to be over diffident.

203. Marriage is in some respect like Death; it is unknown to us, until we have tried it, and then its too late to repent: The Prospect we have of Matrimony, is much like a view from the Top of one Hill to another; our Eyes are apt to pass over the Valley between unobserved.

204. Beauty

The Curious Miscellany. 243

204. Beauty soon flies away; but, alas! Love flies away much sooner; uncomplaisant Companion that he is, who though he comes with Beauty, will not stay with it.

205. A certain Bishop told a Parson, that his Parishoners complained of him, that he always preached over the same Sermon; to which he answered, until I find the People take better Notice of what I say, I must sound it in both their Ears.

206. The Memory of past Enjoyments is oftentimes no small Relief to a melancholy Heart; and there are few, who have not experienced, that Hope is the most efficacious of all other Remedies, against the Calamities and Distresses we meet with in Life.

207. Wealth is every Thing; it affords Conveniencies, covers Defects, and commands Obedience; it gives Interest and Power, Credit and Satisfaction always attend it. He that is rich hath Art and Nature at his Service, can entertain his Fancy, and regale his Senses; good Eating and Drinking are but part of his Advantages; he is wonderfully address'd and complimented every where; a Manor draws Suit and Service after it, and a rich Man, like the Sun in *Persia*, is worshipp'd at his first rising: One would think, that his Pocket mends his Head; that his Sense holds proportion with his Acres, and that he purchases a new Understanding with every new Estate: On the other hand, Poverty hath but a very ordinary Complexion, and a very slender Interest in the World; it is generally disregarded and brow-beaten, and no good Qualities make it shine; People are apt to fancy, where there is no Money there is no Merit; if the Muses are in Rags, they are in danger of the Statute, and of being taken up for Vagabonds and sturdy Beggars; a disfigured Condition never promises great Matter of

Words; *R. 2*

244 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Talent; for, who would look for a Jewel upon a Dunghil? In short, a Man's Credit always suffers with his Circumstances; a Thread-bare Coat is a Presumption of Insignificancy, and when the Pocket is low, the Brains are thought so too.

208. When we look on our Neighbours with Contempt, we shall hardly forbear treating them with Unkindness.

209. No Man is rich enough to be above the Favour, nor great enough, never to stand in need of the Assistance of others.

210. There are some Circumstances and Accidents of Life, that do necessarily create in us Pain and Uneasiness. Human Nature is not able to preserve itself immoveable under Shocks of this sort, as bodily Pain, struggling with Want, deprived of Liberty, or mourning the Death of a faithful and affectionate Friend.

211. Beauty hath a great and powerful Influence on the Hearts of the best and wisest of Men; the Power of a beautiful Woman is very transcendent, who can kill with a Look, and enslave in the twinkling of an Eye.

212. Lord Bacon hath observed Beauty to consist in these three Particulars; a fine Complexion, Regularity of Features, and that *Je ne sçay quoi*, which we commonly express by the Phrase of a good Air; this great Man prefers the latter as the most essential part of Beauty.

213. History is generally esteemed to be one of the best and most profitable Studies of a Gentleman, because it brings to our View a great Variety of Characters and Examples, the most powerful sort of Instruction, that are of great Use to a Man of Sense and Reflection, either in the Management of his own Affairs, or his Conduct with regard to the Public.

214. A *Persian* Philosopher used to say, the World is an Eccho, which returns us our own

Words;

Words; for which reason, if one would be well spoken of in the World, we must speak well of others.

215. Mankind take the greatest Pains imaginable to amass Fortunes for their Posterity, and at the same time are most unaccountably regardless of the Education of their Children, which is the only Means whereby that can be preserved to them. Wealth is like Food to the natural Body, if the Constitution be in good Order, it preserves and continues it so; but if distempered, it only feeds the Disease, and hastens Destruction.

216. Curiosity is a Principle closely interwoven into the Frame of human Nature; it is a Passion natural to all Men, though to some in an infinitely greater Degree; it opens to the Mind a very large Scene of present Pleasure, and renders a Man an easy and agreeable Companion to himself in the Intervals from Business and Conversation.

217. A Man's Temper is more judged by his Mien and Outside, though very fallacious, than by his Behaviour itself; it has been known, a Man hath been thought haughty, only because he was short-sighted, and could not know People as he met them; but the same Man by Mistake, would often bow to his own Servants who knew his Defect, and therefore had as little Reason to think him humble, as others had to think him proud.

218. Mr. Lee, one of our most celebrated Poets, had the Misfortune to be sent to *Bedlam*; a Gentleman, who knew him, and who was examining the different Kinds of Follies of those who were detained there, was strangely surprized, when he saw his Friend; Dear Mr. Lee, said he, what unhappy Fate has brought you into this miserable Place? Who can help it, answered the Poet, the Fools have had the better of me and confined me here, Poor *Nat. Lee* was not so mad as People

246 *Miscellanea Curiosa* 3rd Br,

would have made him, if we may judge by his Answer, or else he had very good Intervals in his Frenzy.

219. Wealth, if well considered, is but a splendid Vexation, and he manageth the best, who is neither intemperate with it, nor uneasy without it.

220. An equal Temper, a humane Behaviour, and a good Conscience, are the chief Pursuits of a good Man's Ambition.

221. If we do ill, many discover it, and all despise us; if we do well, but few Men find it out, and fewer entertain it kindly; if we commit Errors, there is no Pardon; if we could do Wonders, there would be but little Thanks; and that too extorted from unwilling Givers.

222. Some few Friends and Books, a cheerful Heart, and innocent Conscience, are the good Man's constant Companions.

223. Sooner or later, all Men pass through the Trial of Love, like some *Mahometan* Monks, that are bound by their Order, once at least, in their Life, to make a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*.

224. The same Judgment should be made of Men's Stiles in Writing, as of their Behaviour and Carriage, wherein that is most courtly and hardest to be imitated, which consists of a natural Easiness and unaffected Grace, where nothing seems to be studied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

225. A Man that hath no Virtue in himself, ever envieth Virtue in others; for Men's Minds will either feed upon their own Good, or others Evil; and who wanteth the one, will prey upon the other; and whosoever is out of Hope to attain to another's Virtue, will seek to come at even-hand, by depressing another's Fortune.

226. It is the Custom of heroic Poets, as we may see by the Example of *Homer* and *Virgil*, never to come to the full End of their Story; but only

only so near as every one may see it, as Men commonly play not out of the Game, when it is evident they can win it, but lay down their Cards, and take up what they have won.

227. Lord Bacon observes well, that Popularity in a Judge is a greater Fault, than Bribery, because every Body is capable of Flattery, but few of making Presents.

228. Profaneſs in Converſation, paſſes for Sprightlineſs and Wit; whereas it is only a Sign of wanting both Judgment and Manners.

229. Memoirs and Accounts of Perſons, though not very conſiderable, when written by themſelves, are greedily read, and often found uſeful, not only for the Knowledge of things paſt, but as Cautions for the future.

230. Air and Exerciſe are abſolutely neceſſary for ſome Conſtitutions; Agitation of the Body, and Diverſion of the Mind being a Compoſition for Health above all the Skill of *Hypocrates*.

231. The ſame Beauties which captivate a Lover's Heart are not always ſufficient to fix his Conſtancy and Fidelity; therefore Women ought to heighten their perſonal Charms with thoſe of the Mind.

232. Converſation is the Folio Book of the World, and from that we learn to make a right Uſe of thoſe in our Studies.

233. Philoſophers ſay Virtue is ſeated in the Middle;—in another Senſe, the little Virtue left in the World is chiefly to be found among the middle Rank of Mankind, who are neither allured out of her Paths by Ambition, nor driven by Poverty.

234. It hath been univerſally agreed, that Virtue and Fortune were engaged in a Sort of noble Contention, for the Advancement of the Grandeur and Happineſs of the *Romans*: A certain Author has concluded the latter to be only a Conſequence of the former; for Religion, ſays he, produced good

248 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Laws; good Laws, good Fortune; and good Fortune, a good End in whatever they undertook. He says further, that for several Ages together, never was the Fear of God more eminently conspicuous than in that Republic; it was this Consideration made the great *St. Austin* observe, that God would not give Heaven to the *Romans*, because they were Heathens; but he gave them the Empire of the World, because they were virtuous.

235. Mr. *Cowley* makes this Remark on *Oliver Cromwell's* Funeral; it was, says he, something resembling the Life of him, for whom it was made, much Noise, much Tumult, much Expence, much Magnificence, much vain Glory; briefly, a great Show, and yet, after all, but an ill Sight.

236. Nothing is more foolish and unnatural than Affectation of Youthfulness in old People; it divests them of all that Reverence and Authority, which Years and Experience give; and instead of rendering them respected and esteemed, as they mistakenly suppose it will, subject themselves to the Laughter and Derision of all that know them: Can any thing in Nature be more contemptible than an old Pop, in a gaudy Dress, bedaubed with Powder and gay Embroidery, giving himself Airs of Love and Gallantry, singing wanton or drunken Catches, and keeping Company with young Rakes? What is this, but to expose his Folly, while he fancies he conceals his Years? That Courtier was infinitely wiser, who having spent his Youth in Pleasures of all Kinds, retired from the World, and every Day amused himself with feeding Ducks; of which being asked the Reason, he answered with a Sigh, "The Ducks do not know that I am old."

237. Affability speaks the Person of Distinction; whereas a distant and haughty Carriage begets Hatred,

tered, and a narrow Scrutiny into our Conduct; nay, even that of our Ancestors is examined on our Accounts. Contempt is always repaid with Heart-burnings and Disdain: Though Fortune may have placed us in a distinguished Rank, yet hath she not made us more than Men, refined our Clay, or given a richer Tincture to our Blood; Birth doth not exempt us from a certain Complaisance to the meanest Peasant, which Humanity and Decency require even from Princes, and which Policy engages the most elevated to practice.

238. Calmness of Soul is the Effect of true Wisdom, and a perfect Comprehension of the Nature of Things; *Tacitus* says of *Agricola*, that he received from Prudence the greatest Privilege Man can enjoy, that of not being puffed up with the most unexpected Success, but preserving on all Occasions, a Soul superior to his Fortunes. *Horace* in his Epistle to his Friend *Numicius*, makes this Moderation of Temper the very Basis of Felicity; it is this Constancy of Disposition which finishes the Hero; and there is more Glory in bearing either good or evil Fortune with Moderation, than in gaining Victories.

239. A degenerate Baseness, and a pusillanimous Spirit, centers in Calumny; and Envy, like a Worm never runs but to the fairest and the ripest Fruit.

240. It was a pleasant Answer *Silpo* the Philosopher gave to *Demetrius* King of *Macedonia*, after the taking and spoiling of *Megara*; the King asked the Philosopher, whether he had lost any Thing that was his? No, Sir, replied he, for War cannot spoil Virtue.

241. The *Lacedemonians* spoke little, but solidly and sprightly, their Words were like sparkling Diamonds, small in Bulk, but inestimable in Value;

250 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Value; their Discourses were not valued for their Greatness, but their Gracefulness.

242. To brave Death, and despise Life, and to keep the Soul steady, under the severest Pressures and Ruffles of Fortune, is a Magnanimity few Heroes can arrive at; the Sun and Death are Objects not long to be gazed at, without Giddiness and Disorder.

243. The nicest Enquirers into the Cabinet of Nature have observed, that Man alone of all Creatures, eats and drinks without Appetite, and surrenders himself to Pleasure without Necessity.

244. Men of unsteady Tempers are like Weather-cocks, which turn with every Wind, and let their Pretensions be what they will, their Promises are transient like the Current of a River, and never to be relied on.

245. Great is the Prevalence of a fashionable Practice; it is related by an eminent Historian, that a certain King had but one Leg, whereupon his Courtiers, out of Compliment, tied up each one of theirs, chusing rather to mimic him in his Defects, than be unlike him in any thing.

246. Reflection is a Weed that grows every where, no sort of Ground is free from it; Courtiers are full of it, Churchmen are stained with it, Gentlemen practice it, and the Vulgar are no whit behind-hand with their Superiors.

247. It is reported, upon good Authority, of Cardinal *Woolsey*, Favourite to *Henry VIII.* that at one Time he had in his Family, one Earl, nine Barons, Knights, Gentlemen and inferior Officers, about one thousand; yet all was not sufficient, the Popedom was his Aim; he at length, a haughty Prelate as he was, fell a Victim to his own Ambition, and the just Resentment of an incensed King. A plain Proof, that to be a Favourite is to be exposed to Danger, and to stand upon the Summit of Prefer-

Preferment is to tread on Quicksands, or venture upon the Brink of a Precipice.

248. *Tiberius Gracchus* had taken two Serpents in his Chamber, he consulted the Soothsayers concerning the Omen; the Answer was made, that if he slew the Male, he should die before his Wife, if the Female, the reverse should happen; he designedly slew the Male, and died according to the Prediction.

249. Juries, as they are now culled, and have been managed for some time past, are like Shoes in a Farrier's Shop, of all Dimensions and Sizes, ready at Hand to be used, according as they are bespoke. Honest Juries, and to be tried by our Peers, were esteemed by our Fore-fathers, as the Bulwark of our Lives and Properties, and the Blessings of *Englisemen*.

250. Providence hath placed great Men, like so many Stars in the Orb of this lower World; they ought to imitate the heavenly Bodies, as in their Light and Influence, so likewise in their Motion.

251. The Tempers of Men are as different as those of Children, some of which will be corrected by Emollients, when the severest Astringents can hardly amend the other; this *Themistocles*, the great *Athenian* General, was so sensible of, that when going on an Embassy to the *Andrians*, he told them, that he came accompanied by two very powerful Deities, Persuasion and Violence; the one of which was to lead the Gentle, the other to compel the Obstinate to Obedience.

252. Too frequent Laughter discovers a Man's shallow Understanding; and many Tears are the Sign of an abject Soul; nevertheless a wise Man may be allowed to weep for three Things: The first, for Sin; the second, to obtain Pardon for it; and the third for Jealousy.

253. The

252 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

253. The greatest Disasters ought never to make us despair of a Change in our Fortune ; like the Light, which shines clearest in Darkness, we ought to bear up with most Courage in Adversity ; and it becomes only the Faint-hearted to sink under their Troubles : On the contrary, the more Reason we have to complain of Fate, the less ought we to give Way to Despair ; we ought to put all our Trust in him, who sets no Bounds to his Mercies.

254. Whatever is spoken, in the Way of Advice carries it's Excuse with it, even though it should be displeasing, and the Intention of him who gives the Counsel should always be taken in good Part.

255. Friendship may be lasting among Persons of low Condition, because Equality is the Bond that unites them ; but the Case is different between the Wealthy and the Poor, for the Inequality between Riches and Poverty admits of no lasting Friendship.

256. Life once gone, is like Water spill'd upon the Ground, which cannot be gathered up again.

257. King *Charles II.* declared, that he believed only two Histories ; the Bible, in respect to Religion ; and *Cæsar's Commentaries*, because he was a Gentleman, and scorned a Lie.

258. King *Don Alphonso*, the Magnanimous, in all the Multiplicity of his important Affairs of Peace and War, found Time to read the whole Bible fourteen Times over, together with Commentators and Expositors.

259. A mean Man, preferred by one of Quality, came in Time to such a Place as set him above his Benefactor, and he then made Use of his Power to throw him down, who had raised him up. — The Gentleman sent him a Picture, in which the Sun was eclipsed by the Moon, with this Motto upon it,

It

The Curious Miscellany. 253

It ungratefully puts out that Light by which it shines. vig ed of an word not bario has hogg off

260. Xenophon says, "Good Consorts are worth my Acquaintance, and good Books my Perusal." Lord Cook hath a pretty Notion of Books: Of all Companions, Books are best; for there one may solace himself without other Friends; of all Glasses, Books are best; for they being inspective, are both prospective and reflective.

261. Among the Bubbles of a rapid Stream that make up the Froth, some are seen bigger, and rising over others, swell higher and last longer; some less, that are sooner broke and lost in the Stream; some others, that as if they were made only that they might perish, fall in the very Moment they were raised. Such is Man's Life; they all rise with a Breath; some higher, some lower, some to a longer, some to a shorter Continuance, but they are all broke at last.

262. Life is full of Trouble; Men a promiscuous Crowd, and their Cities like a Hive of Bees, where every one hath his Sting to wound his Neighbour.

263. Queen Elizabeth going one Day to St. Paul's Church, met a Beggar at the Door, who demanded Alms from her in *Latin*; the Queen having viewed him closely, knew him to be the same poor Man, who had presented himself to her often before at the Door of her Chapel, on the same Account. On which, turning about to those who were near her, she said to them, *Pauper ubique jacet*; which the Man hearing, answered her Majesty in the following Lines:

*In Thalamis, Regina, tuis hac Nocte jacerem,
Si foret hoc verum, Pauper ubique jacet.*

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It is said the Queen was so surprized, that she stopped, and ordered ten Crowns to be given to him.

264. Giving Advice is only taking the Liberty of saying a foolish Thing, under Pretence of hindering another from doing one; giving Advice, when asked, is an idle unnecessary Task, and a fruitless Labour; giving it unasked, has a Complication of Follies in it; to an Equal it is impertinent, to an Inferior arrogant, and to a Superior insolent.

265. The famous Painter Ruben, had the Inheritance of the Office of Secretary of State for Flanders, which at his Death he was bequeathing as a suitable Provision for one of his Sons: The awkward and modest Youth desired of his Father, that his Portion might rather be in Lands or Money, for that he was a Man of no Abilities, and altogether unfit for State Affairs: The old Man, with a grave Smile, checked him for his Folly, and comforted him with this excellent Aphorism, which contains a solid and everlasting Truth, *Nescis mi Fili quam parvâ Mundus regitur Sapientiâ*, My Son, thou knowest not how little Wisdom goes to the Management of the World.

266. The Time past we make to be our own by Remembrance; the Present, by Use; and the Future, by Providence and Foresight.

267. Epistolary Discourses are much more profitable than public and premeditated Declamations; for they insinuate themselves into the Affections with more Freedom and Effect, though with less Pomp and Pretence.

268. Our Joys are mingled with Fears; and a Tempest may rise out of a Calm; but a skilful Pilot is always provided.

269. In reading, fix upon some particular Authors, and make them your own: He that is every where,

where, is no where; but, like a Man that spends his Life in Travel, he hath many Hosts, but few Friends; which is the very Condition of him that skips from one Book to another, the Variety doth but distract the Head, and, for Want of digesting, it turns to Corruption, instead of Nourishment. Of Authors, be sure to make Choice of the best, and stick close to them, and though you take up others, by the by, reserve some select Ones however for your Study and Retreat.

270. To like every Thing, shews too little Delicacy; and to like Nothing, too much Difficulty.

271. Human Nature is always more affected by what it sees, than what it hears of, because those Ideas which enter by the Eye, find the surest Passage to the Heart.

272. It was a worthy Saying of the Marquis *Spinoza*, that a Captain's Sword must be tied to his Heart, his Heart fixed to his Head, and conducted by his Judgment.

273. *Crassus* was pardoned three Treasons by *Cesar*, and afterwards became the most loyal and serviceable Man in the *Roman Empire*.

274. Flattery, Servility, and Dependence, naturally follow Power, and as constantly change their Objects, as Power changeth Hands; a Consideration, which ought to prevail on all Persons in high Stations, to exercise their Authority with Temper, Humanity, and Moderation.

275. Though Persons of some Wit, little Judgment, and no Morals, call the Christian Religion in Question, it is well known, Men become more Men as they become Christians; the Light of Faith brought in Learning, Politeness, Humanity, Justice, and Equity, instead of that Ignorance, and a brutal Barbarity that overspread the Face of the Earth; and the Want of it, will lead us in Time into the same Enormities, which Religion hath taught

us to forsake; on which Account it is the Part of all wise Governments, to countenance and preserve Religion.

276. A certain arch Fellow, who went to Confession, being admonished by his Ghostly Father to unburthen himself to him, owned in general, that he was a most grievous Sinner; but that not being sufficient, and being desired to particularize, he acknowledged, with a great Sigh, that he had been guilty of drinking Whey in Lent:—Why that indeed, quoth the Father, is a great Sin, as Whey proceedeth from an Animal, but have you been guilty of no other Sin? Yes, quoth the Fellow; and thereupon confessed some other trifling Matters; upon which said the Priest, I hear Friend, that you have been guilty of Robbery, how is that? Robbery, Sir? yes, Sir, to be sure; why, God bless you, that is my Vocation.

277. True Valour is a sedate composed Temper of Mind, grounded upon good Reason, and therefore it is always cool and even, and temperate upon all Occasions.

278. Anger, Fury, and the rough Passions, awaken strong Thoughts; Glory, Grandeur, Power, raise great Thoughts; Love, Melancholy, Solitude, and whatever touches the Soul, inspire easy Thoughts.

279. A Coward has often fought, a Coward has often conquered, but a Coward never forgave.

280. An eminent Divine, who was most exactly well bred, told his Congregation at *Whitehall*, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their Lives a new Turn, they must certainly go to a Place, which he did not think fit to name in that Courtly Audience.

281. Nothing bestows so much Beauty on a Woman as Modesty; this is a Maxim laid down by *Ovid* himself, the greatest Master in the Art

Art of Love; he observes upon it that *Venus* pleases most when she appears (*Semire ducta*), in a Figure withdrawing herself from the Eyes of the Beholder; in short, Modesty gives the Maid greater Beauty, than even the Bloom of Youth; it bestows upon the Wife, the Dignity of a Matron, and reinstates the Widow in her Virginity.

282. There is a Custom used in a certain Part of *India*, to determine Law Suits; the Plaintiff and Defendant are thrown into a River, where each endeavour to keep under Water, as long as he is able, and he who comes up first, loses the Cause. If they had no other way of deciding Law Suits, or Controversies in *England*, the Lawyers might e'en throw themselves after them.

283. *Seneca* speaks in the natural and genuine Language of a Man of Honour, when he declares, that were there no God to see, or punish Vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a Nature.

284. Complaisance is undoubtedly highly useful to make all Conversation agreeable. It renders a Superior amiable, an Equal agreeable, and an Inferior acceptable; it smooths Distinction, sweetens Conversation, and makes every one in the Company pleased with himself; it produces good Nature, and mutual Benevolence, encourages the Timorous, sooths the Turbulent, humanizes the Fierce, and distinguishes a Society of civilized Persons from a Confusion of Savages: In a Word, Complaisance is a Virtue, that blends all Orders of Men together in a friendly Intercourse of Words and Actions, and is suited to that Equality in Human Nature, which every one ought to consider, so far as is necessary, and consistent with the Order and Oeconomy of the World.

285. It is highly imprudent, even in the greatest Men, unnecessarily to provoke the Meanest,
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258 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

when the Pride of *Pharaoh* himself, was brought down by miserable Frogs and Lice.

286. A warm House, an agreeable Bed-fellow, Plenty of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, a merry Heart, and a good Stomach, are God's Winter's Blessings.

287. There are very few Professions, to which the ill Nature of the World, hath not annexed some particular Term of Ignominy, or reproachful Impuration; thus, the Humanity of a Butcher, the Conscience of a Lawyer or Usurer, the Chastity of an Oyster-woman, the Integrity of a Statesman, the Meekness of a Soldier, and the Manhood of a Taylor, are standing Topics of Satyr and Ridicule.

288. Knowledge is indeed that, which next to Virtue, truly and essentially, raises one Man above another; it finishes one half of the Human Soul; it makes Being pleasant to us, fills the Mind with entertaining Views, and administers to it a perpetual Series of Gratifications, it gives Ease to Solitude, and Gracefulness to Retirement, it fills a public Station with suitable Abilities, and adds a Lustre to those who are in the Possession of them.

289. There is no Time of our Life, under what Character soever, in which Men can wholly divest themselves of an Ambition, to be in the Favour of Women; daily Experience shews us that the most rude Rustic grows human, as soon as inspired with the Passion of Love; it gives a new Grace to our Manners, a new Dignity to our Minds, and a new Visage to our Persons.

290. Imprudence when it is successful in its Errors, and Power when screwed up to the highest Pitch of absolute Authority, are the Forerunners of the Downfal of Kings and Kingdoms.

291. The Sense of Honour is of so fine and delicate a Nature, that it is only to be met with in
Minds

Minds which are naturally Noble, or in such, as have been cultivated by great Examples, or a refined Education.

292. States, Kingdoms, and Empires, like the great Mass of all Things, undergo various Revolutions in their Laws, Manners, Policy, and Religion; those which in the preceding Ages, were free States, are now sunk into the Dregs of Slavery; and others, which formerly groaned under Bondage, have since shaken off their Servitude, and enjoy at present the Blessings of Liberty; several Nations, which were of old, the most famous for Learning and Politeness, are now degenerated into Barbarism and Ignorance, whilst others again, where nothing formerly prevailed but Savageness and Brutality, are, in our Days, become the most civilized, and the greatest Nurseries of Letters; so that we may say of Kingdoms, as the Scripture speaks of Mankind, *that they flee as it were a Shadow, and never continue in one State.*

293. There was a Cause in Debate some Years ago, where it was proposed, that whoever was caught in Adultery, should die: A certain military Tribune famed for Lewdness of Life, and a number of Amours, gave his Voice to pass it into a Law, his Friends enquired afterwards, what he meant by it, he that was known to be so notorious an Offender; he answered, that was true; but he thought they deserved to die, who were such Fools to be caught; for whereas he had but shut the Door before, he would be sure to lock it now.

294. *Italy* is a fair Field, yet produceth Darnel, as well as wholesome Corn; it is a beautiful Garden, yet bears Aconites intermixed with her Roses; great Virtues, and no less Vices.

295. All Christian Persecutions, as well as every Species and Degree of them, on account of Religion, are heightened by this Aggravation, that they are

260 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

directly opposite to the plainest Directions, as well as Examples of our blessed Lord. — The Consciences of Men ought not to be forced, nor any Restraints laid upon religious Opinions, which have no Tendency to disturb the Peace and good Order of the State.

296. Dangers that are seen afar off are easily prevented, but protracted till they are at Hand, the Remedies grow unseasonable, and the Malady incurable.

297. Probity, Capacity, Knowledge, and Learning, are, or should be of themselves, the best Recommendation to Preferment; and Merit of any Kind, should be the certain Forerunner of Notice and Distinction.

298. The worthily Ambitious Man possesseth what neither Fate nor Adversity can take from him: He seeks Honour in Virtue, and supports the Dignity of his Nature from the Contempt of Vice; and though he may appear but little to vulgar Sight, like a Star almost out of the Reach of the naked Eye, he is easily distinguished by the Knowing, from those Meteors, which glare and portend Mischief to Mankind, and are at their highest Pitch nearest to their Fall.

299. Honour is so essential to a Man of Quality, that, by our Constitution, no stronger an Averment is required of him than, Upon his Honour; there is a pretty Saying of the late Lord *Huntingdon's*; King *William* insisted that he should give him his Honour, that he would not fight a Man who had given him a Box on the Ear; his Lordship was obliged seemingly to comply, but as soon as he got out of the King's Presence, he fought the Man; the King was at first highly incensed, at his breaking his Word with him, and asked how he came to do so, when he had given him his Honour; Sir, replied my Lord, you was in the wrong to
take

take such a Pledge, for at the Time I gave it you, I had no Honour to give.

300. The Cause of Popery and spiritual Tyranny, hath received a deeper Wound from the inimitable Vein of Wit, Humour, and fine Satyr, which runs through that Book called the *Tale of a Tub*, than from all the grave controversial Treaties, which have been published since.

301. Innocence is the greatest Felicity; a good Conscience is a continual Feast; this is the only Music, which makes a merry Heart; this makes the Prisoner sing, when the Jaylor trembles; it matters not who accuseth, if I am innocent.

302. Moral Philosophy makes the honest Man, natural Philosophy the ingenious Man, History the Man of Experience, Poesy the Man of Wit, Rhetoric the eloquent Man, the Knowledge of the World constitutes the intelligent Man; but all this must go together to make the perfect compleat Gentleman.

303. It is certain that amongst all the Contrivances of Malice, there is not a surer Engine to pull Men down in the good Opinion of the World, and that in spite of the greatest Worth and Innocence, than the Imputation of ill Nature.

304. Constancy is the Product of a Resolution formed in a generous Mind, on the Principles of Morality and Religion, enabling the virtuous and magnanimous Soul, to remain steady and unshaken in the greatest Dangers.

305. A certain *Spaniard* being ignorant what Form of Prayer to use, rehearsed the twenty four Letters of the Alphabet, desiring God to form such Words out of them as best expressed his Necessity.

306. To have a due Sense of our Faults, and a Desire to guard against them, for the Future, is all the Attainment which they will in many Cases

admit of; and to a Man under such Circumstances of Penitence and Contrition, for any Follies he may have committed, though never so wild, it must be strangely inhuman to revive the Remembrance of them to the World, or join with the ill natured Part of it in a Laugh, which may happen to be against him; the most that can be allowed is a Laugh in the Sleeve; for that is the only way to be merry altogether inoffensively to the Object.

307. The Dread of Infamy hath certainly been of great use to the Cause of Virtue, and is a stronger Curb upon the Passions and Appetites of some Men, than any other Consideration, moral or religious; whenever therefore, the Talent of Satyr, is made use of to restrain Men, by the Fear of Shame, from immoral Actions, which either do, or do not fall under the Cognizance of the Law, it is properly and justly, and commendably applied; on the contrary, to condemn all Satyr, is in effect the same Thing as countenancing Vice, by screening it from Reproach, and the just Indignation of Mankind.

308. The Duke of *Marlborough* was indeed a great Man, as great as this, or any former Age hath produced, to which we may add, as great as human Nature is capable of producing; nor did his Grandeur consist only in the most important Posts which he enjoyed, or in the high Titles, which several Monarchs conferred upon him; or even in those higher Honours, which the Voice of his Country decreed him in Parliament; these Honours were rather Monuments of Gratitude, than Acts of Munificence; they were designed to inspire others with an Emulation to serve their Country, by making such a public Acknowledgment of his Services; they could not illustrate his Actions, but were justified by them; they may serve to perpetu-

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ate his Titles, but were needless to immortalize his Name.

309. If there cannot be what is called Friendship between a great and a private Man, there may be something almost equivalent to it, while there is Beneficence on one Part, and Gratitude on the other.

310. Books are pleasant, but if by being over studious, we impair our Health, and spoil our good Humour, two of the best Pieces we have, let us give it over; for it is certain, that no Fruit derived from them can recompence so great a Loss.

311. It is agreed on all Hands, that amongst private Persons, nothing ought to be held more inviolable, than the Communication of our Thoughts by a mutual Intercourse of Letters: The tender Concerns, and reciprocal Endearments of Lovers, the unguarded Intelligence of intimate Friends, the Mysteries of Tradesmen and Mechanics, the Negotiations, Contracts, and Engagements of mercantile Persons, the Views, Expectations, and Pursuits of some, the Misfortunes and Necessities of others, and the Secrets of Families in general, of whatsoever kind, which are conveyed in an epistolary Manner, are Things of so sacred a Nature, that in all civilized Countries, it has been esteemed highly scandalous, to satisfy our Curiosity at anothers Expence.—A Man of true Honour, will as soon break open a Lock as a Letter, which doth not belong to him; and pick his Neighbour's Pocket, as soon as discover his Nakedness in this respect; for a Letter being the Representative of the Person's Heart who sends it, ought to pass without Examination or Interruption, to the Hand to which it is directed, since otherwise, this Convenience will be of little use to Mankind, who would no more communicate their Thoughts

in a free Manner upon many Topics, than they would talk upon them in public Company ; when a Man therefore has set down his Thoughts upon a piece of Paper, and put his Signet upon it, he ought to be as safe, as if he was privately talking to his Friend in his Closet, and we cannot help thinking that Man a worse kind of Eve's-Dropper, who breaks into the secret Cabinet, than one who skulks under our Window, or listens through the Key-hole.

312. A true Friend is so charming a Thing, that *Scipio* would never leave the Forum, till he had gained the Friendship of some Body. *Solomon* assures us, he is a constant Protector, that never forsakes our Interests, that in our Absence opposes the Enemies of our Fortune or Merit, that parries the Strokes of those that envy or calumniate us ; it is (says that wise King) such a Treasure as far exceeds whatever we can imagine ; Gold and Silver, that make Men violate those things that are most holy, have not Power enough to alter his Fidelity ; he therefore concludes, that a faithful Friend, is an infallible Remedy against all Misfortunes, and that by his means, one may in a manner become immortal.

313. Moderation is the very Source of Felicity, and the only means to want Nothing ; in fine, Wisdom teacheth us to restrain our Passions, she shews us that certain Medium, whose Bounds must not be passed, if we consult the Satisfaction of the Mind or Body, and makes us know, that the chiefest Utility of Life consists in the *Nequid nimis*.

314. The Fidelity of Dogs and other Animals, has been frequently experienced, and Posterity has been careful to preserve the Memory thereof in several Instances. *Plutarch* tells a story of a Man belonging to the Island of *Paros*, who having bought several Dolphins that were fresh taken,

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he flung them immediately into the Sea again, a little Time after, a small Boat in which he chanced to be sunk, and one of these Dolphins carried him safe to Shore; he adds something still more surprising, that the same Man being dead, as they were burning his Corpse, those Fish were observed to continue their Gratitude, appearing near the Bank, as if they assisted as his Funeral. It was observed of a little Spaniel Dog, belonging to *Mary Queen of Scots*, that after her Death, he lay by the Body, and would not be removed until her Body was moved, and did never after taste Food, but died the next Day in the Chamber where the Corpse lay.

315. Hunger, (as it is commonly said) is the best Sauce, and gives the best Relish to what we eat: *Artaxerxes* King of *Persia*, having lost all his Baggage in a Defeat, was forced to take up with dried Figs, and Barley Bread to allay his Hunger; the Pleasure he found therein was so great, that he broke out in this Exclamation, Oh, ye Gods! how delicious is this? I never was sensible of the same before.

316. How different is the Vice of Avarice from all others! the luxurious Man spares nothing to gratify his Palate; the Lover grudges no Expence to satisfy his Passion; but the wretched Miser, does not so much as know how to make use of his Wealth.

317. It is a strong Evidence of a weak Judgment, when Men approve of Things for their being rare and new, or yet for the Difficulty; where Virtue and Usefulness are not conjoined to recommend: We cannot be but pleased with the Humour of the Gentleman, who having a Man brought before him, that had learned to throw a Grain of Millet with such Dexterity as never to miss the Eye of a Needle; and being afterwards desired to give something for the Reward of
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266 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

so rare a Performance, he pleasantly and ingeniously ordered a certain number of Bushels of the same Grain to be delivered to him, that he might not want wherewithal to exercise so famous an Art.

318. Prudence (says one of the Antients) is a great Divinity; in effect she is the first Mover of all illustrious Actions; it is to the Conduct of her Counsels, that Man owes all the Success of his Undertakings; it is by her means the Prince triumphs, the Magistrate administers Justice with Applause, and the private Man governs well his Family: She teacheth us the Art of conforming our Lives to the Model of Wisdom, which constitutes its Happiness and Pleasure; for, there is no Joy without Prudence, and no Prudence without Pleasure.

319. Good Nature is the Cement of Love and Friendship, the Bandage of Society, the rich Man's Pleasure and the poor Man's Refuge: Peace, Harmony and Joy, reign where it subsists, and all is Discord and Confusion where it is banished.

320. In the Reign of King *Charles II.* a Time in which *British* Wit and Elegance were at their Height; that Monarch being walking in the *Mall* one Day, was infinitely charmed with the Beauty of a young Lady who happened to be there; and after having past her in two or three Turns, at length went up to her, and accosted her with an Air of Gallantry and good Breeding, peculiar to himself; to which she made very awkward Replies; and when he told her that Beauty such as her's, would add to the Splendor of a Court, it may be so, cried she, but I shall never go there; Why? demanded the King: Because I will not, resumed she. This Behaviour cured the amorous Prince of all the Passion she had inspired him with, and he turned from her with as much Contempt, as he had approached

proached her with Admiration, saying, Fair and Foolish; what a Pity it is, when a Woman loses by her Tongue all the Advantages her Eyes have gained.

321. When *Bellamira*, a Play written by Sir *Charles Sedley* was acting, the Roof of the Play-house fell down; but what was particular, was, that very few were hurt but the Author: His merry Friend Sir *Fleetwood Shepherd* told him, There was so much Fire in his Play, that it blew up the Poet, House and all; Sir *Charles* replied, No, the Play was so heavy, it broke down the House, and buried the Poet in his own Rubbish.

322. Self Love is the Ruin of Society; most Men think only on themselves, and every Thing else is very indifferent to them; they never sympathize with others Joys or Grievs.—People of this Character are as it were unhinged from the Universe, and of no use in the World; they are crowded and wrapt up in themselves, and never extend beyond their own Circumference.

323. Retirement contributes very much to the Happiness of Life, because it is almost a sure means to meditate with Success: Wherefore *Dioctesian* having swayed the Empire, with all the Glory of a Conqueror, not finding therein the Tranquility he desired, preferred to the Ambition of Reigning, the Quiet of his Mind, and esteemed himself more happy in a little Country House, where he employed himself in cultivating the Earth, than he had been in the most magnificent Palaces; and notwithstanding he was afterwards solicited to reassume the Government, he never would quit that way of Living.

324. It hath been observed, that the more independant a People live, the less they are apt to give into Politeness; and that Pride and Rusticity, are generally the Consequences of a Republican Government;

vernment; and on the contrary, that the Subordination which is established in Monarchical Governments heightens and improves Politeness.

325. The History of *Germany* makes mention of a Town where there was as many Heroines as Women. *Weinsberg* having been besieged and taken by *Conradus III.* all was to be sacrificed to the Fury of the Conquerors, the Women only excepted, who were permitted to go off; and having obtained leave to carry what they would along with them, Love, that is otherwise effeminate and weak, furnished them with so much Strength, that they took their Husbands on their Shoulders, and their Children in their Hands; which unexpected Sight so disarmed the Emperor's Anger, that the Men were no longer looked upon as Criminals by him, because their Wives had proved so virtuous.

326. Of all the Actions of a Man's Life, his Marriage doth least concern other People, yet of all Actions of our Life, it is most meddled with by other People; Marriage is a desperate Thing; the Frogs in *Egypt* were extream wise, they had a great mind to some Water, but they would not leap into the Well, because they could not get out again.

327. It is a great Cruelty to despise People under Misfortunes; have they not particular Troubles enough, unless we add Raillery and Insult? the offensive Names of Wretch, Scoundrel, Beggar, ought not to enter into the Discourse of the Well-bred, nor any other injurious Terms, that raise an Idea of Contempt.

328. Wise Men say nothing in dangerous Times. The Lion called the Sheep, to ask her if his Breath smelt; she said ay, he bit off her Head for a Fool; he called the Wolf and asked him, he said no, he tore him in pieces for a Flatterer:—At last he call-

ed the Fox and asked him; truly he had got a Cold and could not smell.

329. Wit and Wisdom differ; Wit is upon the sudden Turn, Wisdom is in bringing about Ends. He that will give himself up to all Manner of Ways to get Money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may by Chance be satirically witty: Honesty sometimes keeps a Man from growing rich; and Civility from being witty. Fine Wits destroy themselves with their own Plots, in meddling with great Affairs of State. They commonly do as the Ape that saw the Gunner put Bullets in the Cannon, and was pleased with it, and he would be doing so too; at last he puts himself into the Piece, and so both a Ape and Bullet were shot away together.

330. You shall see a Monkey sometimes; that has been playing up and down the Garden, at length leap up to the Top of the Wall, but his Clog hangs a great Way below on this Side; the Bishop's Wife is like that Monkey's Clog; himself is got up very high, takes Place of the Temporal Barons, but his Wife comes a great Way behind.

331. No Man is the wiser for his Learning; it may administer Matter to work in, or Objects to work upon; but Wit and Wisdom are born with a Man.

332. Poetry is a noble Fury, that partakes of nothing that is mortal; it ravishes and carries away the Soul; it is an Abstraction of the Mind, that disengageth it from Matter, to take a glorious Flight; it is a generous Salley, that hath its Rules and Measures; it is, in fine, a Harmony that delights the Ear, stirs up the Imagination, and feeds the Mind; it persuades with Pleasure, teaches with Success, and imprints in our Memory, by its agreeable Accents, the Solidity of Subjects.

333 Music

333. Music when set out with her Charms, exercises an absolute Power over our Senses ; she suppresseth all our Thoughts, to cause in us a pleasing Attention ; she cheers up a dangerous Sadness, softens the fierce Temper, and changes Cruelty into Mildness ; she stirs up Bravery in the Timorous, and awakens the languishing Indifference ; she banishes our Commotions, brings to his Duty him whom a criminal Love had enslaved, and roots out of the Mind that uneasy Disposition that opposed itself to the Acts of Reason ; she cancels Hatred, and by a happy Method of curing, makes use of no other Remedy to extirpate our Passions, than the Softness of the Pleasure she inspires. —

David, by the ravishing Melody of his Harp, drove away the evil Spirit that possessed *Saul* : And so far is she from vitiating the Inclinations, that *Plato* would have Children learn by the Means of Music, the different Affections of the Soul, that they might distinguish what appeared Good, from that which seemed Evil ; and that conforming their Actions to the Sounds that pleased their Ear, they escaped ill Habits, which were represented by those which displeased them ; and thus, by this Symphony, they might be allured to the Path of Virtue.

334. It is sometimes unreasonable to look for Respect and Reverence, either from a Man's own Servant, or other Inferiors. A great Lord and a Gentleman talking together, there came a Boy by, leading a Calf with both his Hands ; says the Lord to the Gentleman, you shall see me make the Boy let go his Calf ; with that he came towards him, thinking the Boy would have pulled off his Hat ; but the Boy took no Notice of him. The Lord seeing that, Sirrah, says he, Do you not know me that you use no Reverence ? Yes, says the Boy,

if

If your Lordship will hold my Calf, I will pull off my Hat.

335. Religion, is like the Fashion; one Man wears his Coat laced, another plain; one of one Colour, another of another; but every Man hath a Coat: So every Man hath his Religion.—We differ about Trimming.

336. Alteration of Religion is dangerous, because we know not where it will stop; it is like a Millstone that lies upon the Top of a Pair of Stairs; it is hard to remove it, but if once it be thrust off the first Stair, it never stays 'till it comes to the Bottom.—

337. Patience is the chiefest Fruit of Study; a Man that strives to make himself a different Thing from other Men by much Reading, gains this chiefest Good, that in all Fortunes, he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.

338. Humility is a Virtue all preach, none practice, and yet every body is content to hear. The Master thinks it good Doctrine for his Servant, the Laity for the Clergy, and the Clergy for the Laity.

339. If Truth is one of the best and surest Bands of human Society and Commerce, as it hath always been esteemed; then Lying is one of the greatest Crimes that can be committed against Society; and the Lyar should be placed in the first Rank of Criminals, and be looked upon, like the Pyrate, as a common Enemy to Mankind; and the higher his Station happens to be in the Society, the more his Guilt encreaseth; as doth the Mischief which necessarily attends it. The Histories of *Japan* tell us, that those People take such an effectual Course in the Education of their Children, as to render Lying and Breach of Faith above all Things odious to them; insomuch, that it is a very rare Thing for any Person among them to be taken

taken in a Lye, or found guilty of a Breach of Faith.

340. In *Holland* spiritual Matters are managed with great Moderation; the Difference of Religion, which in other Places, raises so many Commotions, does not, in the least ruffle here the Minds of People: Every one seeks Heaven after his own Way; and those who are thought to go astray, are more pitied than hated, and bespeak from others a pure Charity, free from the Indiscretion of mistaken Zeal. As there is nothing perfect every Way in this World; we find here fewer polite Persons than Men fit for Business; and more good Sense in the Management of Affairs than Delicacy in Conversation.

341. The *Hague* is the most delightful Village in the World; Travellers are charmed with it, after they have seen the Magnificence of *Paris*, and the Rarities of *Italy*. On one Side you see a Walk to the Sea, worthy of the Grandeur of the old *Romans*: On the other, you enter a Wood, which is the most agreeable that can be seen. In the very same Place you see Houses enough to make a great City, and Rows of Trees sufficient to make a delicious Solitude. At certain private Hours, you find here all the innocent Pleasures that the Country affords; at that of public Meeting, all the busy Chat and Noise, which the most populous Cities are able to furnish.

342. A Moralist says thus of Drunkenness; that by giving Way to this Vice, we thereby open a Passage to all other Vices; for what Crime is there so horrible, which a Person deprived of Reason, may not be drawn to commit; besides, by slow Degrees, it will in time inevitably bring us to the Grave. Although every Vice is in its Nature shameful, this is so in an extraordinary Degree; since by it we are even deprived of our Humanity,

Humanity, and put upon a Level with the Beasts, and even much below them. Drunkenness in a Man is ridiculous, but in a Woman shocking ; and it may very truly be said, that at the same time a Woman forfeits her Sobriety, she gives up her Title to every other Virtue.

343. If Religion was once understood to be the necessary Step to Favour and Preferment ; can it be imagined that any Man would openly offend against it, who had the least Regard for his Reputation or his Fortune ; there is no Quality so contrary to any Nature, which Men cannot effect, and put on upon Occasion, in order to serve an Interest, or gratify a prevailing Passion ; the proudest Man will personate Humility ; the morosest learn to flatter ; the laziest will be sedulous and active, when he is in Pursuit of what he hath much at Heart ; how ready therefore would most Men be to step into the Paths of Virtue and Piety, if they infallibly lead to Favour and Fortune.

344. It is reported of *Cosmo de Medici*, that having built a fine Church, with a Monastery thereunto annexed, and two Hospitals, with other Monuments of Piety, and endowed them with large Revenues ; as One did much applaud him for these extraordinary Works, for which doubtless he merited a high Reward in Heaven, he answered, " It is true, I employed much Treasure that Way, " yet when I look over my Ledger-book of Accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one Penny, but I am still in " Arrear to him."

345. *St. Austin* observes, that there is in every Man a *Serpent*, an *Eve*, and an *Adam* : Our Senses and natural Affections are the *Serpent* ; our Concupiscence is the *Eve* ; and the *Adam* is our Reason.

346. The

346. The World is full of good Maxims, all the Fault lies in the Application; for Example, that a Man ought to expose his Life for the Sake of the Public, is an universal and undoubted Principle, and we see all ready to practise it in the Cause of their Country, but few in the Cause of their Religion.

347. *Jesus Christ* lived in so much Obscurity, as to what the World terms obscure, that the Pagan Historians, who were used to record only Persons of Eminence, and Things of Importance, have scarce afforded him a slender Notice.

348. There is an intestine War in Man, between the Reason and the Passions; he might enjoy some sort of Repose, were he only swayed by Reason without Passion, or only by Passion without Reason; but since he is acted by both, he must live in continual Disquiet, not being able to maintain the Peace with one, without entering into Hostility with the other, and hence he is always divided, and always at Variance with himself.

349. Vanity and Decency make us do the same Things in the same Manner, which we should do by Inclination and Duty: A Man died at *Paris* of a Fever, which he got by sitting up all Night by his Wife, who was sick, though he did not love her.

350. Glory, Reputation, Riches, Amours, and well managed Pleasures are a mighty Relief against the Rigours of Nature, and the Miseries of Life; and indeed the principal End for which Wisdom was given us, was to direct us in the Enjoyment of Pleasures; but for all the Excellence of that Virtue, we shall find it stands us in small Stead, when we are either racked with Pain, or alarmed with the Approaches of Death.

351. Man is visibly made for thinking; this is all the Merit which he boasts, and all the Glory to which he aspires; to think, as we ought, is the Sum of human Duty; and the true Art of thinking

ing is to begin with ourselves, our Author, and our End, and yet what is that which engrosseth the Thoughts of the whole World? Not one of these Objects, but the Pursuit of Pleasure, the Improvement of Wealth, the Increase of Honour and Esteem; in fine, the making ourselves Kings, without reflecting what it is to be a King, or to be a Man.

352. A good Name is of a very tender Nature, it is like the *Venice* Glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, patched it may be. It happened that Fire, Water, and Fame went to travel together; they consulted, that if they lost one another, how they might be retrieved and meet again; Fire said, where you see Smoke, there shall ye find me; Water said, where you see Marsh and moorish low Ground, there shall ye find me; but Fame said, take heed how you lose me, for if you do, you will run a great Hazard never to meet me again, there is no retrieving of me.

353. Letters are the very Nerves and Arteries of Friendship, the vital Spirits and Elixir of Love, which, in case of Distance and long Absence, would be in Hazard to languish, and quite moulder away without them. Among the *Italians* and *Spaniards* it is held one of the greatest Solecisms that can be in good Manners, not to answer a Letter with like Civility; by this they use to distinguish a Gentleman from a Clown; besides they hold it one of the most virtuous Ways to employ Time.

354. Money is the Soul and Sinews of War. One Captain *Talbot* having received special Commands from King *Henry VIII.* to erect a new Fort at the Water-gate of *Calais*, and to see the Town well fortified; returned his Majesty this blunt Answer, that he could neither fortify, nor stiffify without Money.

355. How many Friends, how many Relations are born to a new Minister in one Night? Some

value themselves on their former Acquaintance, their being Fellow-Collegiates, or Neighbours; Others turn over their Genealogy, going back to their Great-great-grandfathers, raking them together by Father and Mother's Side, and some One or other; every one would be related to him; they say presently, it is my Friend, I am very glad at his Promotion, I ought to take Part in it, he is my near Kinsman. — Vain Men, true Votaries of Fortune, inconsiderate Courtiers! did you talk thus eight Days ago? Is he since become an honest Man, or more deserving of the Favours his Prince hath conferred on him, or did you want this Circumstance to know him better?

356. The Court is like a marble Structure, composed of Men very hard, but very polite.

357. Wit and good Humour are always lasting and agreeable, and have an intrinsic Value; whilst Beauty is rated by Opinion, and is at best but a curious Picture.

358. Censure, says Mr. *Addison*, is the Tax a Man pays to the Public for being eminent; all the illustrious Persons of Antiquity, and indeed of every Age, have passed through this fiery Persecution; there is no Fence against it but Obscurity; it is a kind of Concomitant to Greatness, as Satyrs and Invectives were an essential Part of a *Roman* Triumph. — But true Honour is infinitely above the low and lying Arts of Scandal. — A brave Man is always the last to report an ill Thought of his Enemy, whose Fame he will forbear, as he scorns the Imputation of Revenge: Generous Natures with Pleasure discover a Truth to any Man's Advantage, nor ever suppress it for the Sake of little sordid Resentments.

359. Money makes a Man laugh. A blind Fidler playing to a Company, and playing scurvily, the Company laughed at him; his Boy that led him, perceiving it, cried, Father, let us be gone, they

they do nothing but laugh at you: Hold thy Peace, Boy, said the Filder, we shall have their Money presently, and then we will laugh at them.

360. Speak not ill of a great Enemy, but rather give him good Words, that he may use you the better, if you chance to fall into his Hands: The *Spaniard* did this; when he was a dying, his Confessor told him, to work him to Repentance, how the Devil tormented the Wicked that went to Hell; the *Spaniard* replying, called the Devil, my Lord; I hope my Lord the Devil is not so cruel; his Confessor reproved him; Excuse me, said the Don, for calling him so, I know not into what Hands I may fall, and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good Words.

361. Words must be fitted to a Man's Mouth: It was well said of the Fellow that was to make a Speech for my Lord Mayor, he desired to take Measure of his Lordship's Mouth.

362. Twice in our Lives, Sincerity appears in it's most amiable Colours; in Youth for our Instruction; in old Age for our Consolation.

363. Nothing is more prejudicial to a young Man than a certain Modesty, which makes him think he is incapable of discharging any important Enterprize; such a Diffidence is a Languor of Soul that prevents it's soaring towards Glory: When they said to *Agefilaus*, that the King of *Persia* was the greatest King: Why should he be greater than I, answered he, as long as I am Master of a Sword as well as he? Thus superior Merit thinks nothing impossible to accomplish.

364. A noble Mind thinks itself more under an Obligation to do good, than those do who partake of the Bounty. *Marcus Aurelius* thanked the Gods for putting it in his Power to serve his Friends, without making them undergo the Anxieties of Suspence. The Happiness of Grandeur is when

278 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

others find their Fortune in ours: — I cannot, said that Prince, be touched with any Felicity that concerns myself alone.

365. Narrow Souls are cruel; great Ones are always merciful. *Cæsar* was wont to say, That the sweetest Fruit of his Victories, was to give Life to those who had attempted his.

366. A Man of Quality cannot be truly amiable without Liberality. Avarice is a kind of Indignity to his Rank; it is an Obstacle to all his Virtues; it deprives him both of Justice and Humanity; the Moment he abandons himself to Avarice, he renounces his Glory; there have been illustrious Villains, but no illustrious Niggards.

367. It is a sad Truth, that most Societies are cemented by their Frailties; honest People are linked by their Virtues, but the Generality by their Pleasures, and the Impious by their Crimes.

368. Politeness is a desire to please the Persons with whom we are obliged to live, and to behave in such a manner, as shall make every body satisfied with us: Our Superiors, with our Respects; our Equals, with our Esteem; and our Inferiors, with our Bounty.

369. Good Manners is nothing but a natural Desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever Conversation we fall into; and a Porter with this is mannerly in his Way; and a Duke without it, has but the Breeding of a Dancing-master.

370. It is good Order, and not too much Attention to little Things, that makes great ones advantageous. *Pliny*, returning his Friend a considerable Obligation, he had received from his Father, said, "My Substance is small, and my Expence is great; but my Frugality makes a Reserve, which enables me to serve my Friend."

371. A Favourite, arrived at the Height of Fortune, shewing his Riches to his Friend, pointed to

to a Cabinet, and said, That contains my Treasure; his Friend expressing a Desire to see it, he ordered it to be opened, which discovered no more than an old tattered Suit of Cloaths: The Friend appearing greatly surprized at it, the Favourite said, should Fortune send me back to my first State I am prepared for it.—What Relief is it, thus to be armed against the worst, and to assume Strength to support it.

372. While you are young, form your Reputation, augment your Credit, and settle your Affairs in a good Posture:—Hereafter you will find a greater Difficulty to effect it. *Charles V.* said, That Fortune loved young People: In Youth, every thing assists you; every thing is offered to your Acceptance. Young Persons rule, without knowing they do so: In an Age more advanced, every thing forsakes them; that seducing Charm is fled, and all that then remains is Truth and Reason, which seldom influence the World.

373. Liberality makes an Impression according to the Manner of bestowing it: The Liberal double the Merit of their present by their Goodwill: The covetous Man destroys it by his Regret. Liberality never ruined any body. It is not Avarice that raises Families: They are sustained by Justice, Moderation, and Honesty. Liberality is one of the Duties of a high Extraction: To do a good Action, is only paying a Debt; yet we should be directed by Prudence; the Principles of Prodigality are not shameful, but the Consequences are dangerous.

374. Let the Friendships you contract, be with Persons above you; by that, you will be accustomed to Respect and Politeness. Equality naturally causeth Indolence, and enervates the Mind.

375. A certain Person once presented the King of *Arabia* with a Sabre made at *Damascus*; a very

fine Present in those Days, and very proper for a Warrior as he was. The Grandees of the Court, who were by when the Present was made him, admired it much, not out of Flattery to the King, but because of the real Goodness of it's Workmanship : They highly commended the Cleverness of its Make, the Fineness of its Gilding, and the Brightness of its Blade : In a Word, it was, in their Opinion, a compleat Piece of Work, but it had one Fault, it was too short. The King called his Son, who was Heir apparent to the Crown, to know his Opinion of it ; and as soon as he was come into the Room, the King shewed him the Sabre, who, after he had well examined and considered it, said, that he looked upon it of more Worth than a fortified City ; an Estimation very well becoming a gallant Prince ! but do you find no Fault in it, said the King ? None at all, replied the Prince ; it is perfect, I think, in its Kind. But some Officers here were thinking, that it was a little too short, said the King ; whereupon the Prince, measuring it with his Arm, replied, A good Officer cannot have his Arms too short ; for what they want in length, his Courage knows how to supply.

376. Dancing gives a becoming Confidence and Behaviour, manly Thoughts and Carriage, a Freedom and Easiness to all the Motions of the Body.

377. Swimming was publicly taught at *Athens*, and is an healthful Exercise that saves many a Man's Life. The *Romans* thought it so necessary an accomplishment, that they ranked it with Letters : Their common Phrase to speak one ill educated, and good for nothing, was, *Nec literas didicit nec natare*,—he had neither learned to read or swim.

378. Trade

378. Trade is the Fountain whence we draw our Nourishment; dispersing that Blood and Spirits through all the Members, by which the Body Politic subsists.

379. It is with true Love, as with Ghosts and Apparitions; a Thing that every body talks of, and scarce any body hath seen.

380. Absence cools moderate Passions, and inflames violent ones; just as the Wind blows out Candles, but kindles Fires.

381. A Man seldom finds People unthankful, till he ceaseth to be in a Condition of obliging them any farther.

382. A great many Men's Gratitude is nothing else, but a secret Desire to hook in more valuable Kindnesses hereafter.

383. One may say of Men's Humours, that they resemble the Generality of Buildings, they have several Prospects, some of them agreeable, and some much otherwise.

384. *Soliman*, Emperor of the *Turks*, made a wise Use of his ready Turn of Thought, on an Occasion somewhat singular. A *Jew* was for cutting an Ounce of Flesh from off a Christian, upon an usurious Contract he had forced him to make, when he lent him a Sum of Money that the other had great need of.—The Cause was brought to the Emperor's Tribunal, where the *Jew* opened and defended it with a good deal of Insolence. *Soliman*, when he had heard him out with great Patience, very gravely ordered them to bring a Pair of Scales, an Ounce Weight, and one of the sharpest Cutlasses that could be got. Hereupon the Usurer began to look pleased, and applauded himself in secret; but the poor Debtor turned pale, and was all over in a Shiver; when the Emperor addressed himself to the *Jew*, and said, "Thy Head shall be struck off from thy
Shoulders,

Shoulders, if thou cuttest the least Particle of Flesh more or less than what is stipulated in thy Contract: This sudden and unexpected Sentence made the Jew desist from his Purpose, and gained *Soliman* no small Glory, in all the Parts of the Empire, where the Fame of it was spread abroad.

385. *Belisarius* is a famous Instance of the cruel Reverse of Fortune. He was one of the greatest Captains of his Time; he supported the Glory of the Eastern Empire for above twenty Years, was Conqueror in *Persia*, in *Africa*, in *Italy*, and in every Place where the Service of the State called him to wage War, and was faithful to his Sovereign *Iustinian the Great* to such a Degree, that he refused a Crown rather than violate his Duty by accepting it. But while he was thus loaded with Riches and Honours, he was stopped in his Course of Glory. The Emperor, that owed every Thing to him, took all he had from him, despoiled him of his Wealth, deprived him of his Dignities, and had his Eyes most inhumanly put out: So that this great Man, for Want of Sustenance, was forced to beg Alms in the Streets of *Constantinople*, where that same Emperor, not many Years before, had decreed him the Honours of a Triumph. How happy soever *Belisarius* might have been before, yet how could Fortune, to pay herself back for her Favours, make a Man more miserable than this comes to?

386. Reputation is a great Inheritance, it begetteth Opinion, which ruleth the World; Opinion, Riches; Riches, Honour: It is a Perfume that a Man carrieth about him, and leaveth wherever it goes; and it is the best Heir of a Man's Virtue.

387. Reason and Resolution will support a Man against all the Violences of Malice and Fortune.

388. Drawing is an admirable Secret to give Body to our Thoughts, thereby to render them visible;

visible; a Thing very useful to a Gentleman, but especially if he travels, as helping him often to express in a few Lines well put together, what a whole Sheet of Paper in Writing would not be able to represent and make intelligible. How many Buildings may a Man see? How many Machines and Habits meet with, the Ideas whereof would be easily retained and communicated by a little Skill in Drawing.

389. Several Gentlemen speaking in the Lord *Bolingbroke's* Company, of the Avarice with which the late Duke of *Marlborough* had been charged; some Examples whereof being given, the Lord *Bolingbroke* was appealed to, who having been in the opposite Party, might perhaps, without the Imputation of Indecency have been allowed to clear up that Matter; he was so great a Man, replied his Lordship, that I have forgot his Vices.

390. It is an inhuman Tyranny to debar the Women the Privilege of ingenious Education; which would render their Friendship so much more delightful both to themselves and to us. Nature is seldom observed to be niggardly of her choicest Gifts to that Sex; their Senses are generally as quick as ours, their Reason as nervous, and their Judgments as mature and solid. Add but to these natural Perfections, the Advantages of acquired Learning, what polite and charming Creatures would they prove? Whilst their external Beauty doth the Office of a Chrystal to the Lamp, not concealing, but disclosing their brighter Intellects; nor need Men fear to lose their Empire over them by thus improving their native Abilities, since where there is most Learning, Sense, and Knowledge, there is observed to be the greatest Modesty and Rectitude of Manners.

391. Great Abilities, without the Fear of God, are most dangerous Instruments when they are trusted

trusted with Power. The Laws of Man have thought fit, that those who are called to any Office of Trust should be bound by an Oath to the faithful Discharge of it: But, an Oath is an Appeal to God, and therefore can have no Influence except upon those who believe that he is a Rewarder of those that seek him, and a Punisher of those that disobey him.

392. As a Diamond never shines brighter than in a dark Night; so an Hero never appears so much to Advantage, as when he is surrounded with Circumstances enough to obscure the Glory of any other Man. *Charles Emanuel*, Duke of *Savoy*, who justly deserved the Name of *Achilles*, that his Soldiers gave him, is an eminent Example of this kind. That Prince, with no more than four of his Men, forced his Way through the midst of five hundred of the Enemies best armed Forces, that were going to surround him. And as he returned in Triumph to his Army, greatly alarmed with the Sense of his Danger, he was only heard to say, and with all the Coolness imaginable, that in all such dangerous Adventures the best Convoy was a Man's own Courage: And indeed, Courage, in some Measure, supplies all the rest; it marches as it were, at the Head of every Man, sometimes to conquer Difficulties that are insuperable by any formed Project, and sometimes to beat down Obstacles that were sudden and unexpected before.

393. Contradiction should awaken our Attention, not our Passion; we should hear, and not fly him that contradicts: Our Search should be after Truth, from what Part soever it comes we ought to make it welcome.

394. Nations have their Antipathies and Aversions, like private Persons; which arise, in both Cases, from the Remembrance of former Injuries,

or

or the Apprehension of future ones; from a mutual Rivalry for Power, or from long Experience and certain Knowledge, that their Dispositions, Interests, and Maxims of Policy are directly opposite to each other; which naturally create reciprocal Animosities between them. This was formerly the Case of *Rome* and *Carthage*, two neighbouring Commonwealths, jealous of each other, and mutually animated with such an implacable Hatred, that nothing but an internecine War (which ended in the total Destruction of the latter) could extinguish it. The *Romans* were a generous, open, but withal a rigid and warlike People: The *Carthaginians*, on the other hand, were a cunning, subtle, false Race of Men; whose Word, or Oath, or most solemn Engagements were so little to be depended on, that the *Punic Faith* was branded as a Proverb, and became a synonymous Term for Perfidiousness and Breach of Treaties. When the *Romans* therefore had experienced this, after several Victories, which obliged their Enemies to sue for Peace, they would not suffer themselves to be deluded any longer, but bravely to destroy, or be destroyed;—and Fortune at length decided the Contest in their Favour, by the absolute Overthrow and Demolition of *Carthage*.

of the Apprehension of future ones; from a mutual Rivalry for Power, or from long Experience and certain Knowledge, that their Dispositions, Interests, and Systems of Policy are directly opposite to each other, which mutually create reciprocal Antagonisms between them. This was formerly the Case of Rome and Carthage, two neighbouring Commonwealths, jealous of each other, and mutually animated with such an implacable Hatred, that nothing but an intestine War, which ended in the total Destruction of the latter, could extinguish it. The Romans were a generous, open, but without a right and warlike People: The Carthaginians, on the other hand, were a cunning, crafty, false Race of Men; whole Words, or Oaths, or sworn solemn Engagements were to them to be regarded as other than what they were branded as perfidy, and became a synonymous Term for Treachery and Breach of Trust. When the Romans therefore had experienced this, after several Victories, which obliged their Enemies to sue for Peace, they would not suffer themselves to be deluded any longer, but bravely to destroy, or to destroy, — and Rome at length decided the Contest in their Favour, by the absolute Victory and Annihilation of Carthage.

Now as we have seen, that the same mutual Antagonisms, and reciprocal Antagonisms, exist between the two great Powers of the present Age, — between Great Britain and France, — it is not surprising, that the same mutual Antagonisms, and reciprocal Antagonisms, should also exist between the two great Powers of the future Age, — between the United States of America and the British Empire.

A COL.

A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS,
ON
Various Subjects ;

Several of which were never before
Published.

*With Ellen I begin my Lays,
And end them all in Ellen's Praise ;
Nothing but Ellen dwells upon my Tongue,
Charm of my Heart, and Subject of my Song.*

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for the AUTHOR.

M DCC XLVIII.

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With Ellen I begin my Song,
And end them all in Ellen's Praise;
Nothing but Ellen dwells upon my Tongue,
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MDCCLXVIII.

THE CONTENTS OF THE POEMS.

	Page
T O Miss <i>Ambrose</i> , on promoting my Subscription	289
On two Sisters	290
To a Revd. Clergyman, suspected by the Au- thor, for sending him a green Ribbon, &c. <i>ibid.</i>	
Spoken extempore, to a Lady on wearing an <i>Orange</i> coloured Breast-knot	291
The Lover's Complaint, to Miss <i>Ambrose</i>	292
Verſes wrote on New-year's Day, 1743, to the Same	293
The Birth of manly Virtue, from <i>Callimachus</i>	295
On a Lady's going to the <i>North</i>	299
An Hymn	300
<i>Corydon</i> to <i>Delia</i>	301
To <i>Mira</i>	302
A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Doctor <i>J. Swift</i> , Vicar of <i>Lara Cor</i> , &c.	303
<i>Omnia Siccis Dura</i> , with the <i>Engliſh</i>	304
To a handsome Lady, with a Preſent of Gloves	305
To the Same	<i>ibid.</i>
The Holy Melancholy, by Lord <i>Rochester</i>	306
To <i>Thyſis</i> , by the ſame Hand	308
Wrote on a Window, by a Gentleman	309
A Song	310
* *	The

CONTENTS.

The Fall	Page 310
<i>Corinna</i>	311
Love and Life	<i>ibid.</i>
Extempore Thoughts upon Thought	312
The Submission	313
A Character	314
The Templer's Bill of Complaint, in the Style of <i>Milton</i>	315
On the Duke of <i>Cumberland's</i> Victory over the Rebels, <i>April 16, 1746, at Culloden-muir</i>	324
On Miss <i>Ambrose</i> singing	326
The Lion and the Eccho, a Fable, occasioned by the first Report of the late Rebellion	327
To a Lady, on her saying that I preferred another before her	328
<i>Disnei ad Helenam navigaturam Elegia</i>	329
<i>Disney to Helen</i> , translated from the <i>Latin</i>	331
Epitaph on a poor honest Man	334
The Exception	<i>ibid.</i>
A Birth-Day Pastoral	335
On Miss <i>Spring</i> , extempore, in Allusion to <i>Horace</i> , Ode 22, Book 1st, &c.	337
Dean <i>Swift's</i> Reply to a Friend, who asked him what were his favourite Furniture	338
Wrote by a Gentleman, on his letting a Can- dle fall upon a Lady's Breast	<i>ibid.</i>
The Lady and Caterpillar, a Fable	339
Lines composed and sung by a Lady to her Hus- band, some Moments before her Death	340
To the Memory of an unfortunate Lady	341
To a Lady who asked, what is Love?	342
Spoken extempore by Dean <i>Swift</i> , on his Cu- rate's Complaint of hard Duty	<i>ibid.</i>
<i>In puellam que subito è gravi convaluit morbo,</i> with the <i>English</i>	343
The 15th Epode of <i>Horace</i> imitated	<i>ibid.</i>
Written by a Gentleman on his Mistress's Birth Day, which always happened to be cloudy	344
	Epigram

CONTENTS.

Epigram	Page 345
On <i>Lucinda's</i> Death	<i>ibid.</i>
<i>Apollo's</i> Choice, inscribed to a certain Lady	347
<i>Senesino</i> , to Mrs. <i>Robinson</i>	349
The Medium, or happy State	350
On the Death of a Lady's Parrot	352
To a Lady, on seeing her smile	<i>ibid.</i>
To a Lady indisposed	353
To a Lady, on her Birth-day	354
The Tea-pot, or the Lady's Transformation	<i>ibid.</i>
Advice to a Lady	357
Written by a Lady, on her Lover's Departure to the Army in the Spring, in <i>French</i>	360
The same imitated in <i>English</i>	<i>ibid.</i>
The Peasant, after the Manner of Mr. <i>Pope's</i> Ode on Solitude	361
Epigram	363
A Receipt to make Kisses, in <i>Latin</i>	<i>ibid.</i>
Attempted in <i>English</i>	<i>ibid.</i>
A Day spent in <i>Dublin</i> , from a Lady there, to another in the Country	364
Upon a Storm	367
The happy Widow	<i>ibid.</i>
An Elegy on the much lamented Death of <i>John Maragh</i> , the famous Harper of <i>Kilcullen-Bridge</i>	370
Epigramma	372
The same translated into <i>English</i>	<i>ibid.</i>
To a Lady, promising to sing, but never per- forming	<i>ibid.</i>
A Lover to his Mistress, on her putting a Copy of Verses into her Bosom	373
The Nonpareil	374
From an eminent <i>French</i> Poet	<i>ibid.</i>
The same imitated	375
Winter, a Pastoral Ballad	<i>ibid.</i>
The Poet sends his Heart with a Message to his Mistress. From the <i>Latin</i>	377
On	

C O N T E N T S.

On the Power and Dignity of God	Page 377
On being expelled a Lady's Company	378
An Elegy on the Death of a faithful Servant	<i>ibid.</i>
Epigram	381
Marriage for Interest, illustrated by a Simile	<i>ibid.</i>
The Thief	382
A Description of a Country Morning, in Imitation of Dean <i>Swift's</i> City Morning	383
On good and ill Nature, to <i>Mr. Pope</i>	384
The deaf and the dumb Beauty	385
Epigram	386
To the Memory of a young Lady	<i>ibid.</i>
On Riches, extempore	<i>ibid.</i>
An Epigram, from <i>Martial</i>	387
To a Lady, presenting a Nosegay	<i>ibid.</i>
From the <i>French</i>	<i>ibid.</i>
To <i>Celinda</i>	388
The Apology, to <i>Chloris</i>	<i>ibid.</i>
Wrote in a Lady's Prayer-book	389
Retired Friendship	<i>ibid.</i>
<i>Addison's</i> beautiful Simile attempted in <i>Latin</i>	390
To <i>Chloe</i> , singing sweetly	391
Beauty's Value	<i>ibid.</i>
A Pastoral	392
Lines, made by a Gentleman, on the Death of an only Daughter	396
The Complaint	397
To <i>Stella</i>	398
Compliment to His Royal Highness the Duke of <i>Cumberland</i> , by one of the King's Scholars at <i>Westminster</i> , in the Year 1730, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>
Song	399
To Miss <i>Ambrose</i> in the Country, May 1747	<i>ibid.</i>
To the Same	<i>ibid.</i>
The Author's Conclusion.	400

A COL-



COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

To Miss AMBROSE, on promoting my Subscription, and coming to the Country in Autumn, 1747.

AS when the piercing Northern Blast
Of the cold frozen Winter's past,
The Element's serene, and clear,
Foretel a fruitful happy Year.

Just so your Presence doth revive,
Revert the Year, and make all thrive ;

U The wily P. arson, who convey'd to me
A Ribbon

290 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

The Sun itself appear more bright,
And ev'ry Object charm the Sight;
The Birds their Harmony renew,
And sweetly sing to welcome you:
Stay then, O fair One! stay but here,
The Winter then will short appear;
Nature will smile on every Plain,
And Spring will soon return again.

Oh, blest with each attractive Grace!
With Flow of Sense, and Charms of Face!
Accept these Lines, which feign would shew
How much I to your Goodness owe;
The Kindness I from you have met,
'T would be ungrateful to forget:
For whilst I live, thy constant Praise
Shall be the Subject of my Lays.

On Two Sisters.

WHILE both attract by equal Charms,
By *Venus* each attended;
I rest secure from *Cupid's* Harms,
Like *Mahomet* suspended.

To a Reverend Clergyman, suspected by the Author for sending him a Green Ribbon, on the Wedding-Day of his Mistress.

*Non ego firmus in hoc, non hac patientia nostro
Ingenio. Frangit fortia corda dolor. Tibullus.*

BY strong Suspicions you appear to be
The wily PARSON, who convey'd to me
A Ribbon

A Ribbon green, as if it really came
From the bright Nymph, who set my Heart in
Flame:

This was not acting like a Friend, I'm sure,
T'enlarge the Wound, which you should strive to
cure.

As Disappointments are in Love, you know,
The greatest Pain poor Mortals undergo;
It was your Duty to relieve Despair,
By healing Counsel, and by fervent Prayer:
Why did you then so cruelly upbraid
A Wretch, already too unhappy made?
Ah! why invent new Ways with so much Art,
T'encrease the Anguish of a breaking Heart!
To me, the kindest Favour you could send,
Was speedily to wish my Grief to end.

But to conclude, since I've in Love been cross'd,
I'll wear the Willow for my Mistress' lost;
And when on it I look, I'll say, it's true,
She was unkind, and you've been cruel too.

*Spoken extempore to a LADY, on wearing an
Orange-coloured Breast-knot.*

THOU little Tery! why the Jest
Of wearing *Orange* in thy Breast?
When that same Breast betraying shows
The Whiteness of the *Rebel Rose*.

U 2

The LOVER's COMPLAINT.

To Miss ——— AMBROSE.

*Est in te facies, sunt apti labibus anni,
O facies! oculis insidiosa meis.* ———

Ovid

WHAT are those radiant Eyes to me,
Which seldom I'm allow'd to see?
From whence unnumber'd Charms arise,
That heedless Gazers Hearts surprize!
Or, what that jetty curling Hair,
Surrounding thick thy Forehead fair?
Or, what to me those ruby Lips,
Where little Cupid Nectar sips?
Lips, to compleat thy Lover's Bliss,
But ah!—deny'd unhappy me to kiss;
Lips, and Cheeks that far outvie
The blushing Peach, and Rose's Dye;
Believe me, when I say, by far
Much sweeter they than Roses are:
Or, all the Features of that Face,
Profusely deck'd with ev'ry Grace?
Or, that fine streight and slender Waste,
Too fine to be by me embrac'd?
Or, what to me that heaving Breast,
Disturbing oft the Lover's Rest,
Since not allow'd to be by me possess'd?
With other Beauties, needless here to tell,
Th' Effects of which, I feel, and know too well.
Adieu, dear Nymph! whose Beauties Heav'nly
Bright,

Were made to bless some happier Lover's Sight;

Happiest

The Curious Miscellany. 293

Happiest he, encircled in thy Arms,—
Will take Possession of that World of Charms:
No Swain more bless'd, or happy sure can prove,
Than whom so bright a Nymph doth deign to
love.

VERSES, wrote on New-Years Day, 1743.

To the Same.

ELLEN fair! it is *New-Years Day*;
Your faithful Lover, and your Friend
Ventures his Devoirs to pay,
If you to read will condescend.

When first I saw thee on the Green,
I said, (tho' in thy Infant Years,)
That Face too dangerous would be seen,
And so to all, it now appears.

Tho' cruel you have been to me,
Destroying all my Joy and Rest;
Yet may the Pains I feel for thee,
Ne'er touch thy soft, thy tender Breast.

From the Recesses of my Heart,
Where deep impress'd thy Image reigns;
From whence, it never shall depart,
Sincerely flow these humble Strains:

294 *Miscellanea Curiosa*; or,

Happiest he, enclod in thy Arms,
Will take Possession of the World of Charms:
No Swain more blest, or happy time can prove
Than whom thou lov'st, O happy time can prove
May spiteful, envious, wasting Time
Ne'er fade that charming lovely Face, love
May you seem always in your Prime,
As full of Beauty, as of Grace.

VERSES, revolv on New-Years Day. 1743.

Long may the Glories of your Eyes,
Their present beauteous Lustre keep;
And long your Lovers Hearts surprize,
Without the smallest Cause to weep.

Long may that Voice, that warbling Air,
Our ravish'd melting Souls subdue,
Thy Voice as sweet, as thou art fair,
Angels alone can equal you.

May Health, and Pleasure, Mirth, and Ease,
Perpetually attend you here!
May nothing vex, but all Things please
Many a long revolving Year.

Should I abroad, neglected roam,
For Ease compell'd by thy Disdain;
May you enjoy content at home,
Whilst I unpity'd sigh in vain!

X. May

May Guardian Angels hover round,
To keep and ward off all Annoy!
Be all thy Days with Raptures crown'd,
And all thy Nights be bless'd with Joy.

The BIRTH of MANLY VIRTUE.

From CALLIMACHUS.

*Inscrib'd to the Lord CARTERET, now Earl
of GRANVILLE.*

*Inter Callimachi sat exit placuisse libellos,
Et cecinisse modis pûre poeta tuis;
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.*

ONCE on a Time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the Vices of the Age,
Apply'd to Jove with fervent Prayer;
O Jove! if Virtue be so fair
As it was deem'd in former Days,
By Plato, and by Socrates;
Whose Beauties, mortal Eyes escape,
Only for want of outward Shape;
Make thou its real Excellence
For once the Theme of human Sense;
So shall the Eye by Form confin'd,
Direct, and fix the wandring Mind;
And long deluded Mortals see
With Rapture, what they're wont to flee.

296 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Jove grants the Pray'r, gives *Virtue* Birth,
And bids him bless, and mend the Earth,

Behold him blooming, fresh and fair,
Now made, (ye Gods!) a Son and Heir;
An Heir, and Stranger yet to hear,
An Heir, an Orphan of a Peer;
But Prodigies are wrought to prove
Nothing impossible to *Jove*:
Virtue was of this Sex design'd
In mild Reproof to Woman-kind;
In manly Form, to let them see
The Loveliness of Modesty;
The thousand Decencies that shone
With lessen'd Lustre in their own,
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.

To make his Merit more discern'd,
He goes to School; he reads, is learn'd;
Rais'd high above his Birth by Knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a College;
Resolv'd nor Honour, nor Estate,
Himself alone shou'd make him great:
Here soon for ev'ry Art renown'd,
His Influence diffus'd around;
Th' inferior Youths to Learning led,
(Less to be fam'd than to be fed)
Behold the Glory he has won,
And blush to be so far out-done.
And now inflam'd with Rival Rage,
In Scientific Strife engage;
Engage, and in the glorious Strife,
The Arts new kindle into Life:
Here wou'd our Hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned Cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In *Virtue's* best belov'd Retreat;

Contented

Contented he, but Fate ordains
He now shall shine in nobler Scenes.
Rais'd high like some celestial Fire,
To shine the more, still rais'd the higher;
Compleatly form'd in ev'ry Part,
To win the Soul, and glad the Heart;
The pow'rful Voice, the graceful Mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen:
His outward Form, and inward Vie,
His Soul bright beaming from his Eye;
Ennobling every Act and Air,
With just, and gen'rous, and sincere.

Accomplish'd thus, his next Resort
Is to the Council, and the Court;
Where Virtue is in least Repute,
And Interest the one Pursuit;
Where Right, and Wrong, are bought and sold,
Barter'd for Beauty and for Gold;
Yet Manly Virtue even here,
Pleas'd in the Person of a Peer;
A Peer, a scarcely bearded Youth,
Who talk'd of Justice, and of Truth;
Of Innocence, the surest Guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard:
That he alone deserv'd Esteem,
Who was the Man, he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean Disguise;
Give fraudulent Vice the Mask and Screen,
'Tis Virtue's Int'rest to be seen:
Call'd Want of Shame, a Want of Sense;
And found in Blushes, Eloquence.
Thus acting, what he taught so well,
He drew dumb Merit from her Cell;
Led with amazing Art along
The bashful Dame, and loos'd her Tongue;
And

298 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

And whilst he made her Value known,
Yet more display'd, and rais'd his own.

Thus young, thus Proof to all Temptations,
He rises to the highest Stations;
For where high Honour is the Prize,
True Virtue has a Right to rise;
Let courtly Slaves low bend the Knee
To Wealth, and Vice, in high Degree;
Exalted Worth disdains to owe
Its Grandeur to its greatest Foe.

Now rais'd on high, see, Virtue shows
The God-like Ends for which he rose;
From him, let proud Ambition know
The Height of Glory here below;
Grandeur by Goodness made compleat,
To bless, is truly to be great.
He taught, how Men to Honours rise
Like gilded Vapours to the Skies;
Which howsoever they display
Their Glory from the God of Day;
Their noblest Use is to abate
His dangerous Excess of Heat;
To shield the Infant Fruits and Flow'rs,
And bless the Earth with genial Show'rs.

Now change the Scene; a nobler Care
Demands him in a higher Sphere;
Distress of Nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence;
For Models made to mend our Kind,
To no one Clime shou'd be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue like the Sun,
His Course of glorious Toil shou'd run;
Alike diffusing in his Flight
Congenial Joy, and Life, and Light.

Pale

Pale *Envy* sickens, *Error* flies,
And *Discord* in his Presence dies;
Oppression hides with guilty Dread,
And *Merit* rears her drooping Head;
The Arts revive, the Vallies sing,
And Winter softens into Spring;
The wond'ring World where'er he moves,
With new Delight looks up and loves;
One Sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
Whilst he, tho' seated on a Throne,
Confines his Faith to one alone;
The rest condemn, with rival Voice,
Repining to applaud his Choice.

Fame now reports, the Western Isle
Is made his Mansion for a while;
Whose anxious Natives, Night and Day,
Happy beneath his righteous Sway;
Weary the Gods with ceaseless Pray'r,
To bless him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a Debt from Fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

On a Lady's going to the North.

TH O' hard's his Doom, that loves a cruel
Fair;
Yet Pride may that o'ercome; but who can Ab-
sence bear?
You lovely *Anna* fly to the soft rural Scene,
You gayly part, whilst I unpy'd here complain.

Thus

Thus from the Shore, some Wretch beholds the
Sail
That bears his precious Store, before the driving
Gale;
Unmov'd its hasty Flight, he marks with aching
Eye,
'Till vanish'd from his Sight, it mingles with the
Sky.

Whose Heav'nly Art, shall now the Strings ex-
plore?
Whose Voice shall thro' the Heart, bewitching
Sweetness pour?
Cecilia, sacred fair, not more divinely sung,
Tho' round her in Mid-Air, enraptur'd Seraphs
hung.

Ye Guardian Powers, where ere the Nymph re-
pair,
Deck the rough Soil with Flow'rs, and soften
Northern Air;
O first, O latest sung! with every Virtue blest!
The Muse dwells on thy Tongue, the Graces in
thy Breast.

A H Y M N.

MIDST all the Evils of a transient Life,
O Lord! my Trust, I'll place alone in
Thee;
From all the empty Noise, and idle Strife
Of a vain World, my God, deliver me!

O let

O let not its Vanities 'ere allure,
Or tempt my Soul to sin;
Preserve my Conscience clean and pure;
Let all be calm within.
Not all th' ungrateful World can say,
Shall move my constant Mind;
Thy Laws and Statutes I'll obey,
In them Content I'll find.

Grant, I may love them more, and more,
And take a fresh Delight;
By Day to read thy Gospel o'er,
And meditate by Night.

CORYDON to DELIA.

I.
HARK! how (my charming Maid) the Birds
Their feather'd Mates salute!
They tell their Passion in their Words,
While you alone are mute;
To me you're mute, and silent grown,
As hard as Flint, and cold as Stone.

II.
The God of Love in your bright Eyes,
Does like a Tyrant reign;
But in your Heart, a Child he lies,
And kills me with Disdain,
With cold Disdain;—nor can I see
The smallest Spark of Love for me.

III. So

So long a Time in Silence past,

And yet so firm a Love ;

Might well deserve one Line at last,

My Passion to approve ;

A Passion, so sincere, and true,

Should meet with some Return from you ;

To M I R A.

SAY, Barber ! can your Pencil trace,
The Charms of Mind, as well as Face ?

Can it convey to human Sight,

The mental Sense in all its Light ?

To Humour, mix'd with Sense and Wit,

Colours, and Features, duly fit ;

So nicely mix'd, where Humour's made

Only to Wit, and Sense, a Shade :

Say, can your Art make Reason flow,

And Virtue on the Canvass glow ?

Not formal Virtue, which the fair,

Sometimes as Dress for Fashion wear ;

But Virtue, in her native Charms,

Which Sense directs, and Reason warms,

Can you these mental Features hit ?

Mira, when e'er you please, shall sit.

But, Barber, hold ! before you draw ;

Explore the Force of Nature's Law ;

Examine well the inward Part,

And view the Motions of the Heart ;

With Care exact, conceive a Mind,

To Virtue, Sense, and Wit refin'd :

Here Colours strong, must deep be laid,

In Mixtures that can never fade ;

Suited

Suited to Beauties, which you'll find
 In *Mira*, of peculiar Kind;
 Would *Celia* in *Belles Lettres* shine,
Mira, is ap'd in every Line;
 Or, *Flavia* means to steal a Grace,
 She slyly looks on *Mira's* Face;
 Or, *Chloe* aims to wing a Dart,
 She strives to copy *Mira's* Art;
 But, how can *Celia* ever hit
Mira's inimitable Wit;
 Or Beauties shine in *Flavia's* Mien,
 Which are in *Mira's* only seen;
 Or *Chloe*, Darts unerring fling,
 Which *Mira's* Art alone can wing.
 How nice and delicate the——
 What, *Barber*! do you flounce away?
 I'll see you, Sir, some other Day.

*A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods be-
 longing to Doctor J—n S—t, Vicar of
 Lara Cor, upon lending his House to the
 Bishop of Meath, 'till his own was built.*

AN Oaken, broken, Elbow Chair,
 A Caudle Cup, without an Ear;
 A batter'd, shatter'd, Ash Bedstead,
 A Box of Deal, without a Lid;
 A Pair of Tongs, but out of Joint,
 A Backsword Poker, without Point;
 A Pot that's crack'd across, around,
 With an old knotted Garter bound;
 An Iron Lock without a Key,
 A Wig, with hanging, quite grown grey;
 A Curtain worn to half a Stripe,
 A Pair of Bellows without Pipe;
 A Dish,

A Dish, which might good Meat afford once;
 An Ovid, and an old *Concordance*;
 A Bottle Bottom, Wooden Platter,
 One is for Meal, and one for Water;
 There is likewise, a Copper Skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
 A Candlestick, Snuff-box, and Save-all,
 And thus, his Household Goods you have all;
 These, to your Lordship, as a Friend,
 'Till you have built, I freely lend;
 They'll serve your Lordship for a Shift;
 Why not? as well as Doctor *Swift*;

Omnia Siccis Dura.

Connubio stabili, Damoni juncta Corinna,
 Nascitur ex tacita Virgine, sponsa loquax;
 Continuis furibunda implet clamoribus Aulam,
 Et miserum obtundit garulitate virum;
 Necquicquam implorat Damon, et basia libat,
 Nec prece, nec pretio, victa Corinna flet;
 Quorsum abeat? quid agat? tua currit ad alma
 Lycei.
 Et bibulus cyatho liberiore calet.
 Fortiter inde suas, titubat bene potus ad edes;
 Jam primum in regno rex, dominusque suo,
 Conjugis ad nutum siccus qui mane tremebat,
 Irridet linguæ fulmina bruta Madens.

Englisht.

CORINNA now, with Damon ty'd for Life,
 The silent Maid soon proves a scolding Wife;
 From Morn till Night, she raves about the House,
 And with continual Brawlings plagues her Spouse:

In vain he kisses, and intreats the Dame,
Nor Pray'rs, nor Kisses can assuage her Flame;
What Remedy is left? What must he do?
Propitious *Bacchus*! he applies to you.
The sprightly Juice which makes the Coward bold,
Enables *Damon* to attack the Scold;
Warm'd with repeated Cups he staggers home,
And Lord, and Master there, for once become;
Corinna owns him Monarch of the Dome.
Thus he, who sober, trembled at her Noise,
When drunk, durst brave the Thunder of her
Voice.

To a handsome Lady, with a Present of Gloves.

THESE Gloves can keep thy Arms, my
Fair!
Safe, from the burning Summer's Air;
But nothing can defend my Heart
From the fierce Flames of *Cupid's* Dart:
These Gloves can keep thy Hands so near,
From Winter's Cold, and Summer's Heat;
But nought can keep me, *Strephon* cries!
Safe from the Force of your bright Eyes.

To the Same.

MADAM, your Charms would never seem
the less,
Without the Help, and Ornament of Dress:
Nature has form'd, and fashion'd you with Art,
And gave you Beauty to subdue my Heart:
Your Lover need not of Success despair,
Had you been made as kind, as you are fair.

The HOLY MELANCHOLY.

Supposed to be wrote by WILMOT, *Earl of*
Rochester.

Farewel, the gilded Follies, pleasant Troubles;
 Farewel, the honour'd Rags, the Chrystal
 Bubbles!

Fame's but a hollow Echo; Gold, pure Clay;
 Honour's the Darling but of one poor Day;
 Beauty, the Eye Idol, but of a Damask Skin,
 State, but a golden Prison to live in,
 And torture free-born Minds; embroider'd Trains
 Meerly but Pageants; proudly swelling Veins,
 And Blood ally'd to Greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchas'd, not our own:
 Fame, Honour, Beauty, State Trains, Blood and
 Birth

Are but the fading Blossoms of the Earth
 I would be great; but that the Sun doth still
 Level his Rays against the rising Hill;
 I would be high; but see the proudest Oak
 Most subject to the rending Thunder's Stroke.
 I would be rich; but see the richest Mine
 Doth from our Search, its Wealth too deep con-
 fine:

I would be wise; but that the Fox I see
 Suspected guilty, while the Ass goes free:
 I would be fair; but see that Champion proud
 The bright Sun, often setting in a Cloud:
 I would be poor; but see the humble Grass
 Trampled upon by each unworthy Ass.
 Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
 Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envy'd
 more.

I have

I have wish'd all, but more I'll wish for never,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor, I'll be
rather;

Would the World now adopt me for her Heir?
Would Beauty's Queen intitle me her Fair?
Fame speak me Favour's Minion, would I buy
Angels with *India*? With a speaking Eye
Command bare Heads, bare Knees, strike Justice
dumb,

As well as blind and lame, and give a Tongue
To Stones; by Epitaphs be call'd great Master,
In the loose Lines of every Poetaster?
Could I be more than any Man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in Superlatives?
Yet I more freely would these Gifts resign,
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine.
I hold one Minute of my holy Leisure
Beyond so much of all this empty Pleasure.
Welcome, pure Thoughts! welcome, the silent
Groves!

These Gifts, this Court, my Soul entirely loves.
The winged People of the World shall sing
My chearful Anthem, in the gladsome Spring.
A Pray'r-Book shall be my looking Glasse,
Wherein I will adore sweet Virtue's Face:
Here dwells no hateful Love, nor Palace Cares,
Here dwells no hateful Promise, nor false Fears:
Here will I sit, and sigh my hot Love-folly,
And learn t'affect, an holy Melancholy;
And if Contentment be a Stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven again.

TO THIRSIS.

By the same Hand.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you;
I ask nothing but my Due:
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my Heart a Day;
But alas! against my Will
I must be your Captive still;
Ah! be kinder then, for I
Cannot change, and wou'd not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
All besides but weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love:
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Slaves grow pleas'd with Pain.

III.

Nothing adds to your fond Fire,
More than Scorn, and cold Disdain;
I, to cherish your Desire,
Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain;
You insulted on your Slave,
Humble Love you soon refus'd;
Think not then a Power to have,
Which ingloriously you us'd.

IV. Think

IV.2 A

Think not, *Thirfis*, I will e're
 By my Love my Empress lose;
 You grow constant through Despair,
 Love return'd you wou'd abuse;
 Tho' you still possess my Heart,
 Scorn and Rigour I must feign;
 Ah, forgive that only Art!
 Love has left you Love again.

V.

You that can my Heart subdue,
 To new Conquest ne'er pretend;
 Let your Example make me true,
 And of a conquer'd Foe a Friend;
 Then if e're I shou'd complain
 Of your Empire, or my Chain;
 Summon all your powerful Charms,
 And quell the Rebel in your Arms.

Wrote on a Window, by a Gentleman.

FROM Wine to Love, from Love to Wine
 I run,
 Striving by Turns, the different Ills to shun,
 'Till sure at last, by both to be undone.

A S O N G.

AMINTOR lov'd, and liv'd in Pain
 For Opportunity;
 He suffer'd much, I was to blame,
 So silly and so shy.

He press'd, and vow'd to ask no more
 But only leave to speak;
 So honestly methought he swore,
 My Heart must yield or break.

Young and unpractic'd in Love's Art,
 This fatal Leave I gave;
 He spoke, engag'd my tender Heart,
 Then us'd it as his Slave.

The F A L L.

HOW blest'd was the created State
 Of Men and Women, e're they fell,
 Compar'd to our unhappy Fate;
 We need not fear another Hell.

Naked, beneath cool Shades they lay,
 Enjoyment waited on Desire;
 Each Member did their Wills obey,
 Nor could a Wish set Pleasure higher:

But we poor Slaves to Hope and Fear,
 Are never of our Joys secure;
 They lessen still, as they draw near,
 And none that dull Delights endure.

Then

Then *Cloris*, while I Duty pay
The nobler Tribute of a Heart;
Be you not so severe to say,
You love me for a frailer Part.

To CORINNA.

WHAT cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,
To force that harmless Frown;
When not one Charm her Face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

So sweet a Face, so soft an Heart,
Such Eyes so very kind;
Betray alas! the silly Art,
Virtue hath ill design'd.
The Scorn she bears, so helpless proves,
When I plead Passion to her;
That much she fears, and more she loves,
Her Vassal should undo her.

LOVE and LIFE.

ALL my past Life, is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone;
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose Images are kept in Store
By Memory alone.

312 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

What never is to come, is not ;
How can it then be mine ?
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Unconstancy,
False Heart, and broken Vows ;
If I, by Miracle can be
This live long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

Extempore Thoughts upon **THOUGHT.**

THOUGHT is the Tyrant of the Soul,
Whom all our Deeds obey,
It bears an absolute Controul,
An universal Sway.

II.

Thought is that Blessing of the Mind,
Where social Virtues dwell ;
But where black Guilt, and Vice are join'd,
It is the deepest Hell.

III.

Thought is a lawless roaming Thing
That ventures every where,
Enters the Closet of a King,
Without Concern or Fear.

IV. *Thought*

IV.
 But her Wit leads in Triumph, the Slaves of her
 Thought neither Grates, nor Bolts regards,
 For Thought can (as 'tis said) with
 In Spite of all her virtuous Guards,
 Creep to the Vestal's Bed.

THE SUBMISSION.

TO this Moment, a Rebel, I threw down my
 Arms,

Great Love! at first Sight of *Olinda's* bright
 Charms;

Made proud, and secure, by such Forces as these,
 You may now be a Tyrant, as soon as you
 please.

When Innocence, Beauty, and Wit do conspire
 To betray and engage, and inflame my Desire;
 Why shou'd I decline, what I cannot avoid,
 And let pleasing Hope, by Fear be destroy'd?

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
 Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue
 me?

And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a Friend;
 Then, what Room for Despair, since Delight is
 Love's End?

There can be no Danger in Sweetness and Youth,
 Where Love is secur'd by Good Nature and
 Truth;

On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleasure com-
 plain,

While every kind Look adds a Link to my Chain.

'Tis

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize;
But her Wit leads in Triumph, the Slaves of her
Eyes:

I beheld with the Loss of my Freedom before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak,
Retire, divine Image, I feel my Heart break;
Help, Love! I dissolve in a Rapture of Charms,
At the Thought of those Joys, I shou'd meet in
her Arms.

O this Moment, a Rebel, I threw down my

Great Love! at first Sight of Othello's bright
A CHARACTER.

Disperam si non hic Decianus erit.

AS various Arts do shine in various Men,
Some who abound with Wit, yet want a
Pen;

Others, a proper easy Style have hit,
But without Judgment, Humour, Force, or Wit;
E'en Wit, and Verse, may meet without a Tongue,
Some Bards can't speak, who have divinely sung:
And some can sing, but, in unhallow'd Lays,
And want of Principle prevents their Praise.
What Genius can, in all these Arts excell,
Of thinking, writing, speaking, acting well?
Possess'd of ev'ry useful, pleasing Gift,
If there be such a Man, 'tis none but *Swift*.

There can be no Danger in Sweetness and Youth,
Where Love is learn'd by Good Nature and

Truth;
On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleasure com-
plain,
While every kind Look adds a Link to my Chain.

'Tis

The TEMPLER'S Bill of Complaint.

In the Stile of MILTON.

PLAINTS unattempted yet in Bill or Count
Ope, heav'nly Muse! and **Talbot*, thou thine
Ear;

Thy gracious Ear still open to th' oppress'd,
The Insane, the Widow'd, Fatherless and Poor.
Vouchsafe Indulgent! while thy Suppliant shews
How bound advent'rous, in Pursuit of Fee,
Days, Nights, and Seasons he turmoil'd
Through the rough Realms of Year-books, and
Reports;

Dark chearless Regions! 'till Disasters dire
Him fierce beleaguer'd, and aloof detain'd.
Friends, Viands, Comfort,—ah! at Plaints like
these

Of Sheriff, Myrmidons, or Duns obdur'd
Who can from Tears refrain? ev'n thou who
clos'st

Death's dreadful Sentence, by the Name *Jack*
Ketch,

Fam'd, and abhorr'd, ev'n thou wilt gentle Tear
Let fall, and wonder at thy soft'ning Heart.

Wig-powd'ring *Jacob*, who each Morn assails
Chaps horrid with Mustachios, dares not more

Approach me galled by the grievous Fiends
That fore-belay me; nor on Morn or Eve

Makes † *Susan* Visitations; *Susan*, skill'd
To whirl a Mop, and deck Sleep's downy Couch.

With Art unequall'd, as *Cbryseis* erst
Grac'd *Agamemnon*'s. Nor in these alone

* The late Lord Chancellor of England.

† The Landress.

316 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Excell'd the Peerless :—She from sparkling Flint
 Could conjure *Vulcan*, and rebate the Rage
 Of *Eurus*, noxious to quiescent *Scribe*.
 Bereav'd, O *Susan*! of thy tender Aid,
 Where now shall I repose me? How console
 Me thus bemeagred? Ah, how fall'n! how chang'd
 From what thou clasp'dst enamour'd, while on
 Morns
 I clung extatic to thy roseate Lips!
 Thy Lips, more fragrant than Imperial Tea,
 Or Spice *Arabian*. Farewel, happy Morns!
 Ye Morns of Dalliance! now, nor roseate Lips,
 Nor Blaze enliv'ning, nor amusive Tea,
 Tea, lov'd Potation of the taleful Fair!
 Nor Chocolate, Strengthner of the Back, and
 Reins,
 Nor Brain-composing Coffee, on Morns provoke
 Detractive Tale, or amorous Disport;
 But vile insipid, by the Vulgar call'd
 Gruel, meet Diet for lank cheeked Spleen,
 Me, lonely sipping saddens, nor admits
 Or Bloom encrimson'd, or fermenting Vein.
 But ah! when *Phabus* baits at half-way House,
 And ringing Gratulations chime aloud
 Meridian gain'd, strait Hunger with the News
 Makes eager Visitation, and disturbs
 Deep Contemplations on the important Case
 Of *John of Stiles*. Oh, Hunger! worst of Duns!
 From thee, nor Lord's Protection, *Dies non*,
 Nor borrow'd Name, nor Lodgings chang'd, nor
 Park,
 Nor other Place of Privilege, can save.
 What should I do? nor Promises avail,
 Nor Shield of Patience, tho' by *Mulcibers*
 Cælestial temper'd. Furious oft to claim
 The outrageous Fiend I plunge, but plunge in vain
 In Pocket, vacant my officious Hand;
 And sigh, and rave, and curse the tardy Pace

Of

The Curious Miscellany. 317

Of Sluggard Time ; till Temple-horn aloud,
With Blast Heart chearing, to Repast forth calls
The sable Bands from Chambers, Coffee-house ;
Where e're they commune, or on Moot, or Quirk,
Intrigues or Favours. Ray'notus as the Bird
Hight Scarecrow darts at Carrion, nor unlike,
Wrapt in my tattered Sable, forth I rush
To *Temple-hall* ; there eye with secret Glee
Clusters of Rolls, Brown Bread, Cheese, Vinegar,
And all the dreadful Instruments of Rage
Esurient ; Knives and Forks, and Plates, and
Spoons,
And Mugs of verdant Hue, on either Side
Marshal'd in deep Array. I take my Post,
And while Grace Herald with uplifted Eyes
Cants Orison preludious, hark ! demure
As *Romish* Priest, while bloomy Nymphs confess
Hearts, Palpitations, Longings, Languishments,
And Dreams impure ; nor yet, or Heav'n, or Grace
Engage me ; but what Havock I shall make,
What Cuts devour, with Transport I foresee.

Bear Garden Hero, thus, with Cut or Tap
Opiate of Quarter-Staff, in Thought subdues
Antagonist, while prologueing on high
He wields, or Club or Backsword that portend
Indented Nose, Ribs batter'd, Gashes dire,
And gushing Gore, to *Britain's* Warlike Sons.
Delightful Prospects ! now, with Arms in Hand,
Not less resolv'd than *Peleus'* wrathful Son,
When fir'd with Vengeance for his slaughter'd
Friend,
He strode in Arms terrific, and assail'd
Troy's Heav'n-doom'd Tow'rs, voracious down I
plunge
On Jaw devoted Shoulder, Leg or Rump,
And Gobbets wond'rous to be seen, ingulf
With Gape enormous. — But with Fury soon
Suspending,

318 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

Suspending, with intreative Eyes, and all
The Rhetoric of Looks, I crave a * Flask
Of venerable Bench^{er}. Ah! unmov'd
As cramm'd Divine beholds a Lazar forth
Extend his needy Palm, he gorges on,
Nor ought regards my Looks. Forgive me,
Heav'n!

I fret, I lour, I imprecate in Thought,
And wreak my Vengeance on the prostrate Joint.

But soon the Conflict o'er, nor yet the Rage
Of Hunger half repress'd, with Head on Arm
Reclin'd, in pensive Mood I sit, and view
Exceedings serv'd; up-heaving Groans full deep,
As e'er forth issu'd from the plaintive Mouth
Of Suppliant wailing for his Bill dismiss'd.
Thus *Alexander* fam'd for Conquest, whilst
The World him Sovereign own'd, sat down and
sigh'd

For Worlds unfound to vanquish; and with ken
Invidious ey'd the Moon, and wish'd it near
Thro' glorious Slaughter and Uproar.—

And gazing now on Ruins and the Place,
Bleak desolated Place! where steam'd in Beef
And Incense savoury up my Nostrils fum'd:
Full sad I rise, and take my saunt'ring Roam
Thro' Lanes, thro' Courts, o'er Pavements, Flags,
and Sands

Uncertain, pond'ring or with whom, or where
The Fates indulgent might conduct my Steps,
Of Visit in Pretence, to fill my Chinks
With supplemental post Meridian Tea.

But lo! detach'd on horrible Emprize,
Two grizly Prowlers Temple-ward incline

* It was usual with the Benchers of the Middle Temple to
send Wine to their Acquaintance.

Their

The Curious Miscellany. 319

Their baleful Progress, fraught with ranc'rous
Guile!

Low growling stalk'd they, and around them fly;
Rowl'd their Prey seeking Orbs: An Elvish
Gloom

Their Aspects o'er infern'd, and on their Brows
Barbarity sat low'ring. On they strode,
A horrid Pair! deep pond'ring in their Souls
Hell-bred Extortion, Fees and Ambush foul.

Horrent I spy'd the Monsters, and back fled,
All frightened, and astoun'd; and cry'd out, *Catch-*
pole!

The Temple started at the hideous Name
Thro' all her Chambers, and forth Windows
back

Resounded, *Catchpole!* swift I fled, more swift

The Fiends pursu'd, and forcible around

Embrac'd me all dismay'd, and heaving Groans

Piteous enough to soften stubborn Oak;

Or Flint, or ought, but adamant Heart

Of ruthless Dun, or his obdur'd Compeer

And now, — but lo! assemble to my Aid

Hosts numberless and dread, as wrathful *Jove*

Avengeful thunders, and the lowering Heav'ns

Burst into Show'rs, then Torrents black and foul

Roar down the Sinks, and dreadful to behold!

Sweep grinning Cats, and huge tail'd Rats along:

Not with less Rage, now rush'd from various

Parts,

Clerks, Footmen, Shoe-boys, Barbers, Tritons,

all

The Temple Possé, and with Mop-sticks, Oars,

Blocks, Brushes, Rulers, Pokers, Brooms and Tongs

Enlarge the Captive, and infuriate pour

Perdition on the Monster, trampled, drag'd,

And o'er belabour'd with ten thousand Stripes.

O *Catchpole!* *Catchpole!* learn, ah! learn no more

With

310 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

With Sole unhallow'd to profane the *Temple*;
As *Reynard*, that oft-times in Ambush lurk'd
For Lamb excursive, and with Tyrant Heart
To Malepardus drag'd the weanling Prey,
Snarls unavailing, while o'erpower'd by Hosts
Latrant he falls. In vain, the Monster so
Belch'd dolorous Groans, which would from Hu-
man Mouth

Move Pity but from his obdurate Rage.
And now his Soul to Hell's profoundest Gulf,
With Kindred Dæmons had been hurl'd; but lo!
Revolving in his Breast the dire Effects
Of popular Commotion and Uproar,
Aloof the awful Minister of Peace
Hung forth his Flag, whereon the Fates inscrib'd
Their Doom, who riotous in wild Hub-bub,
Scarce pace away, his Aspect, Port and Wand,
That Wand somniferous, whose gentle Tap
Stills clam'rous Tongues, and charms ev'n Rage
to Sleep;

Known well, and fear'd, obsequious to the Sight;
With Magic as enchanted, strait their Wrath
Resign the Avengers, and desert the Fray.
Mean time aghast and pallid as a Femme
Way-faring in the dark, whom vengeful Ghost
Of horned Spouse revisits, swift, with Eye
Retorted oft and circumspect, I rush
To Chambers, and with double Valves, and Bolts,
And Chairs, and Tables, barricade the Door.
Alas! nor Doors, nor Chairs, nor Bolts avail
'Gainst Warrant of Escape! resistless Scroll!
At Sight of thee, Portcullicies, and Valves,
And Windows ope' spontaneous; Garrets, Nooks,
Cellars, unfold their Entrails, and disgorge
Unkennell'd Debtor: And now Terrors grim
And horrid, as Hell Furies, burst their Way,
Thundring, thro' shatter'd Doors, and vengeful
drag

Me

The Curious Miscellany. 321

Me bastonaded to black Dungeon, clipt
Limbo, drear Mansion of Insolvent ! where
Groans, Wretchedness inchain'd, and shuddring,
wrapt

In Tatters, noisom, stares with Eyes aghast ;
Her hideous Train, self-writhing, wan and foul ;
Throat-parching Thirst, paunch gnawing Hunger,
Cold,

Teeth chatt'ring, sleepless Pangs, Brain-racking
Shifts,

Heart-broke Repentance, and Sigh heaving Spleen.
Nor these among Outragious, Day and Night
Cease Ministers of Dolours Goblins fell,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Chaplain yet has feign'd, or Nurse conceiv'd,

Catchpoles and Turnkeys and Elæctras dire,
'Midst Horrors here indungeon'd, and with
Groans,

And the loud Clank of Irons peal'd, I pass

The wailful Gloom, contemplative and sad

As Horse, or Ass in penitential Pound,

For Rent, Arrear, or Trespass ; and sometimes

Deep sighing, ruminate his Joys who dwells

In the third Region of the *Temple*, far

From Gloom and Durance. Penal Bonds, or
Plaints

Of Debtor lachrymable, ne'er disturb

His Morning Slumbers ; but when warbling Shrill

Of Chimney Sweep, or Triton usher in

The Morn, he yawns, and indolent extends :

Nor weaking Sighs, or Sicknes with the Qualms

Of Conscience, nor the Gods with Pray'r molests ;

But am'rous Thought indulges ; or, reflects

On *Coke* ; or, *Jove* like from above, surveys

The subject Globe, Streams, Barges, Houses,
Trees,

Y

Chairs,

322 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Chairs, Carts, and Hackneys, Serjeants, Oyfter
Nymphs,

Promiscuous mingle: Or, secure from Palm
Retentive of fell Catchpole, hurls aloof
Defiance, unapall'd at ruthless Dun;
Or, Billet-doux pursues; or, disports
In Labyrinths of Pleading, or Record;
Delightful Mazes! or, with formal Band
And Looks demure and studious, as perplex'd
With knotty Points and Queries, entertains
Fee-bearing Client. But, when Matron Night
Rook-like sits brooding on the Streets, and wide
Out-spreads her rev'rend Night-Rail, he beneath
Begirt with Sword, and spruce with powder'd Bob
Or takes an Act; or forth advent'rous, roves
To consecrated Haunts of vagrant Nymphs
Devote to *Venus*; or at *Will's*, or *Tom's*,
Or other Nightly Rendezvous, from Nod
Oracular of Politician learns
The Fate of *Europe*; or with social Friend
Repairs to Gill, or Mug-house; and regales
On Chop, or Stake, and nectarous Draught of
Bub.

O Bub transportive! to the tuneful Tribe
Than Spring *Pierian*, or cool purling Brook
Of *Helicon* more grateful! thee unhail'd
The Muse ought not to pass, who frequent soars
By thee uprais'd aerial, and presumes
Above the Flight of Poetastic Wing.
O Gracious! would'st thou deign thine Aid and
drench

My parched Clarion; like *Miltonian* Ape
How would I now forth bellow in thy Praise
With Mouth loud sounding, and Earth-shaking
Strides!

Vain Invocation! far from *Pauper's* Ken,
Incellar'd deep by Froth-pot, *Cerberus*! nought,
(Save Magic Sterling,) can wake thee hence.

All

The Curious Miscellany. 323

All pow'rful Sterling! to thy Syren Chink
Responsive Frigues, *Ausonia*, *India*, West
And East waft Delicates remote; and forth,
In Gambols from his watry Realms upstarts
Leviathan; and (horrible to hear!)

Hoarse rumbles Poetaster. With thy Love,
Smit with thy sacred Love, how oft in vain
Sat I expectant, where the Law learn'd plead;
Exchequer, *Chancery*, or the *Rolls*: But chief
Thee *King's Bench*! and thy * Crickets oft on
Morns

I visit with Note-book; and intent
Behold the coifed Venerables shake
Their awful Wigs full bottom'd, and contract
Their fateful Brows in Labour or of Quirk,
Or nice Distinction, 'till Gut-wambling Noon
Advis'd Adjournment, and Refection meet.
Thus Appetite with Noon, and with the Year
The Terms return; but not to me return
Fee, or the grave Approach of Bill, or Brief,
Sollicitor, Attorney, Client, Friend;
But Grates instead, and ever griping Want,
And all Want's Offspring, hideous ev'n to name,
(Ah! how more hideous to be felt!) surround
Me thus enduranc'd from the Joys of Life.
Nor these against, or Statute, or the Law
Y' clipt the common, Remedy prescribes.
To you, then lowly these my Plaints be made;
To you, benevolent as Grace, who pour
Indulgence on disastrous Wit; and pleas'd
With Tendernefs paternal, stretch your Hand
Promotive, forth to Learning; and humane
Sooth Anguish undeserv'd. On Suppliant thus

* Seats for Students in Court.

324 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

Within, without, on ev'ry Side assail'd,
Cast Eye redressive ; and vouchsafe Relief !
Such, gracious ! as your Wisdom meet shall judge :
And your *Complainant* shall unweari'd pray.

On the Duke of CUMBERLAND's Victory obtained over the Rebels, April 16, 1746, at Culloden-Muir.

GREAT Liberty ! each *Britons* chief Delight,
Assist my Muse in her advent'rous Flight ;
Thy youthful Hero's wond'rous Deeds to praise,
High as that Theme, my grateful Voice to raise.
A *Gallic* Minion, and a desp'rate Band,
With civil Rage, destroy'd thy fav'rite Land ;
Weakness, or Treachery, some Part betray'd,
Ev'n *English* Courage seem'd almost dismay'd.
Commerce decay'd, our Fields untill'd remain,
Famine appear'd with all her meagre Train ;
The mourning Isle for Pity long implor'd,
Heav'n gave another conqu'ring *WILLIAM's*
Sword.

Our gracious *GEORGE*, his youthful Image sends,
Their royal Genius with Success attends ;
Ardent for War, the eager *DUKE* prepares,
Glitt'ring in Arms before *Carlisle* appears ;
His shining Troops dazzled each Rebel's Sight,
They flee as Shadows at th' Approach of Light ;
Amidst the Mountains Cliffs they seek to hide,
With guilty Fear, the Traytor's constant Guide ;
Traverse more Doubles than a trembling Hare,
Yet Fancy still, shews *Cumberland* too near ;

Swifter

The Curious Miscellany. 325

Swifter than Eagles, Winds, or Thought, he
flew,

Ev'n Fame, at Distance, must his Steps pursue ;
Nor Rocks, nor Floods, retard his rapid Course,
Nature submits, where Prudence joins with Force.

Culloden-Muir, exulting, I survey

The *English* Troops, in martial just Array ;

Firm, and resolv'd, each hardy Vet'ran stands,

His Country's Love, and Freedom, raise his
Hands.

Our God-like HERO, ev'ry Bosom warms,

Sparkling his Eyes, and shining were his Arms ;

To form his Shield, Virtue and Wisdom join,

Great Justice lends her Sword, and Lance di-
vine.

As when weak Bounds would stop the Ocean's
Course,

It bears them down with a resistless Force ;

While *Æolus*, the Ruler of the Wind,

Here bids it rage, and here be more confin'd ;

So rush'd our Troops, like an impetuous Tide,

Thus did the PRINCE, with proper Conduct
guide :

Whole Lines at their first Onset, slaughter'd lye,

And *Scots* unnam'd, and undistinguish'd die.

High Fame *Monroe's*, and *Barrel's* Soldier's
gain'd,

Where each Man's Spear the glorious Crimson
stain'd.

Our HERO's Motions let us keep in view,

And where he leads, the glorious Track pursue ;

Thrice, where he fights, the Rebels dare attack,

And thrice by him alone are driven back ;

As Corn beneath the Reaper's Hands they fall,

Confusion, Death, or Flight, o'ertakes them all.

326 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

The Duke with Pity, view'd the bloody Plain,
Cover'd with Bodies, Arms, and Horses slain;
A glorious Form, hovering in Air appears,
In her right Hand a Laurel Crown she bears:
Great Conqueror! this Wreath thy Brows shall
bind,
Born for the general Good of Human Kind!
Thou hast made civil War, and Discord cease;
Plenty and Union come, with smiling Peace;
The Seas shall own the *British* Monarch's Law,
France must her Conquest yield, her Troops with-
draw;
And *Austria's* Queen, with Gratitude shall own,
Europe her Freedom owes, and she her Crown.
Liberty, Arts, and Sciences shall rise,
Where'er the glorious *British* Standard flies,
Lower, weak Muse! thy too high soaring Wing,
Homer could not our Duke's great Actions sing;
He to *Achilles* might due Praise afford,
Yet could not paint our Hero's conquering
Sword.
Tho' *Addison* did *Marlborough's* Deeds recite,
He'd own you fought, beyond what he cou'd
write.

On Miss AMBROSE Singing.

HELLEN's sweet Voice is like her Eyes;
Whoever hears, or sees her, dies;
And at a double Avenue,
She doth each captive Heart subdue.
Ah! who can stand against such Charms,
Where Love exerts his strongest Arms;
Where Voice, and Beauty both conspire
To make the ravish'd World admire.

The LION and the ECCHO.

A FABLE.

*Occasioned by the first Report of the late
Invasion.*

IMaginary Terrors scare
A timorous Soul with real Fear,
Nay, ev'n the Wife and Brave are cow'd
By Apprehensions from the Crowd;
A Frog, a Lion may disarm,
And yet, how causeless the Alarm!

A Lion, bravest of the Wood,
Whose Title undisputed stood;
As o'er his wide Domains he prowld,
And in Dispute of Booty growld;
An Eccho from a distant Cave
Begrowld, articulately grave:
His Majesty surpriz'd, began
To think at first, it was a Man;
But on Reflection sage, he found
It was too like a Lion's Sound.
Whose Voice is that, which growls at mine?
His Highness ask'd; quoth Eccho, mine:
Thine, says the Lion; who art thou?
Eccho as stern cry'd, who art thou?
Know, I'm a Lion, hear and tremble
Reply'd the King; — cry'd Eccho, tremble.
Come forth, said Lion; shew thyself;
Laconic Eccho answer'd — Elf:
Elf darst thou call me? — vile Pretender!
Eccho as loud reply'd, — Pretender!
At this, as jealous of his Reign
He growld in Rage; — she growld again;

328 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

Incens'd the more, he chaf'd and foam'd,
And round the spacious Forrest roam'd,
To find the Rival of his Throne,
Who durst with him dispute the Crown.

A Fox, who listen'd all the while,
Address'd the Monarch with a Smile.

" My Liege, most humbly-I make bold,

" (Tho' Truth may not be always told ;)

" That this same Phantom which you hear,

" That so alarms your Royal Ear,

" Is not a Rival to your Throne,

" The Voice and Fears are all your own ;

" And, Sir, depend on this Occasion,

" 'Tis Air to think of an Invasion ;

" That and the Eccho are the same,

" A Thing of Nought, an idle Dream.

*To a LADY, on her saying that I preferred
another before her.*

MADAM, these Lines with Pleasure I indite ;
O could I like the fam'd *Orinda* write,
Or *Waller*,—when in sweet Notes he sung
His *Sacharissa*, beautiful and young ;
Your Virtues, and domestic Charms should shine
With Lustre, and brighten every Line :
To you alone I'd dedicate my Lays,
To you, deserving of the highest Praise ;
And pray believe, that what I say is true,
You to a Countess I'd prefer, and only you.

Discei

* Disnei ad † Helenam navigaturam

ELEGIA.

ERGO fugis? partemque mei simul abripis una?
Vanaque non Helena vota morantur iter?
O utinam tua non tetigisset littora navis
Nostra, vel haud retro dulce tulisset onus!
Ut vidi! ut stupui! præcordiaque intima sensi
Attonitus, flammis incaluisse novis.
Haud ita confestim vester (mirabile dictu)
Admoto patrius flagrat ab igne vapor.
Quid mihi si tenues sint artus, membra pusilla,
Mens tamen exiguo corpore major inest.
Ipsa ministrabit vires Venus aurea, vires
Addet in amplexus ipse Cupido tuos.
Vana queror, fugis interea, nec acerba gementem
Respicias, ad veteres forsitan itura procos.
Nunc quoque Lausonium, sua parvula detinet anna,
Ad citharæ modulans carmina docta sonos.
Et mollis Gibsone, tuam quoque deperis Annam,
Pectore qui facili spicula mille geris.
Fosterique preces audit sua virgo: relictus
Solutus ego infelix, te fugiente, queror.
Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? rapiunt heu! car-
basa venti,
Flaminaque in lachrymas officiosa meas.
Reddita jam patriæ, dulces allaberis oras,
Asperaue insolito littora flore rubent.
Mirantur canique patres, inhiansque juvenus
Sidereos oculos, purpureasque genas.
Forsan amans aliquis niger Carbone recenti,
Amplexu piceo candida colla notat.

* Mr. Disney, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

† Miss Lutwyche, a Whitehaven Lady.

339 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Mitte, decet nostros cervix hæc dure ! lacertos,
 Illaque sunt labris apta labella meis.
 Hei mihi ! Vulcanum nigrum fuligine, Phœbo
 Et juveni et pulchro, prætulit alma Venus :
 Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem :
 Tantum umbræ, et noctis lurida regna placent.
 Impetus ire mihi est per subterranea regna,
 Sub pelagi fluctus impetus ire mihi est,
 Sulphura nec metuum halentem, ignisque vaporem ;
 Sola necant flammis lumina virgo, tua
 Est * thalamus mihi sublimes eductus ad auras
 Prospiciens ortus, Phœbe decore tuos ;
 Hinc nudi montes, et consita floribus arva,
 Inde patent sylvæ, coeruleumque mare :
 Hinc oriente die mea vulnera mulceo versu,
 Canto tuas laudes, hic fugiente die.
 Non mihi vina movent animum, non dulcis amicus,
 Languida vix tenui membra sopore jacent
 Et tua tum menti formosa recurrit imago,
 Tota palam fulges lumina, labra, genæ.
 Alloquor, interdumque audacior oscula figo,
 Innectuntque meæ lactea colla manus.
 Protinus attonito succedunt horrida visa,
 Qui juvenis ? qualis ? quis peregrinus amor ?
 Somne, quid heu ! miserum torques crudelibus
 Umbris ?
 Ah ! semper placidis falle benigne dolis.
 Maceror, atque mei superest quota portio ? ridet
 Quisque recens, ingens mercerulusque tumet.
 O fœlix Cartwright ! dolo qui libas Iaccho !
 Fœlix qui cuncto, Gibson, amore cales !
 At tu flecte retro cursum, tristesque fodinas
 Lingue ; tibi reduci plena Theatra strepent.

* Alluding to the Prospect he has from his Chambers in the College.

Mille tuæ juvenum penetrabunt corda sagittæ,
 Fulgebunt famâ carmina mille tuâ :
 Ipse * pater patriæ Phœbeo numine plenus,
 Vinetaque civili tempora fronde gerens,
 Ipse tibi affurget reduci, miratus honores
 Ætherei vultus, eximumque decus.
 Atque oculis inhians, frustra tardente senecta,
 Subjiciet pedibus laurea ferta tuis.
 Accipies saltem gemitus, supremæque verba,
 Solamen mortis, te lachrymante, mori.

DISNEY to HELEN.

Translated from the Latin.

ME from myself will *Helen* then convey,
 Nor Vows, nor Tears the dear Deserter
 stay ?
 Ah ! had her Vessel never touch'd our Shore,
 Or never hence the lovely Treasure bore !
 I look'd, I lov'd, and wond'ring as I gaz'd,
 A sudden Fire my trembling Vitals seiz'd ;
 Not ev'n the Soil, to which my Love returns,
 So swiftly kindles, or so fiercely burns.

What tho' my Limbs be slender, small my Size,
 A daring Soul this little Form supplies ;
Venus herself it's Vigour shall improve,
 And *Cupid* aid me in the Hour of Love.

In vain, I mourn, regardless of my Cries,
 She flies——perhaps to former Loves she flies.

* The Reverend Doctor *Swift*, Dean of *St. Patrick's*,
Dublin.

In

332 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

In *Lawson's* Breast his little *Nancy* reigns,
To tender Sounds attemp'ring Manly Strains ;
Soft *Gibson* too, transfix'd by every Dart,
Still finds some *Nancy* to engage his Heart ;
Nor *Forster* sues in vain ; while I alone
By thee forsaken, make my fruitless Moan.
I rave, I roam ; alas ! the rising Gales
Unkindly prosp'rous fill her swelling Sails ;
Now safely wafted to her native Mines,
With sudden Flow'rs the rugged Region shines ;
Gay Youths, and hoary Sires with fond Surprise,
Dwell on her rosy Cheeks, and radiant Eyes.
Ev'n now, perhaps, some sooty Rival's Arms,
Infold my fair one, and prophane her Charms ;
Monster ! to me that snowy Neck resign,
Those Lips were moulded to be press'd by mine.

Ah me ! from *Phæbus*, fraught with ev'ry
Grace,
Fair *Venus* fled to *Vulcan's* black Embrace ;
Nor *Proserpine*, tho' woo'd, returns to Light,
With Shades enamour'd, and the Realms of
Night ;
I burn to rove thro' Caverns dire as these,
And seek my Love beneath the rolling Seas ;
The Sulphur's Blasts, and livid Flames despise,
I dread no Danger, but from *Helen's* Eyes.

High lodg'd in Air I dwell, and thence survey
The golden Chambers of the rising Day ;
Here, naked Hills o'erlook the flow'ry Plain,
There, Wood and Ocean form a varied Scene ;
Here, to thy Charms I tune my Morning Lays,
Here, sooth my Anguish with thy Ev'ning Praise,

Nor Wine, nor Converse, can amuse my Woes,
Night faintly yields, my languid Limbs repose ;

Then

The Curious Miscellany. 333

Then Fancy bids thy well-known Image rise,
Confess'd in all its Charms, Cheeks, Lips, and
Eyes;

I speak,—nor longer by my Fears delay'd,
All trembling seem to seize the lovely Shade;
With eager Arms its Iv'ry Neck entwine,
And print soft Kisses on the Form divine.
Anon, ye Pow'rs! what dreadful Scenes appear!
What rival Shapes! what horrid Loves are here!
Ah, Sleep! with such Delusions cease to kill,
Deceive me kindly, and deceive me still.

Consum'd with Grief, and unavailing Pains,
How small a Portion of my Bulk remains!
Each Freshman leers, and (with my Woes elate)
The little *Mercier* struts in mimic State.
How happy *Cartwright*! who, with Heart at
Ease,

To *Bacchus* only his Devotions pays!
How happy *Gibson*! whose soft Bosom's warm'd
By ev'ry Face, with ev'ry Feature charm'd.

But turn, my Fair! from this detested Shore,
Return, and grace the dismal Mines no more:
For thee, the Muse's brightest Sons shall sing,
For thee, the crowded Theatres shall ring;
A thousand Conquests shall thy Pow'r proclaim,
A thousand Lines take Lustre from thy Name.
Ev'n *Phœbus*' Priest, with all the God posselt,
(In civil Wreaths his sacred Temples prest,)
The Patriot Dean himself to thee shall rise,
Gaze on thy matchless Form, and Love-fraught
Eyes;

Those Charms, in spite of Age, with Ardour
meet,

And fling the Laurel Garland at thy Feet.

At least, my dying Accents you'll receive;

One Tear from you were Comfort in the Grave.

EPI-

EPITAPH, *on a Poor Honest Man.*

TIS not the Tomb in Marble polish'd high,
 The venal Verse, or flatt'ring Titles nigh,
 The classic Learning o'er an impious Stone,
 Where *Latin* tells, what *English* blush'd to own,
 Shall shroud the Guilty from the Eye of God,
 Incline his Balance, or avert his Rod.
 His Hand can raise the Crippled and the Poor,
 Spread on the Way, or fainting at the Door ;
 And blast the Villain, tho' to Altars fled,
 Who robb'd us living, and insults us, dead.

The EXCEPTION.

STANHOPE hath gain'd one Branch of
 Fame,
 To which I'll prove he hath no Claim.
 Say they, his Favours he extends,
 Without regard to Wealth or Friends ;
 Of such disinterested Spirit,
 Nothing prevails with him, but Merit ;
 Nay, he'll dispence with Merit too,
 When modest Want can reach his View :
 Meer Prejudice !——it's plain to me,
 No Man takes sweeter Bribes than he :
 To clear this Point from any Doubt,
 A Parable shall help me out.
 The noble *Fulvia* spurns at Gain,
 Freely she heals her Lover's Pain ;

But

But surely, you'll allow me this,
That when she grants, she shares the Bliss.
So *Stanbope*, in each gen'rous Action,
Reaps more than half the Satisfaction.

A BIRTH-DAY PASTORAL.

CUDDY and ROGER.

CUDDY.

SINCE all around so blithe, why art thou sad?
Why sleeps thy mellow Reed? unwitting Lad!
Ah! *Roger*, can't neglect this happy Day?
For *Lobbin*, shall thy Pipe refuse to play?
This joyful Time gave *Lobbin* to our Plains,
Each Milk-maid's Wifh, and Glory of the Swains.

ROGER.

Some fatal Witchcraft desolates my Breast,
Lobbin's forgot, and *Betty* not address;
My very Lambkins ha'nt their sportive Frisk;
And faithful *Tray* himself's, not half so brisk;
Yet my neglected Pipe I'll gladly take,
And sprightly sing for youthful *Lobbin*'s Sake.

CUDDY.

Tho' tuneful Lays were not the Shepherd's Art,
'Till *Pegg* inflam'd, and Love transfix'd my
Heart:
Each am'rous Lout now begs my friendly Aid,
My Sonnets charm to captivate the Maid:
Lobbin, of all the Swains, best claims my Song,
Lobbin, the Fav'rite of the rural Throng.

ROGER.

336 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

ROGER.

Come, blushing Nymphs ! come, celebrate this
Day,
With native Bloom, all innocently gay :
Pleasures ! advance, and cheer the gloomy Mind ;
Each honest Head let flow'ry Chaplets bind ;
To *Lobbin* dedicate this happy Hour,
Let Bumkins dance, and *Flora* leave her Bow'r.

CUDDY.

To *Lobbin*, I'll my Harveft Off'ring fend,
The Shepherd's Guardian, and the good Man's
Friend ;
Th' impurpled Grape, full fraught with gushing
Juice,
And Sheafs of yellow Wheat for *Lobbin's* Use ;
My choicest Cream I'll fend, and luscious Curd,
Grateful Donations at his frugal Board.

ROGER.

The fragrant Honeysuckle's rich Perfume,
And gay *Liburnum*, rob'd with smiling Bloom ;
The Snow white Privet's friendly Arm shall join,
And climbing Ivy, to an Arbour twine ;
When Noon-day's Heat invites the Swains to
rest,
Lobbin shall here recline his panting Breast.

CUDDY.

Tho' bending Ears, and yellow Fields my
Care,
And I through Morning Dews, pursue the Hare ;
Tho'

The Curious Miscellany. 337

Tho' whisp'ring Groves, and spangled Meads
invite

To softer Scenes, and Shows of gay Delight ;
The Shepherd *Lobbin* gives more solid Joy,
For him, the Swains their nicest Arts employ.

ROGER.

As mild Metheglin, I the Shepherd love,
Or Ev'ning Banquets in the thick'ning Grove ;
By *Lobbin's* tender Care, how few our Toils,
Peace thro' our Fields, and kindly Plenty smiles ;
Whilst *Harrisville* o'erlooks our joyful Plain,
Light fly our Cares, and bury'd ev'ry Pain.

CUDDY.

Ah, charming *Harrisville* ! belov'd Retreat !
At once our *Lobbin's*, and the Muse's Seat ;
With never-fading Joys our *Lobbin* chear,
So may thy Summer flourish all the Year.

On Miss SPRING, extempore.

In Allusion to HORACE, Ode 22. Book I.
beginning at

Pone me pigris, &c.

THO' plac'd, where no reviving Breeze
With vernal Beauty crowns the Trees ;
But an eternal Winter reigns
O'er barren Rocks, and dreary Plains ;
Let bounteous Heav'n my SALLY bring,
And *Simon* asks no other SPRING.

Z

Or,

338 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Or, where the beamy God of Day,
Directly downwards darts his Ray;
Midst burning Sands, by Thirst oppress'd,
With aching Temples, glowing Breast;
I ne'er should seek, (were SALLY there)
A SPRING to cool me—but the Fair.

*Dean SWIFT'S REPLY to a Friend, who asked
him which were his Favourite Furniture.*

THE Furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these:
The Knife and Fork, with which I eat,
And next the Pot, that boils the Meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the Glass in which I drink;
The Shelves on which my Books I keep,
And the Bed in which I sleep;
An antique Elbow Chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the Stove that gives Delight,
In the cold bleak wintry Night;
To these we add a Thing below,
More for Use reserv'd than Show:
These are what the Dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

*Wrote by a Gentleman, on his letting a Candle
fall upon a Lady's Breast.*

THE Candle, quite eclips'd by Cælia's Eyes,
Vindictive to her spotless Bosom flies;
Soon

Soon the rash Flame, subdu'd by foster Fires,
Lost in the Brightness of her Charms, expires.
Regret not then, thou sweet, unsully'd Maid!
Thy injur'd Robings. and thy soil'd Brocade,—
Who would not thither, like the Taper fly,
And on that dear, that beauteous Bosom die.

The LADY and CATERPILLAR.

A F A B L E.

THOU Caterpillar! that devours
The Trees and Fruits, the Shrubs and
Flow'rs

Begone, nor more infect this Grove,
Sacred to Pleasure, and to Love!
This *Silvia* said, with angry Frown,
And shook the Reptile from her Gown;
Who calmly said, "Insulting Dame!
Thy glorious Pride from Insects came;
I'm in my Dishabile, 'tis true,
But soon shall take a glorious Hue,
When I commence a Butter-fly,
With Wings whose Colours your's shall vie:
Then cease us Insects to perplex,
Who are the Emblems of your Sex;
You're Caterpillars when you rise,
And when you're dress'd, you're Butter-flies."

340 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

*The following Lines were composed, and sung
with a very sweet Voice, by a Lady, to her
Husband, some few Moments before she died.*

*Dulcia defuncta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator Cynus funeris ipse sui.*

Mart.

O! Do not grieve, nor strive in vain by Art
To keep me here!—we must for ever
part;

My Hour is come, and Angels round me wait
To bring me to a glorious happy State:

There I'll be free from Sickness, free from Pain,
And with my God, in endless Pleasures reign:
Transporting Thought!—thou best of Men,
adieu!

I feel no Sorrow, but in leaving you.

O thou! my only Comfort, Thought, and Care!
In these last Words, thy Goodness I declare:
You rais'd me early from a low Degree,
And shew'd much Honour to unworthy me.

In Truth, in Constancy, and faithful Love,
None could your Equal, none superior prove;
Compell'd by grievous Sickness to complain,
You strove to lessen, and assuage my Pain:

A tender Care you never fail'd to shew,
And seem'd a Sharer in my bitter Woe;
More I would say, my Gratitude to own,
But Breath forsakes me, and my Pulse is gone.

Adieu, dear Man, for ever!—and oh!—spare
That Flood of Grief, and of thy Health take
Care!

My

The Curious Miscellany. 341

My Blessings to my Girl,—and ah!—be kind
To the dear Infant that I leave behind.

Train him to Virtue, and the Love of Truth,
And form his Manners, early in his Youth.
Farewel to all, who now on me attend!
The faithful Servant, and the weeping Friend.

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.

YOUNG, thoughtless, gay, unfortunately fair!
Her Pride to please, and Pleasure all her
Care;

With too much Kindness, and too little Art,
Prone to indulge the Dictates of her Heart;
Flatter'd by all, solicited, admir'd,
By Women envy'd, and by Men desir'd;
At once, from full Prosperity she's torn,
By Friends deserted, of Defence forlorn,
Expos'd to Talkers Insults, Want and Scorn.
By ev'ry idle Tongue her Story told;
The Novel of the Young, and Lecture of the
Old.

But let the Scoffer, or the Prude relate
With Rigour, or Despite, her hapless Fate;
Good Nature still, to kind Compassion wrought,
Shall weep the Ruin, whilst it owns the Fault;
For if her Conduct in some Steps betray'd,
To Virtue's Rules too little Rev'rence paid;
Yet dying, still she shew'd so dear her Fame,
She could survive the Guilt, tho' not the Shame:
Her Honour dearer than her Life she prov'd,
And dearer far than both,—the Man she lov'd.

To a LADY, who asked, what is LOVE.

'TIS somewhat that exists within,
By Pedants constru'd into Sin;
A subtle Particle of Fire,
Which Heav'n did with our Souls inspire:
Of such a mix'd and doubtful Kind,
It pleases whilst it racks the Mind;
In Light'ning through our Eyes it breaks,
In Blushes glows upon our Cheeks;
Pants in the Breast, dilates the Heart,
And spreads its Pow'r through ev'ry Part:
We feel it throb at ev'ry Kiss,
Yet know not why, nor what it is.

*Spoken extempore by Dean SWIFT, on his Cu-
rate's Complaint of hard Duty.*

I March'd three Miles thro' scorching Sand,
With Zeal in Heart, and Notes in Hand;
I rode four more to great *St. Mary*;
Using four Legs when two were weary.
To three fair Virgins I did tie Men,
In the close Bands of pleasing *Hymen*;
I dipp'd two Babes in Holy Water,
And purify'd their Mothers after.
Within an Hour, and eke a half,
I preach'd three Congregations deaf,
Which, thundring out with Lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My Emblem the laborious Sun,
Saw all these mighty Labours done,
Before one Race of his was run;
All this perform'd by *Robert Hewit*,
What Mortal else cou'd e'er go through it.

EPIGRAMMA.

In puellam que subito è gravi convaluit morbo.

JUPITER ut vidit formâ pulcherrimâ Daphnim,
Ægrotam, & mæstæ cepit suspiria gentis ;
Restituit Nymphæ regali mente salutem,
Ne sibi Zelotipus correptam diceret orbis.

Englisbed.

WHEN *Jupiter* saw the fair *Daphne* decline,
And the Loss of her Health the whole
World repine ;
He restor'd her again, lest the Jealous might say,
The Nymph out of Love, he had taken away.

The Fifteenth Epode of HORACE imitated.

Nox erat & cælo fulgebat luna sereno.

THE Moon hung pendulous above ;
The Stars shone conscious of our Love ;
When you, dear faithless *Peggy* ! swore
Inconstant you would prove no more ;
Did not you all the Gods invoke
To seal the Truth of what you spoke ?
“ The Wolf should not infest the Flock,
“ Nor Sailor dread the latent Rock,
“ The Sun itself should cease to shine,
“ Soon as you ceased to be mine :”
Around my Neck your Arms you cast,
And prest me to your beating Breast ;
Not closer round the Elm entwine
The Tendrils of the married Vine.

But, hear, false Fair One ! e'er 'tis long,
 A just Resentment of my Wrong
 May fire my Jealousy, and you
 With lavish Tears your Cheeks bedew :
 For, can I bear to see those Charms
 Encircled in another's Arms ?
 No ; if by Hatred once posselt,
 Or Spark of Manhood fills my Breast,
 I'll seek one will my Love return,
 And, in the Flame she kindles, burn ;
 Nor foolishly submit my Soul
 To one by Perjury grown foul.

And you, fond Youth ! whoe'er thou art,
 Who now possels her fickle Heart,
 From my Repulse, grown proudly vain,
 And elevated by my Pain ;
 Tho' of the Wealth of *Ind'* posselt,
 With Wit and Beauty amply blest,
 In Thought secure may jilted be,
 Then, in my Turn, I'll laugh at thee.

The following Lines were written by a Gentleman, on his Mistress's Birth-Day, which always happened to be cloudy.

WHY droops the Sun, fair *Chloe* said,
 As if afraid to shew his Head ?
 Moves he in Pity, and to shew,
 He sympathizes with my Woe ?
 It must be so, for twice ten Years,
 Thus on this Day that God appears,

Swift

Swift at these Words *Amyntas* flew ;
This Reason, Child, will never do :
No ; but impatient of Disgrace,
He fears to view a brighter Face.

An EPIGRAM.

TOWN Wenches, cries *Rustic*, I've often
been told,
Are venomous Things, like the Serpent of old.
Ay,—says *Rakewell*, the Serpent all o'er 'em
prevails
His Deceit's in their Hearts, and his Sting's in
their Tails.

On LUCINDA's DEATH.

I.

SINCE *Lucy's* Death, who had my Heart,
In silent Grief I oft complain ;
No Words can well express the Smart
I feel for thee, dear Girl!—in vain.

II.

Where e'er I go, where e'er I roam,
She only doth my Thoughts possess ;
Restless, uneasy, when at home,
Alas ! abroad, my Grief no less.

III. This

III.

This Place, with all its beauteous Scenes,
Is now to me a Defart grown;
In ev'ry Room I feel thy Pains,
In ev'ry Walk, I hear thee moan

IV.

The hanging Lawns, the verdant Walks,
Where we together often stray'd;
Now gloomy Melancholy stalks,
And seem to me a lonely Glade.

V.

What shall I do? Where shall I go?
To cure, or ease this inward Grief;
For Solitude's the Nurse of Woe,
And Company yields no Relief.

VI.

Some gentle fair one, I must chuse,
Kindly to fill the vacant Space;
If *Ellen* would not me refuse,
She only can supply the Place.

II.

APOLLO's

APOLLO'S CHOICE.

Inscribed to a certain LADY.

*Accipe, per longos tibi qui deserviat annos :
Accipe, qui purâ norit amare fide. Ovid.*

*Take him, whose Love will length of Years endure;
Take him, whose Faith is permanent and pure.*

MISS Ellen, beautiful and young,
(Whose Praise in Verse I often sung,)
Was once my greatest Joy and Care,
I vainly thought to win the Fair;
To ev'ry one I told my Flame,
On ev'ry Tree I carv'd her Name.

" Presumptuous Man! *Apollo* cry'd,
" How great thy Ignorance and Pride!
" Behold, her comely Shape and Size!
" Behold, her Face, and sparkling Eyes!
" Behold, th' Endowments of her Mind,
" How strict to Reason's Rules confin'd!
" Each Breast with Love her Charms inspire,
" And her sweet Voice improves the Fire:
" And can you think that Prize to gain,
" For which a thousand sigh in vain?
" He that gets her must inherit,
" Greater Fortune; greater Merit;
" Reluctantly thou must resign,
" Alas! she never can be thine.

Being thus deceiv'd in all my Ends,
(Willing to make me some Amends,)

Apollo

348 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Apollo lends his friendly Aid
To chuse a Husband for this Maid ;
And bids me cast my Eyes around,
Where one to fit her may be found.

I then reply'd, the Task is hard,
Enough to puzzle any Bard ;
For she's endu'd with too much Sense,
To barter Happiness for Pence ;

Reason has taught her to despise
A Crowd of Fops, and all their Sighs ;
No outward Shew can make her quit
Honour, Discretion, Sense, and Wit.

But tho' all this, and more be true,
Yet influenc'd by her and you,
I have a Person in my Eye
Who has no Faults, that I can spy ;
The Choice your Godship will approve,
For he is worthy of her Love :
He is a Squire young and gay,
Whose Wife was lately snatch'd away ;
His Birth is good, his Merit great,
A gen'rous Soul, tho' small Estate ;
A Temper calm, from Passion free,
None can adore her more than he ;
He'll know to prize her lovely Mind,
And as she's beauteous, will be kind ;
He'll let her Charms be all his Care,
And make her happy, as she's fair.

Apollo smil'd, and gave Consent,
And said, he was the Man he meant.

* *SENESINO to Mrs. † ROBINSON.*

HAIL, angry Maid! at Sight of this don't
frown,
But read it thro' before you lay it down:
Could I in *Ovid's* Vein these Lines indite,
(But *Ovid* cou'd do something more than write,)
I'd say such Things,—the all that I can do,
As sure wou'd split that pretty Heart in two.
Wherein did I offend? Alas! I own
There is a Crime in having nothing done:
How shall I calm the Tempest of your Mind,
Or by your decent Rage my Error find?
From Anger free, let's coolly state the Case,
And heal the Wound made by our last Embrace;
If in that Scene of Love I seem'd too rude,
And my false Transports disoblig'd the Prude;
If the warm Lover my Caresses show,
Your Vengeance on the faulty Author throw.
My Lips express'd what never touch'd my
Heart,
My Flames and Darts, are nothing all but Art,
Love I may feign, but can't go thro' the Part.
'Tis but a Blaze which does to nothing turn,
It Glow-worm like may shine but cannot burn:
Our chaste Endearments, other's Breasts may
warm,
But sure, 'twixt you and I, they mean no Harm;
Tho' on the Stage, the Lover's Part I top,
All my Intrigues must with the Curtain drop.

* A famous Eunuch *Italian* Singer.
English Singer.

† A famous

The

350 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

The garter'd Knight, who dotes on those bright
Eyes,

And from the World locks up the Virgin Prize ;
Will own, when Passion does not rule the Peer,
In vain your Virtue does my Vigour fear :

If something more expressive you expect,
And think I treat you with a cold Neglect,
I can't advance one Step beyond Respect.

What to your Charms is due, would I could
grant !

But too, too late, I sigh for what we want ;
My Childhood robb'd me of the Means to please,
My utmost Length of Love can only tease ;
Why should you scold then, 'cause I do but
squeese ?

Dear Lisper, tell me pray, am I to blame
If Art defac'd Dame *Nature's* perfect Frame ?
Unknowing then, I now find to my Cost
From your Resentment, what it is I've lost.
Let your known Prudence cure this ill-plac'd
Love,

And from the Ruins of a Man remove.

The MEDIUM ; or, HAPPY STATE.

I.

I Ndulgent Heav'n has plac'd my Lot,
In the most happy human State ;
Above the poor neglected Wretch,
Below the ever anxious great.

II. Despising

II.

Despising those mistaken Joys
The high, the Mighty seem to have;
I pity him who's doom'd to be
The Slave of ev'ry fawning Slave.

III.

O bounteous Fate!—I nothing want
Which craving Nature can require;
The Gods I praise for what they give,
And check the Rage of wild Desire.

IV.

When factious Broils divide the Realm,
And Party Force or Fraud prevails;
O'er me the rushing Ruin flies,
While it the tow'ring Great affails.

V.

Intrigues of State ne'er break my Rest,
Nor Plots disturb my waking Thoughts;
Still be my Care, to mend my own,
Not censure other People's Faults.

VI.

Contented with my lowly Lot,
At no one's Titles I repine;
Or think myself less blest than he
Whose hoarded Wealth is more than mine.

VII. This

356 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

The garter'd Knight, who dotes on those bright
Eyes,

And from the World locks up the Virgin Prize;
Will own, when Passion does not rule the Peer,
In vain your Virtue does my Vigour fear:

If something more expressive you expect,
And think I treat you with a cold Neglect,
I can't advance one Step beyond Respect.

What to your Charms is due, would I could
grant!

But too, too late, I sigh for what we want;
My Childhood robb'd me of the Means to please,
My utmost Length of Love can only tease;
Why should you scold then, 'cause I do but
squeese?

Dear Lisper, tell me pray, am I to blame
If Art defac'd Dame *Nature's* perfect Frame?

Unknowing then, I now find to my Cost
From your Resentment, what it is I've lost.

Let your known Prudence cure this ill-plac'd
Love,

And from the Ruins of a Man remove.

The MEDIUM; or, HAPPY STATE.

I.

Indulgent Heav'n has plac'd my Lot,
In the most happy human State;
Above the poor neglected Wretch,
Below the ever anxious great.

II. Despising

II.

Despising those mistaken Joys
The high, the Mighty seem to have;
I pity him who's doom'd to be
The Slave of ev'ry fawning Slave.

III.

O bounteous Fate!—I nothing want
Which craving Nature can require;
The Gods I praise for what they give,
And check the Rage of wild Desire.

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Nor Plots disturb my waking Thoughts;
Still be my Care, to mend my own,
Not censure other People's Faults.

VI.

Contented with my lowly Lot,
At no one's Titles I repine;
Or think myself less blest than he
Whose hoarded Wealth is more than mine.

VII. This

VII.

This busy World to me appears
 But like an Inn upon the Way ;
 And whate'er haps, avails not much,
 To one who calls but cannot stay.

On the Death of a Lady's PARROT.

NO more shall *Polly* with his Lordship play,
 Or 'tend his Lady o'er a Pot of Tea ;
 No more with flutt'ring Wings shall he demand
 To proudly prattle on his Lady's Hand, }
 Nor fire, nor bark, nor whistle at Command : }
 No more shall *Bob* poor *Polly* play his Farce on,
 Nor naughty Bird, cry scoffingly,—a Parson !
 No more my Lady with maternal Air
 Commits the Parrot to his Lordship's Care ;
 Or cries, when going out of Town to *Molly*
 For God's Sake, don't neglect poor *Bell* or *Polly*.
 No one alive your Fortune more regrets,
 But pray, my Lady ! doat no more on Pets ;
 But pardon *B——y*, who this Truth must tell,
 As *Polly's* gone, so likewise must poor *Bell*.

To a LADY, on seeing her smile.

O Thou, all spotless as the Morning Ray !
 Serene and lively as the Bloom of *May* !
 May constant Smiles adorn thy lovely Face,
 Play on thy Cheek, and brighten ev'ry Grace ;

Smiles

The Curious Miscellany. 353

Smiles should be lasting as the Form you wear,
These speak you good,—as that proclaims you
fair.

To a LADY indisposed.

WHEN the dear Girl I love, complains,
Her Head aches, or her Stomach pains ;
For her I oft in secret Moan,
As if her Ills were all my own.

But when her Looks begin to clear,
Her Eyes as usual bright appear ;
By those dear Eyes and Looks I know
The happy Riddance of her Woe.

To see her well, what Happiness !
My Pen but faintly can express ;
To see her well, is sure to be
The greatest of all Joys to me.

Be not cast down my charming Fair !
Since all your Grievs I'll freely share ;
And much Relief 'tis said we borrow,
In having Partners of our Sorrow.

May that Disease which heretofore
Tormented you, return no more ;
May blooming Health improve each Grace,
Each lovely Feature of your Face.

Long may you live, of Health secure,
As long your Love for me endure ;
That Love which you have kindly shown,
And which with Gratitude I own.

354 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

To a LADY, on her BIRTH-DAY.

MADAM, your Bard might censur'd be,
Should he forget to sing of thee:

Eliza! no, it shan't be said

That e're I broke a Promise made;

This Day shall not neglected pass

Without a Song, and chearful Glass,

A Muse that has no Ends in view,

Presents these humble Lines to you:

Fly hence, dull Care, and Discontent!

Let the Hours in Mirth be spent;

Let the sprightly Music sound;

And *Eliza's* Health go round;

Let the blooming Nymphs be seen

Dancing on the levell'd Green;

Country Swains! in rustic Lays,

Celebrate *Eliza's* Praise:

In ev'ry Place, in ev'ry State,

Unnumber'd Joys around her wait!

Heav'n! to her unfold thy Treasures,

Health, Content, and lasting Pleasures.

The T E A - P O T: *Or,*

The L A D Y ' S T R A N S F O R M A T I O N.

SOFT *Venus* love's, too anxious Queen,

In Fit of Vapours, or of Spleen,

Because perhaps, a fav'rite God,

Fail'd to return her Smile, or Nod;

Or that her *Mars* of late grown cold,

Behav'd less kindly than of old;

With

With inward fullen Discontent,
To *Juno*, utter'd this Complaint :
There lives a Nymph below the Skies,
That carries Witchcraft in her Eyes ;
No fond Addressees will she take
From Lovers of a Mortal Make ;
But turns her haughty Looks above,
Perhaps to *Mars*, perhaps to *Jove* :
Disdaining Men, she seems to mark
None less than an ætherial Spark ;
And oft you know, we've born Disgrace,
Despis'd for those of human Race :
If more such Nymphs get leave to reign,
Our Empire we shall ne'er maintain :
But Goddesses resign their Birth
To the bright Morts who ply on Earth :
So *Venus* spoke, with Envy fir'd,
The other Jealousy inspir'd ;
And red with Rage, and big with Hate,
She thus pronounc'd the Virgin's Fate :
She whose aspiring Thoughts can rise,
To tempt a Rival in the Skies ;
Who thus with stubborn Pride neglects
The Addressees of her kindred Sex ;
Into a Tea-pot's Figure thrown,
Shall still attend, and serve her own.
When now her Doom was fix'd, the Maid
Before a Glass her Form survey'd :
Her Eyes that o'er her Beauties range,
Too soon perceiv'd the fatal Change ;
She sees, she feels the dire Decay,
Grows cold, and stiffens into Clay ;
Extinguish'd lye the vital Fires,
And ev'ry Crimson Blush retires.
The well-turn'd Waste, in Canvas bound,
Shrunk to a little hollow Round :
The Iv'ry Arm, that in her Side
By Chance she plac'd with comely Pride,

356 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

By Fate was in that Posture held,
And in a handleless Form congeal'd.
Amaz'd with Horror and Surprise,
She lifts to Heaven her watry Eyes;
Unpitying Heaven,——and oh! she cry'd,
Her Mouth grew circular, and wide;
Her Lips, that once outvied the Rose,
Turn pale, and in a Cover close;
Her Tongue, which last in Health remain'd,
And last its Suppleness retain'd,
With usual Pliance, nimbly slips,
To feel the Change between her Lips;
But losing there all Pow'r to move,
Appears a little Knob above,
Which helps as formerly to hide,
Seldom to hide the interior Side.
But what was chang'd into the Spout,
The cautious Muse resolves with Doubt;
Uncertain whether 'twere the Nose,
Because, from thence a liquid flows;
Or Eyes, because they oft reveal'd
What hidden Things, the Lips conceal'd.
How'er it was; by *Juno's* Hands,
The Nymph a finish'd Tea-Pot stands.

Now from the high celestial Plain
The Goddesses confed'rate lean;
And with malicious Triumph they
Their Monument of Wrath survey;
Upon a stricter View, they find,
Some Parts remain unchang'd behind;
And with those Relicts of their Rage,
They furnish out an Equipage.
Part of the Scull, well temper'd Clay,
Fell off, and in a Slop-dish lay:
Her polish'd Forehead being thought
Good Metal, into Spoons were wrought.

Holes

Holes in the Heart where Secrets lay,
Became Receptacles for Tea ;
The Tea (as Secrets did of old,)
Drops out again before 'tis cold ;
Her Lungs another Form receive,
And in respiring Bellows heave ;
The Bellows still delight to blow
Coals, that beneath the Kettle glow.

ADVICE to a LADY.

THE Counfels of a Friend, *Belinda*, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a Lady's Ear ;
Unlike the Flatt'ries of a Lover's Pen,
Such Truths as Women seldom learn from Men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What Female Vanity might fear to know :
Some Merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater your's, Sincerity to bear.

Hard is the Fortune that your Sex attends,
Women, like Princes, find no real Friends ;
All who approach them their own Ends pursue,
Lovers and Ministers are never true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted Guide, the most betrays :
Hence by fond Dreams of fancy'd Pow'r amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your Sex's earliest, latest Care,
Your Heart's supreme Ambition ? to be fair ;
For this the Toilet ev'ry Thought employs,
Hence all the Toils of Dress, and all the Joys :
For this Hands, Lips, and Eyes are put to School,
And each instructed Feature has its Rule ;

358 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

And yet how few have learn'd, when this is giv'n,
Not to disgrace the partial Boon of Heav'n.
How few with all their Pride of Form can move?
How few are lovely, Nature fram'd for Love?

Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess
An Elegance of Mind as well as Dress;
Be that your Ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected Ease.

Nor make to dang'rous Wit a vain Pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest Sense;
For Wit, like Wine, intoxicates the Brain,
Too strong for feeble Woman to sustain;
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your Sex's Arts,
Nor think Dishonesty a Proof of Parts;
For you the plainest is the wisest Rule,
A cunning Woman is a Knavish Fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's Shame
Can raise your Merit or adorn your Fame;
Prudes rail at Whores, as Statesmen in Disgrace
At Ministers, because they wish their Place.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
Without, all Beauty, and all Peace within:
The Honour of a Prude is Rage and Storm,
'Tis Ugliness in its most frightful Form.
Fiercely it stands defying Gods and Men,
As fiery Monsters guard a Giant's Den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A Woman's noblest Station is Retreat;

Her

Her fairest Virtues fly from public Sight,
Domestic Worth, that shuns too strong a Light.

To rougher Man Ambition's Task resign:
'Tis ours in Senates or in Courts to shine.
To labour for a sunk corrupted State,
Or dare the Rage of Envy, and be great:
One only Care your gentle Breasts should move,
Th' important Businels of your Life is Love;
To this great Point direct your constant Aim,
This makes your Happiness, and this your Fame.

Be never cool Reserve with Passion join'd;
Love not at all, or else be fondly kind;
In this Extreame alone can truly blest,
The Virtue of a Lover is Excess.

Contemn the little Pride of giving Pain,
Nor think that Conquest justifies Disdain;
Short is the Period of insulting Pow'r,
Offended *Cupid* finds his vengeful Hour;
Soon will resume the Empire which he gave,
And soon the Tyrant shall become the Slave.

Blest is the Maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose Soul entire by him she loves possess;
Feels ev'ry Vanity, in Fondness lost,
And asks no Pow'r, but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the Bliss in sweet Return to prove
The honest Warmth of undissembled Love,
For her inconstant Man might cease to range,
And Gratitude forbid Desire to change.

Thus I, *Belinda*, would your Charms improve,
And form your Heart to all the Arts of Love.
The Task were harder to secure my own
Against the Pow'r of those already known;

360 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

For well you twist the secret Chains that bind
With gentle Force the captivated Mind ;
Skill'd ev'ry soft Attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring Hope, and each alluring Joy :
I own your Genius, and from you receive
The Rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

*Written by a LADY on her LOVER's Departure
to the Army in the Spring.*

NON, Printemps! tu n'es plus cette saison si
belle,
Ni si favorable à l'amour,
Je crains ton funeste retour,
Il prepare à mon cœur une douleur mortelle :
Tu contrains mon amant à s'eloigner de moi,
Tu ramenes le bruit, et la fureur des armes,
Printemps! que ton retour me va couter de
larmes!
Le plus affreux hiver est moins cruel que toi.

Imitated in ENGLISH.

NO, *Spring!* thou art no more that Season
fine,
No longer pleasing to a Love like mine!
With Dread and Horror thy Return I fear,
Thou dost for me a mortal Grief prepare :
To War, thou driv'st my Lover from my Arms,
To War, its Dangers, and its dire Alarms :
How many Sighs thy sad Return will cost
My Heart!—how many Tears in vain be lost!
Though cruel and severe the Winters be,
They are less cruel and severe to me.

The

The P E A S A N T.

*After the Manner of Mr. POPE's Ode on
SOLITUDE.*

THE Peasant's blest, who in his Cot,
Secure from Flatt'ry and Deceit,
The Bread his honest Labour got,
In Peace can eat.

Whose Family to cloath and feed,
Does each new Day his Hands employ,
But toils well pleas'd, the approaching Need
To satisfy.

O happy State, which so contents!
Who's chearful tho' he's poor;
Who asks of Heav'n what Nature wants,
But asks no more.

The Miser's Fears ne'er rack his Breast,
Each Night he lays him down in Peace;
No Dreams of Rapine break his Rest,
He sleeps at Ease.

Rises each Morn with early Dews,
Salutes with Joy the welcome Day;
And in the Fields his Toil pursues,
With Spirits gay.

When Nature calls for Nourishment,
On some soft mossy Bank he sits;
And Food that's sweeten'd by Content,
He thankful eats.

Nor

362 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

Nor Guilt, nor Fear his Joys dismay,
Each Thought fresh Comfort brings;
Thus happy all the live long Day,
He works and sings.

But when the Sun retracts his Rays,
And Ev'ning Smokes from Chimneys come;
Then thoughtless with an easy Pace,
Goes whistling home.

There his leisure Hours enjoys,
Laughing at merry Tales or Jest,
Till Sleep o'erpow'rs his weary Eyes;
Then goes to Rest.

Thus steal away his earthly Days,
In Health, Content, and Ease,
Till he the Debt of Nature pays,
And dies in Peace.

Each neighbouring Peasant mourns his End,
Dropping a kind unfeigned Tear;
And prays for his departed Friend,
With Heart sincere.

O Heav'n! let me such Bliss enjoy,
Crown'd with Content, and free from Blame;
And may good Deeds, when e'er I die,
Record my Fame.

EPI.

EPIGRAM.

BEHOLD *Clarinda* in a Flood of Sorrow!
Her Husband dead! alas! she'll die to-morrow.
But hold my Muse,—record her Fame in Song,
She sighs, and grieves, because he liv'd so long.

A RECEIPT to make KISSES.

EFFINXIT quondam, blandum meditata la-
borem,
Bascia lascivâ Cypria diva manu.
Temperat occultos medicati nectaris imbres,
Et succo ambrosiæ sedula tingit opus.
Sufficit et mellis partem, quod subdolan olim,
Non impunè favis furripuisset amor.
Decussos violæ foliis admisset odores,
Et spolia æstivâ plurima rapta rosâ.
Addidit et risus, et mille et mille lepores,
Et quot Acidalius gaudia cestus habet.
Ex his composuit Dea basia—et omnia libans
Invenies nitidæ sparsa per ora Chloës.

Attempted in ENGLISH.

THE *Cyprian* Goddess on a certain Day,
Her Temper sprightly, and her Humour
gay,
To ease our Cares, and heighten human Bliss,
With wanton Hand compos'd the am'rous Kiss:
Showers of Nectar first, with Skill she us'd,
And then with Art ambrosial Juice infus'd;
She mixed Honey next, which from a Hive
The God of Love to steal did once contrive.

A Bee

364 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

A Bee enrag'd when thus of Sweets bereft,
Punish'd the little Urchin for his Theft.
The Violet's Effence, and the blushing Rose,
Of these the Goddess did the Kiss compose;
These she with Smiles, and thousand Graces
crown'd,
And all the Joys which her own Cestos bound:
Cbloe of these obtain'd the largest Share,
On *Cbloe's* Lips you'll find these Odours there.

A DAY spent in Dublin.

From a Lady there, to another in the Country.

THE Labours of a *Dublin Day*,
Thy *Cbloe* bids, O Muse! display.
O'er Morning Chocolate I pore,
On Verses of the Day before;
For new from *London*, learn'd and pretty,
I'm sung, besure, in many a Ditty:
Among my List of Poets, I count
A Judge, a Pedagogue, a Viscount,
A Bricklayer, a Man of Traffic,
A College Doctor trips in Sapphic:
What frothy Fustian, creeping Moral,
What Eyes of Diamond, Lips of Coral?
I read, I yawn, read on tho' tir'd,
Pleas'd ev'n by Fools to be admir'd.
O Woman!—Flattery's fond Believer,
You snatch the Praise! yet scorn the Giver!

The Toilet o'er, and Cloaths just pinn'd on,
My Chair to Church, and then to *Bindon*;

There

There pleas'd, in flatt'ring Beauty glowing,
I view a fairer *Roberts* growing ;
I see, — yet hug the dear, dear Error,
And break next Morn my honest Mirror.
Now rack'd an Hour with my Attorney,
To *Park*, or *Strand*, for Air I journey ;
Read in the Coach an Ode of *Horace*,
Or a new Manuscript of *Maurice* :
Returning cheapen Tea from *Hogan*,
Or tumble unbought Silks with *Grogan*.

But Dinner calls, you know the Treat,
Much Noise, mix'd Crowd, a Load of Meat ;
My Lady civilly distresses,
Heaps Mountains on my Plate, and presses ;
The whole with modish Phrase adorn'd,
New Bread, drawn Butter, and Beef corn'd :
With Puns, steal Jest, and toasting *Cobb*,
Smoke, Steam, Sweat, Bumpers, damn'd *Hob*
Nob.

Muse ! Ev'ning Visits sing, — but lo !
An Iliad from one Ev'ning grow :
What Shoals of Fools, what Multitudes,
Prudish Coquets, coquetting Prudes ;
Huge Dames with mincing Steps and Tongues,
Such hoyden Airs, such deafning Lungs :
Wits famous for a Clinch or Blunder,
And faucy Lords that sneeze like Thunder ;
Slovens in Lace, pert cassock'd Rogues,
And Tongues of Quality in Brogues ;
This bawls her Nothing out, and that
Important Whisper's, common Chat ;
Some lie of foreign Fights, and some
Murder Friends Characters at home.

366 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

The Camp,———pray Ladies didn't it charm
ye ;
Immensely,———O enchanting Army !
Such well dress'd Fellows, tall and merry ;
The Primate's gone, then hey ! for *Derry*.
Miss *Roberts*, how d'ye like this Sattin,
Your Pardon—you read *Greek* and *Latin*.
Sure ne'er were Toasts such as this Rubbish is,
Of C——ies, H——ons, and C——ges.

Well *Garrick* ! sure the Prime of Players !
A new Intrigue,———all prick their Ears,
And quitting every other Theme,
Hunt eagerly this fav'rite Game :
The Pack, whom puzzling Trails confound,
Thus babble in distracted Sound ;
But if a Puss should start in view,
All in full Cry at once pursue.

Sick of their Nonsense, Madness, Vices,
I fly to Bowling-green, or *Rice's* ;
O'er Whisk in thoughtful Posture hum,
Or suffer Coxcombs at a Drum.

From all this motly Round of Folly,
Half laughing, and half melancholy,
By twelve I'm safe at home undrest,
Swallow an Egg, and so to Rest ;
But visit first the dark Abode,
And,———*Betty*,———here,———bring *L——n's*
Ode.

Upon

The Curious Miscellany. 367

Upon a STORM.

A Gloomy Tempest rising from the Main,
With midnight Darkness hides the heav'nly
Plain ;
The Clouds display their sable Files on high,
Fraught with the dread Artill'ry of the Sky ;
The rainy *Auster*, with tempestuous Flight,
Pours from his Caverns, and provokes the Fight ;
With sudden Flashes all the Welkin glows,
And with full Force the winged Squadrons close :
Hark ! rushing Clouds, commence the rolling
War,
And angry Thunders grumble from afar ;
The Bolts impetuous thro' the *Æther* fly,
And Floods of Rain confound the liquid Sky :
Say, knowing Goddess! what superior Pow'r,
Restrains the Thunder in this dreadful Hour?
'Tis Thou, great God ! whose uncontested Sway,
All Parts of wide Immensity obey.
Fix'd by thy Power, and made at thy Command,
Ten thousand Orbs in graceful Order stand ;
Unnumber'd Spirits fall before thy Throne,
Thou Great, Eternal, Infinite, and One.

The HAPPY WIDOW.

*Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita ;
Et patiens operum parvoque assueta juventus.*

VIRG.

LOW down in a Valley, a small Cottage stands,
Encompas'd around by the neighbouring
Lands ;

Within

Within lives a Widow, industr'ous but poor,
A gentle clear Stream running close by her Door :
There, free from the Troubles that ruffle the
Great,

In Peace and Content she enjoys this Retreat ;
No turbulent Passions find Room in her Breast,
But early at Night she retires to Rest ;
And when bright *Aurora* appears in the Skes,
Refresh'd, to her Labour doth healthfully rise.

This Dowager, on whom my Description I
found,

Possesses no more than four Acres of Ground,
In the Conduct of which so much Judgment is
shewn,

As might justly make others asham'd of their
own.

Her Lord, open-hearted, indulgent, and kind,
And though Fortune small, much to Bounty inclin'd,

To her and her Offspring did generously give,
That, without paying Rent, undisturb'd they
shou'd live.

Thus, by huswifery well, what Heav'n to her lent,
The King gets his Due, but the Land pays no
Rent ;

And daily three Sons, and two Daughters are fed
With Milk, good Potatoes, and wholesome coarse
Bread.

Their Vessels are sweet, and their Dwelling clean
swept,

And all Things about them are decently kept ;
Their Dresser with Rushes, and Flaggers are
spread,

And Straw, but no Feathers afford them a Bed.

When

The Curious Miscellany. 369

When poor wand'ring Travellers come there
benighted,
By her they are welcom'd, and kindly invited;
The best Entertainment, that she can afford,
With unsparing Hand is spread out on the Board;
And these Words she repeats, on their taking
Leave,

It's fit we should give, what we freely receive.
So seldom the Rich adhere to this Maxim,
That Heav'n may justly of Ingratitude tax 'em.

To Hardships enur'd, from their earliest Youth,
Her Sons are taught Industry, Labour, and
Truth;

In the Field by the Shovel, the Spade, and the
Plough,
They earn their Support by the Sweat of their
Brow.

Her Daughters instructed to sew, card, and reel,
And by her were taught how to handle the Wheel;
Their Mother's Commands they are us'd to obey,
And none are more harmless, and happy than
they:

Their own Flax they sow, pull, ripple and break,
Of which, with much Labour their Linen they
make;

And quite un beholden to the woollen Trade,
Of their own Manufacture their Cloathing is made.
Each Morning and Ev'ning their Cows lowing stand,
With Udders distended inviting the Hand;
Each Ev'ning, and Morning young Sally ne'er
fails

To attend 'em with Spansel, and two Milking-
Pails;

While with Voice, as melodious as Lark in the
Air,

She sings rustic Rhymes without Art, without
Care.

370 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

No Malice reigns here, no restless Ambition
Provokes them to envy their Neighbour's Con-
dition;
But calm, lasting Joys, and Innocence reside,
Far surpassing the Pomp, and Grandeur of Pride.

An ELEGY,

*On the much lamented Death of JOHN
MARAGH, the famous Harper of Kil-
cullen-Bridge, in the County of Kildare;
who departed this Life, the Fifth of No-
vember, 1745.*

— *Præcipe lugubres*

Cantus Melpomene. — Horat.

SOME dire Event *Hibernia* must be nigh,
When thus your * Patriots, and your Poets
die:

Avert the Omen, Heaven!—it's surely true,
Since Fate hath snatch'd away thy Harper too.

Thy Harp harmonious through the World is
known,

Thy Harp is silent, and thy Harper flown:

Discord must rise, and all her Train take Place,

Since he is gone who lull'd them all to Peace.

As *Homer* did all other Bards excel,

So he all Harpers did in playing well;

Blind, though he was, he could the Lyre com-
mand,

And touch the trembling Strings with softer Hand

Than

* Alluding to the Death of Dr. *Swift*, which happened
about this time.

Than *Orpheus*' Self, whose sweet melodious Song,
Once drew the Oaks, and dancing Beasts along.

Mourn, all ye Swains ! and ev'ry Virgin mourn,
For *John* thy Harper will no more return :
No more his Harp will on thy Plains resound !
No more delight you with its pleasing Sound !
No more you'll meet a sprightly Dance to frame !
No more each Dancer lead his chosen Dame !
He's gone !——who could thy drooping Spirits
 chear,
Inspire gay Thoughts, and charm the list'ning
 Ear.

How pleas'd, yet † frighten'd, lolling by the Fire,
He'd hear strange Stories of Hobgoblins dire !
Of Fairies, and their Feats ; of Ghosts that scream,
And how environ'd in Flames of Fire they came :
No more such Horrors will disturb his Rest,
Or make his Heart to flutter in his Breast ;
Just like these Tales, our Lives must pass away,
And, like poor *John*, we'll tumble into Clay :
Lament, *Kilcullen* ! for thy Harper dead,
And o'er his Grave be solemn Dirges said.

E P I T A P H.

R Emorseless Death, and cruel Fate,
That spares nor Poor, nor Rich, nor Great,
Hath plac'd poor *Maragh* with the Dead,
While up to Heav'n his Soul is fled :
Stop, Passenger ! and let him have
A friendly Tear shed o'er his Grave.

† He was very apprehensive of Fairies and Apparitions.

EPIGRAMMA.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor biatu ?

CLODIUS uxorem ducturus jactat amicis
Uxoris dominum se fore sæpè suæ.

Clodius uxorem duxit : quid deinde sequutum
est ?

Cornua fronte gerit Clodius ; atque tacet.

Translated.

In what will all this Ostentation end ?

CLODIUS boasts, that he a Wife will take,
And her submissive to his Will would make ;
Clodius weds a Wife ; — Things change their Face,
Clodius is hornify'd, — yet holds his Peace.

To a LADY, promising to sing, but never performing.

I.

AMBROSIA wrongs me of my Song,
Yet is not much to blame ;
She knows my Fate hangs on her Tongue,
She knows her Breath would spread my Flame.

II.

With Sounds as pleasing as the Spheres,
The lovely Fair denies
To charm my Soul into my Ears,
And sing the Triumph of her Eyes.

III. Mean

III.

Mean tho' she thinks the Prize she won,
Her Slave not worthy of that Grace;
Yet knows by what he was undone,
An Angel's Voice, an Angel's Face.

IV.

Your every Breath does Music bear,
A Song from you might kill;
I only now desire to hear,
You sweetly thus deny me still.

*A LOVER to his MISTRESS, on her putting
a Copy of his Verses in her Bosom.*

WHILST on this Subject you afford, I write,
Concealing some, you bring more Works to
Light.

Whilst from your Breast my Inspiration flows,
Your charming Breast, a new *Parnassus* grows.
Two spiring Mounts give the fam'd Hill Renown;
Two spiring Mounts *Amelia's* Bosom crown.
Take Care, soft Charmer, of thy Breast take care,
For through my Verse, my Soul will enter there.
Whilst thus my Lines are in thy Bosom laid,
The Poem's happier than the Poet made,

The NON PAREIL.

EARLY this Morn, a Time to Muses kind,
 Willing to draw one Woman to my Mind,
 Wise without Pride, without coquetting fair,
 Chaste as the unblown Rose, yet free as Air,
 In Language easy, in her Temper sweet,
 And moderately learn'd, and simply neat ;
 Who' ne'er one Step from Virtue's Path has trod,
 True to her Friend, but truer to her God,
 But when I on the Picture thought, I cry'd,
 No such can be——and flung my Pen aside ;
 My Muse then kindly whisper'd, such can be ;
 Bid me *Miranda* write——and that was she.

From an eminent French POET.

I.

PHILLIS, nous sommes bien constans
 Mais d'une facon fort contraire ;
 Vous refusez, et je pretens,
 Vous résistez, je persevere ;
 Vos refus, et mes vœux combattent trop long temps :
 Phillis, quelque ardeur qui me tienne,
 Quittez votre constance, ou je perdrai la mienne.

II.

Vous avez une cruante,
 A rebuter les plus fidelle ;
 Je garde une fidelite,
 Qui flechiroit la plus cruelle ;
 Si vous ne flechissez, me voila rebute ;
 Le seul dessein qui me retienne,
 C'est de toucher vôtre ame, ou de guerir la
 mienne.

Imitated.

Imitated.

I.

WE both are constant, beauteous Fair,
But in a very different Way :
You still refuse ; I persevere ;
You hate, and I fond Love obey.
Too long my Homage and your Pride
Have struggled. Grant now my Desire,
Lay your harsh Constancy aside,
Or mine (too tender) will expire.

II.

So icy cold is your Disdain,
It soon would damp the strongest Flame ;
So warm a Truth I entertain,
Would fire with Love the coldest Dame.
Then listen, *Phillis*, when I sue,
Or, here, your Empire I disown ;
And only wait, with this blest View,
To move your Heart, or ease my own.

W I N T E R.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

WHEN the Trees are all bare, not a Leaf to
be seen,
And the Meadows their Beauty have lost ;
When Nature's disrob'd of her Mantle of Green,
And the Streams are fast bound with the Frost.

376 *Miscellanea Curiosa ; or,*

While the Peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with
Cold,

As bleak the Winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent Flocks, run for Ease to the
Fold,

With their Fleeces besprinkled with Snow.

In the Yard, when the Cattle are fodder'd with
Straw,

And they send forth their Breath like a Steam :
And the neat-looking Dairy-maid sees she must
thaw

Flakes of Ice that she finds in the Cream,

When the sweet Country Maiden as fresh as a Rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides ;

And the Rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shews
All the Charms that her Modesty hides.

When the Lads and the Lassies for Company
join'd,

In a Crowd round the Embers are met ;
Talk of Fairies and Witches that ride on the

Wind,
And of Ghosts, 'till they're all in a Sweat.

Heav'n grant in this Season it may be my Lot,
With the Nymph whom I love and admire ;
While the Icicles hang from the Eves of my Cot,
I may thither in Safety retire !

Where in Neatness and Quiet, and free from Sur-
prize,

We may live and no Hardships endure ;
Nor feel any turbulent Passions arise,
But such as each other may cure,

The

*The PoET sends his Heart with a Message to
his MISTRESS.*

From the Latin.

DEAREST Heart! to Catty go,
Tell her with what Flames I glow;
Tell her thousand Cares infest,
Thousand Tortures rack my Breast;
How falling Tears my melting Griefs betray,
And how the lazy Moments wear away.

Yet in Spite of Toils or Cares,
Tortures, Jealousies, and Fears;
Falling Tears, or glowing Fires,
Fanning Sighs, or fierce Desires;
If once a kind consenting Look she gives,
Tell her in Transports her Adorer lives.

On the POWER and DIGNITY of GOD.

THE harness'd Seraphims he takes,
Whom at his Beck he finds;
And in triumphant State he makes
A Chariot of the Winds.

Submissively at his Command,
Consuming Lightning flies:
And roaring Thunder from his Hand,
Devolving bursts the Skies.

At

378 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

At his august Approach from high,
Stupendous Mountains quake:
And at his Voice the Living die,
The sleeping Dead awake.

The Might and Dignity of God,
Both Heaven and Earth proclaim;
Who shakes with his Imperial Nod,
This universal Frame.

On being expelled a LADY's Company.

THUS *Adam* look'd when from the Garden
driven,
And thus deputed Orders sent from Heaven:
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth;
Like him I go, for Angels drive us both:
Hard was his Fate, but mine still more unkind,
His *Eve* went with him, but mine stay'd behind.

An ELEGY,

On the Death of a FAITHFUL SERVANT,
February 2, 1747.

Seriùs aut citiùs sedem properamus ad unam.
Tendimus buc omnes. Ovid. *Metam.*

AH me! how frail this mortal State!
About us thousand Dangers wait,
On this, on that, and every Side,
Enough to humble human Pride:

Time

Time preys on all Things here below,
And Death doth give a fatal Blow ;
Robs us of Kindred, Friends and Wife,
And all the dear Delights of Life ;
Nor is a faithful Servant free
From his too cruel Tyranny :
Poor *Murtagh* now, whom dead we view,
Doth make this sad Assertion true :
Aid us, ye Muses ! to deplore
His Loss, and count his Virtues o'er :

How many Times did he bring down
Goods to the Country from the Town !
And in the midst of Wind and Rain,
Convey Things safe to Town again !
How oft large Sums of Money bring !
(And Money is a tempting Thing,)
But let the Sum be what it will,
Murtagh was just and honest still.
How often Cold and Heat endure,
Which caus'd a Sickneſs none could cure.

In *Dublin* he whole Months might ſtay,
Live well, and not a Farthing pay ;
For he was known, and lov'd by all,
Him they did Trusty *Murtagh* call ;
All Sorts of People knew him well,
And he by all lamented fell.
Ev'n thoſe with Wealth and Titles bleſt,
With him would ſometimes crack a Jeſt :
But let them now their Jokes give o'er,
With him, alas !—they'll joke no more.
No more, good Beer and Ale he'll brew,
Which all allow he well could do ;
And lov'd as well to drink it too.
He in the Barn, no more will ſtand,
To thrash the Corn with Flail in Hand :
No more he'll dig, or reap, or ſow,
Or verdant Plots in Gardens mow ;

380 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

No more he'll bear the sultry Day,
In binding Sheaves, or making Hay;
Or Vessels hoop, or Timber cleave,
Since now he's laid in silent Grave.

Oh! how shall we in Words express
His Wife and Children's sad Distress!
Depriv'd of Husband, Father, Friend,
On whom shall she, and Babes depend?
But, let them not of Help despair,
The Poor are Heav'ns peculiar Care;
And he hath left behind to Fame,
A good, a fair, and honest Name.

Ye Servants all of each Degree;
Whate'er ye are, where'er ye be;
His Virtues ye should oft review,
Reflect, and learn to copy too,
Ye Masters too, let me advise;
An honest Servant dearly prize;
For, oh! how seldom do we find
A Servant faithful, or a Master kind.

E P I T A P H.

HERE mixed with the common Dust,
Lies *Murtagh*, faithful, true, and just:
Free from all Fraud, Deceit, or Art,
A simple Mind, an honest Heart.
Ye Nymphs, and Swains! sigh o'er his Grave,
And Tears in Plenty let him have;
With Cypress Garlands strew the Ground,
And scatter Hue, and Myrtle round.

EPI.

EPIGRAM.

TO M, din'd with me the other Day,
And we were wond'rous great;
He drank my Wine obligingly,
And often prais'd my Meat.

At Night we in the Play-house met,
Tom, by a Lord was plac'd;
But then he did not think it right
To know me in the least.

Facetious Tom, divides himself
Impartially you see;
He makes his Bows to greater Men,
And eats and drinks with me.

MARRIAGE *for* INTEREST.

Illustrated by a SIMILE.

COME and behold, good Brother Hugh!
These wanton Kittens pur and mew,
And with each other play:
Gabriel thus, and Kate so coy,
With various Sports the Hours employ,
And chide the fleeting Day.

But now, suppose these Cats we take,
And throw 'em cross a Stick or Stake,
Each ty'd to other's Tail;
The sportive play will quickly end,
Each for a Foe will take its Friend,
And fight with Tooth and Nail.

And

382 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

And this will be our Lovers Fate ;
(Love, rais'd by Interest, turns to hate.)

When they are Man and Wife,
He'll soon perceive her Want of Charms,
And she, a Booby in her Arms ;
(Hence springs domestic Strife.)
Gabriel will bluster, stamp and swear ;
Kitty will scold, and scratch, and tare ;
E'en this will be their Life.

The T H I E F.

I TELL with equal Truth and Grief,
That *Catty* is an errant Thief ;
Before the little Rogue could go,
She stole the Whiteness of the Snow ;
And more——that Whiteness to adorn,
She stole the Blushes of the Morn ;
Stole all the Softness *Æther* pours
On Primrose Buds, in vernal Show'rs.

There's no repeating all her Wiles,
She stole the Graces winning Smiles ;
'Twas quickly seen, she robb'd the Sky,
To plant a Star in either Eye ;
She pilfer'd Orient Pearl for Teeth,
And stole the Cow's ambrosial Breath ;
The Cherry steep'd in Morning Dew,
Gave Moisture to her Lips and Hue.

These were her Infant Spoils, a Store
To which in time, she added more :
She stole from *Venus* Beauty's Queen,
A comely Shape, and handsome Mien ;

And

The Curious Miscellany. 383

And with a sweet engaging Art,
The other Day she stole my Heart.

Cupid, if Lovers are thy Care,
Revenge me on this dang'rous Fair :
Do Justice on her stolen Charms,
And let her Prison be——my Arms,

A Description of a COUNTRY MORNING.

In Imitation of Dean Swift's CITY MORNING.

THE warbling Lark, and Rook with hoarser
Scream,
Now spoke the Morning's first appearing Gleam ;
The watchful Goose, with cackling Shrill alarms
The rural Nymph ; and *Dick* must quit her
Arms ;
The wet-shod Shepherd reckons o'er his Flocks,
While *Maud* at home makes Fire of cloven
Blocks ;
His fuzzy Brögues, fur-charg'd with early Dew,
His every Step, and scare the fleecy Crew ;
Now *Bess* pops forth, of being spy'd secure,
And drops a costive Brown before the Door ;
Scuds in——again for Water trudges out,
Or scours the Pot for Breakfast—Stir-about ;
The Country Squire now mounts his Steed, and
The well-known Horn to the gladden'd Hounds ;
The drabbled Car-men now their Laggards load,
And lazily jog on the miry Road ;

Th'

Th' industrious Farmer sets to work his Ploughs,
And Shin-burn'd *Paddy* homeward drives the
Cows ;

Now the fat Dairy-Maid, with Apron trim,
Betakes herself last Ev'ning's Milk to skim ;
The kerchief'd Hags, and old Good-morrow
Folk,
Their Gossips visit, to tell Lies and smoke.

On GOOD and ILL-NATURE.

To Mr. POPE.

IN Virtue's Cause to draw a daring Pen,
Defend the Good, encounter wicked Men :
Freely to praise the Virtues of the few,
And boldly censure the degen'rate Crew :
Scorning, with equal Justice to deride
The poor Man's Worth, or sooth the great one's
Pride :

All this was once Good-nature thought, not Ill,
Nay, some there are, so odd to think so still.
Old-fashion'd Souls !——your Men of modern
Taste

Are with new Virtue, new Politeness grac'd.
Good-nature now has chang'd her honest Face,
For smiling Flatt'ry, Compliment, Grimace :
Fool grins at Fool, each Coxcomb owns his
Brother,
And Thieves and Sharpers compliment each other.
To such Extent Good-nature now is spread,
To be sincere is monstrously ill bred :

An

An equal Brow to all is now the Vogue,
And Complaisance goes round from Rogue to
Rogue.

If this be good—'tis gloriously true,
The most ill-natur'd Man alive—is you.

The Deaf and the Dumb Beauty.

IN Justice to her Sex abus'd
By Treachery in Love;
Minerva, once her Interest us'd,
And press'd Almighty *Jove*.
To make a Nymph divinely fair,
With all Endowments blest;
That never once should lend an Ear,
To any Man's Request.
The God comply'd, and form'd the Maid,
As beautiful as Heav'n;
But of her Sex's Faults afraid,
To her no Speech, nor Ear was given;
That free from nauseous Trifler's Love,
No artless Tales need fear;
But wounding all, might safely rove,
Revenging many an injur'd Fair.
So the bright Sun shines all the Year,
Nor minds what Mortals say;
But deaf to all we beg or fear,
As *Kitty* when we pray.

EPIGRAM.

PHILANDER loads his Board with noble Fare,
 And every one that comes is welcome there;
 Be wife, *Philander*, and then thou shalt see,
 They love thy *Burgundy*, but laugh at thee.

To the Memory of a young LADY.

MADE to engage all Hearts, and charm all
 Eyes;
 Though meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wife;
 Polite, as all her Life in Courts had been;
 Yet good as she, the World had never seen.
 The noble Fire of an exalted Mind;
 With gentle female *Tenderness* combin'd:
 Her Speech was the melodious Voice of Love,
 Her Song the Warbling of the vernal Grove;
 Her Eloquence was sweeter than her Song,
 Soft as her Heart, and as her Reason strong;
 Her Form each Beauty of her Mind express'd,
 Her Mind was Virtue by the Graces drest.

On RICHES extempore.

HOW monstrous, Riches! is thy Power grown:
 Wanting of thee, what Virtue's e're were
 known?
 Riches to Worth's, like Light to something fine,
 Without whose Help it needs must fail to shine.

An EPIGRAM.

From MARTIAL.

A LIKE in Temper, and alike in Life,
A cross-grain'd Husband, and a peevish
Wife;
When thou, so like her art; she, so like thee;
I wonder, so great Likeness can't agree.

To a LADY, *presenting a* NOSEGAY.

A CCEPT these Flow'rs of different Hue,
The Lilly and the Rose;
And let them, while the Gift you view,
The Giver's Pain disclose.

The Lilly shews the Face he wears,
Who loving finds no Rest;
Whilst the red Rose expressive bears,
The Flame within his Breast.

From the French.

G O soft Desires, Love's gentle Progeny,
And on the Heart of charming *Sylvia* seize;
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the only Cure for my Disease;
But if you miss her Breast whom I adore,
Then take your Flight, and visit mine no more.

To CELINDA.

CELINDA, think not by Disdain,
 To vanquish my Desire;
 By telling me I sigh in vain,
 And feed a hopeless Fire.

Despair itself too weak does prove,
 Your Beauty to disarm;
 By Fate I was ordain'd to love,
 As you were born to charm.

The APOLOGY.*To* CHLORIS.

WHEN Love disgrac'd in Fury's Guise,
 Inflam'd your Cheeks, and fir'd your Eyes;
 Loud shrill'd your Voice, and beat your Breast,
 Like the fair *Pythian* full possess.
 I own it, from that fatal Hour
 I lost my Bliss, and you your Pow'r.
Chloris, am I for this to blame?
 You kindled, and you quench'd the Flame;
 Am I less constant or less true?
 If when you're chang'd, I'm chang'd as you!
 When Merchants hear the Tempest roar,
 And loud the Billows lash the Shore;
 See Ocean's lovely Face deform
 With all the Fury of the Storm;
 If in that Terror they can find
 Some Port protected from the Wind;
 They fly to Shore, they bless the Bay,
 And vow they'll never more to Sea.

Wrote

Wrote in a LADY's Prayer-book.

WHEN dearest Maid! with heavenly Zeal
possess,
In thy fair Hand these pious Leaves are prest;
While thy soft Eyes Devotion's Glances wear,
And thy dear Lips repeat th' affecting Prayer;
Would'st thou Heaven's Pity to thy Suit incline,
Oh! by it's Pity learn, and answer mine.

RETIRED FRIENDSHIP.

I.

COME, come, my Friend, to this sweet Bower,
Where kindly mingling Souls a-while,
Let's innocently spend an Hour,
And at all serious Follies smile.

II.

Here is no quarelling for Crowns,
Nor fear of Changes in our Fate;
No trembling at the great one's Frowns,
Nor any Slavery of State.

III.

Here's no Disguise nor Treachery,
Nor any deep conceal'd Design;
From Blood and Plots this Place is free,
And calm as are those Looks of thine.

IV.

Here let us sit and bleſs our Stars,
Who did ſuch happy Quiet give,
As that remov'd from Noiſe and Wars,
In one another's Hearts we live.

V.

We wear about us ſuch a Charm,
No Horror can be our Offence;
For Miſchief's ſelf can do no Harm
To Friendſhip, or to Innocence.

VI.

We both of one another's Mind
Aſſur'd, the boiſterous World diſdain;
With quiet Souls and unconfin'd
Enjoy what Princes wiſh in vain,

*This beautiful SIMILE in ADDISON'S
CAMPAIGN, attempted in Latin.*

SO when an Angel by divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land;
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And pleas'd the Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind and directs the Storm.

SIC uti cùm Gabriel cœlo dimittitur alto,
Horriſono flatu validam confundere terram;
Anglia ſic tali nupèr concuſſa fragore,

Jam

Jam placido vultu furibundos dirigit Austros ;
Obsequio facili mandatum perficit altum,
Conglomerans nimbos evectus turbine nigro.

To CHLOE singing sweetly.

CEASE, Charmer, cease, for Pity urge no
more
The Conquest that your Eyes have gain'd before.
Thus doubly arm'd, who can withstand the Flame,
Your Face resistless, and your Tongue the same.

BEAUTY'S VALUE.

BEAUTY is but a vain and fleeting Good,
A shining Gloss, that fadeth suddenly ;
A Flower that dies, when almost in the Bud,
A brittle Glass that breaketh presently.
A fleeting Good, a Gloss, a Glass, a Flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an Hour.

As Goods when lost are wond'rous seldom found,
As faded Gloss, no Rubbing will excite ;
As Flowers when dead, are trampled on the Ground,
As broken Glass no Cement can unite ;
So Beauty blemish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of Physic, Painting, Pains, and Cost.

A PASTORAL.

COLINET, ROGER, HODSON.

Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint consule dignæ.

VIRGIL.

DAMON, dear Fav'rite of the Rural Throng!
 Inflam'd by thee, I dare the Mantuan Song:
 If my illit'rate Lays can give Delight,
 To Damon due, from him I borrow Light.
 Since grazing Flocks, and Shepherds are my Care,
 Since I record each Lover's melting Air;
 Hear what the humble Muse collected late,
 From two young Swains that in a Meadow sat;
 Bless but my Labours with a kindly Smile,
 And happy I am overpaid my Toil.

Night thw'art the Welkin had her Mantle drawn,
 And Ev'ning Pyes were chatt'ring round the Bawn;
 Now lowing Kine stalk homeward from the Vale,
 And tidy Kate now scalds her milking Pail;
 Then two brisk Swains by Chance each other meet,
 Refin'd their Talents, and their Manners sweet:
 Roger the Youthful, Colinet the Strong,
 In wrestling both, and both expert in Song;
 Two shapely Crooks their nervous Hands sustain,
 Both tend their fleecy Care on Damon's Plain.
 First Roger said; If Folk the Truth rehearse,
 You'll tempt again your Fate, and me in Verse:
 Yet on the Liffy's Banks when once we sung,
 You own'd the Prize to my diviner Tongue.

COLINET.

COLINET.

Ah well-a-day! unwitting Boy you'll find
You're strangely bubbled by a vaunting Mind;
All know that I excel in tuneful Lays,
And soft Encomiums on *Rosinda's* Praise.

ROGER.

In yon subsiding Vale I've closely hid
With chequer'd Skin a young and gamefome Kid;
That Kid I'll stake.

COLINET.

And I this tender Lamb,
Which you see bleating for it's absent Dam,
Here Gaffer *Hodson* comes, whose prudent Choice
Will honestly reward the sweetest Voice.

HODSON.

Since I adown my fixtieth Year descend,
And my unnumber'd Flocks can scarcely tend;
Now my declining Years claim Joy and Ease,
Ye both are skilful, both will surely please
Here on the Grassy Turf adown we'll sit,
And hear alternately your Songs and Wit.
Begin my Boys! Both emulous in Song,
Whilst round us lusty Swains, and Bumkins throng;
You *Colinet* begin, by Birth its Due,
And *Roger* shall obsequiously pursue.

COLINET.

COLINET.

The sprightly Season claims my chearful Lays,
 But *Damon* most deserves the Shepherd's Praise ;
 Now charm'd by him, I tune the mellow Reed,
 Ye vocal Swains ! applaud the grateful Deed.

.ROGER.

Damon deserves thy Lays I rightly ween :
 But have you never *Bloufelinda* seen ?
 For her I'll sing, for her I'll careful twine
 Garlands of Parsley, and sweet Eglantine ;
 For her I'll crop the Hawthorn's Virgin Bloom,
 And the rich Cowslip's innocent Perfume.

COLINET.

I too am not estrang'd to Love's soft Smart,
 For my *Rosinda* triumphs o'er my Heart.
 When on th' enamell'd Turf the Swains among,
 In softest Notes I fair *Rosinda* sung ;
 A Side long Glance she sent, then smiling flew
 To an adjacent Grove where I pursue ;
 What soft Endearments past in those Abodes,
 Ye fanning Zephyrs ! carry to the Gods.

ROGER.

I'm sure my *Bloufelinda*'s only mine,
 For *Bloufelinda* calls me *Valentine* :
 In *Sunday*'s Suit attir'd, by happy Chance,
 I late was present at a rural Dance ;
 There *Bloufelinda* with obliging Air,
 Singled me out to form the Dance with her ;
 Nod of the Mill look'd pitifully sad,
 For sure I was with Jealousy quite mad.

COLINET.

COLINET.

Within yon spreading Beeche's friendly Shade,
Two constant Turtles have a Lodging made;
Whose Young when fledg'd for *Rosy* I design,
The strong Resemblance of her Love and mine.
While Sun-burn'd *Howth* o'erlooks the rolling
Deep,
Her lov'd Idea in my Breast I'll keep.

ROGER.

To *Bloufelinda* I'll my Firstlings bring,
The earliest Honours of the op'ning Spring:
With nicest Care my choicest Apples cull,
And e're the Dawn rich Strawberries will pull:
Tho' ruthless Death invade my vital Frame,
My fault'ring Tongue shou'd stammer out her
Name.

COLINET.

Trees softly weaving at the curling Breeze,
The feather'd Choristers, the humming Bees,
The frisking Heifer, and the Noon-day's Shade,
The spangled Meadow, and the less'ning Glade,
Delight my Soul; while my *Rosinda's* near
Their Beauties charm, and Summer's all the Year.

ROGER.

When *Bloufelinda's* gone my Lambkins mourn,
Their Gambols cease till *Bloufelind's* Return:
My Business all in strange Disorder lies,
And claim Protection from her lovely Eyes:
When she returns to bless my longing Sight,
My Business thrives, and I 'gainst Fate am right.

COLINET.

COLINET.

Tell me, and I as if o'ercome will yield,
 And give the Kid, the Glory of my Field;
 Why unfatigu'd this massy Orb must turn,
 And how the Sun still unconsum'd can burn?

ROGER.

Nay tell me this, and I'll what's more resign,
 For *Bloufelinda* shall be wholly thine;
 Where Human Bodies may together meet
 With Soals oppos'd, and feel not others Weight.

HODSON.

Blest Youths! who heav'nly Verses sing so well,
 Blest Maids! whose Virtues none can better tell,
 So equally ye sing, that I decree
 The Lamb for *Roger*, and the Kid for thee.

E'n now the twinkling Stars invite to Rest;
 Home hie with me, and take a plain Repast.

*The following Lines were made by a Gentleman
 on the Death of an only Daughter.*

OH! lead me where my Darling lies,
 Cold as the Marble Stone,
 I will recall her with my Cries,
 And wake her with my Moan.

Comd

Come from thy Bed of Clay my Dear !
See where thy Father stands ;
His Soul he sheds out Tear by Tear,
And wrings his wretched Hands.

But ah ! alas ! thou canst not rise,
Alas ! thou canst not hear ;
Or at thy dear-lov'd Father's Cries,
Thou surely would'st appear.

Since then my Love, my Soul's Delight,
Thou canst not come to me ;
Rather than live without thy Sight,
I'll dig my Way to thee.

The COMPLAINT.

NO Joy I in these peaceful Shades can find,
Their Gloom adds Sorrow to my pensive
Mind,
Their flow'ry Borders seem no longer sweet,
And the gay Birds in vain their Songs repeat ;
The Brook which o'er the Pebbles murmurs by,
I with my Tears continually supply ;
And when the sparkling Stars I chance to see,
Ask if there is not one a Friend to me ?
But cruel as they are, they all conspire
To curse my Being with a hopeless Fire ;
And doom me thus in Absence to deplore
The Loss of every Joy I knew before :
For thus secluded from the Sight of thee,
The Universe is all a Blank to me :
Yet I with Patience will my Lot endure,
'Till Death to all my Grief shall bring a Cure ;
For

398 *Miscellanea Curiosa; or,*

For in a Region far above the Skies
A Realm of Joy, and endless Pleasure lies;
Those happy Climes my drooping Soul will chear,
And yield that Peace which is deny'd me here.

To S T E L L A.

LET no suspicious Fears thy Peace destroy,
O'ercast thy blooming Years, or damp thy
Joy;

Oh, let not Jealousy encrease thy Woes,
But in my lasting Love thy Faith repose:
No jealous Fancies rule my stedfast Heart,
Which is a Stranger to Disguise and Art;
And fondly owns that Nought in Life but thee,
Can give a Pleasure, or a Pain to me.

*The following Compliment was repeated to the
Duke of Cumberland, by one of the King's
Scholars at Westminster in the Year 1730,
being one of his own Exercises at that School.*

*Dos est magna parentum
Virtus.*

A NGLIACÆ exemplar pulchrum, GULIELME,
juventæ,

Ut decus, ut noster, dux bone, crescis amor!
In te conspiciamus quicquid mirabile visu est,
Quicquid in alter utro dulce parente nitet.
Quod facis, ô pergas virtutem utriusque parentis
Excolere, et regno dos tibi major erit.

SONG.

S O N G.

IN young *Astrea*'s sparkling Eye,
Resistless Love hath fix'd his Throne;
A thousand Lovers bleeding lie,
For her, with Wounds they fear to own.

While the coy Beauty speeds her Flight
To distant Groves, from whence she came;
So Light'ning vanishes from Sight,
And leaves the Forest in a Flame.

To Miss AMBROSE in the Country.
May 1747.

THE Country now in all its Pride,
Displays its Charms on ev'ry Side:
Beauties in thick Profusion lie,
To sooth the Sense, and charm the Eye:
Birds their different Notes unite,
And with their Harmony delight:
Blossoms of various Fruits are seen,
And Daisies paint th' enamell'd Green;
Flowers of pleasing Scent and Hue,
But none so fair and sweet as you.

To the Same.

HELLEN adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
Resembles *Venus* in her Face;
She seems like *Juno* when she walks,
And like *Minerva* when she talks.

The AUTHOR'S CONCLUSION.

MUSE, it's enough! thy Labour ends,
 The Young, and Fair, have been thy
 Friends;
 The Young, the Fair, the Witty too
 Have gen'rally rewarded you:
 May they enjoy all they desire!
 All Heaven can grant, or they require.

H. C.



F I N I S

